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THE SPECTATOR.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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1793.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

My Lord,

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuſe this preſumption; but the juſtice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuſe. Candor and openneſs of heart, which ſhine in all your words and actions, exact the higheſt eſteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condeſcenſion to all ſubordinate to you, made buſineſs a pleaſure to thoſe who executed it under you, at the ſame time that it heightened her Majeſty's favour to all who had the happineſs of having it conveyed through your hands. A Secretary of State, in the intereſts of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-ſubjects, accompliſhed with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a miniſtry, by whoſe ſervices your ſovereign and country are in ſo high and flouriſhing a condition, as makes all other princes and

potentates powerful or inconſiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great-Britain. The importance of thoſe great events which happened during that adminiſtration, in which your Lordſhip bore ſo important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time ſhall endure; I ſhall not therefore attempt to rehearſe thoſe illuſtrious paſſages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in deſiring your Lordſhip would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the moſt polite literature, and perfectly accompliſhed in the knowledge of books and men, which makes it neceſſary to beſeech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them: who is, with the greateſt truth and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

obliged, obedient, and

humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VI.

No. CCCXCV. TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1712.

—— Quod nunc ratio eſt, impetus ante fuit. OVID.

'Tis reaſon now, 'twas appetite before.

'BEWARE of the Ides of March,' ſaid the Roman Augur to Julius Cæſar: Beware of the month of May, ſays the Britiſh Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the firſt was unhappily neglected; and Cæſar's confidence coſt him his life. I am apt to flatter myſelf that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them, ſince I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the laſt month.

But though I hope for the beſt, I ſhall not pronounce too poſitively on this point, till I have ſeen forty weeks well over; at which period of time, as my good friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more buſineſs as a juſtice of peace, among the diſſolute young people in the country, than at any other ſeaſon of the year.

Neither muſt I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight ſince from a lady, who, it ſeems, could hold out no longer; telling me ſhe looked upon the month as then out; for that ſhe had all along reckoned by the new ſtile.

On the other hand, I have great reaſon to believe, from ſeveral angry letters which have been ſent to me by diſappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very ſignal ſervice to the fair ſex, who, according to the old proverb, were 'Forewarned, forearmed.'

One of these gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred pounds rather than I should have published that paper; for that his mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that discourse, told him that 'she would give him her answer in June.'

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, she told him, 'The Spectator had forbidden her.'

Another of my correspondents, who writes himself Mat Meager, complains, that whereas he constantly used to breakfast with his mistress upon chocolate: going to wait upon her the first of May he found his usual treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

As I have begun this critical season with a caveat to the ladies, I shall conclude it with a congratulation; and do most heartily wish them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much satisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their great-grandmothers did formerly on the burning ploughshares, after having passed through the ordeal trial. The instigations of the spring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her 'love-laboured song,' as Milton phrases it, the blossoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers swept away by the scythe of the mower.

I shall now allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The Trojans, who stood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that as in some climates there is a perpetual Spring, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual May; these are a kind of valetudinarians

narians in chaſtity, whom I would continue in a conſtant diet. I cannot think theſe wholly out of danger, until they have looked upon the other ſex at leaſt five years through a pair of ſpectacles. Will Honeycomb has often aſſured me, that it is much eaſier to ſteal one of this ſpecies when ſhe has paſſed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an *icy* girl on this ſide five-and-twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at laſt made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But as I do not deſign this ſpeculation for the *Evergreens* of the ſex, I ſhall again apply myſelf to thoſe who would willingly liſten to the dictates of reaſon and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they muſt now conſider themſelves under that melancholy view in which Chamont regards his ſiſter, in thoſe beautiful lines:

——— Long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to ſenſe and lovely to the eye:
Till at the laſt a cruel ſpoiler came,
Cropt this fair roſe, and rifled all its ſweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a loathſome weed away.

On the contrary, ſhe who has obſerved the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modeſty, will now flouriſh like 'a roſe in June,' with all her virgin bluſhes and ſweetneſs about her. I muſt, however, deſire theſe laſt to conſider, how ſhameful it would be for a general who has made a ſucceſsful campaign, to be ſurpriſed in his winter quarters; it would be no leſs diſhonourable for a lady to loſe, in any other month of the year, what ſhe has been at the pains to preſerve in May.

There is no charm in the female ſex that can ſupply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible, good-breeding degenerates into wantonneſs, and wit into impudence. It is obſerved, that all the virtues are repreſented both by paint-

ers and ſtatuaries under female ſhapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that ſex, it is modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by inſtinct.

'I deſire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention at all tea-tables within the cities of 'London and Weſtminſter.' X

No. CCCXCVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton*.

HAVING a great deal of buſineſs upon my hands at preſent, I ſhall beg the reader's leave to preſent him with a letter that I received about half a year ago from a gentleman of Cambridge, who ſtiles himſelf Peter de Quir. I have kept it by me ſome months; and though I did not know at firſt what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently, I have at laſt diſcovered ſeveral conceits in it: I would not therefore have my reader diſcouraged, if he does not take them at the firſt peruſal.

To Mr. Spectator.

From St. John's College, Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.

'*Sir*,

'THE monopoly of puns in this univerſity has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnians; and we cannot help reſenting the late invaſion of our ancient right as to that particular, by a little pretender to clenching in a neighbouring college, who in an application to you by way of letter, a while ago, ſtiled himſelf Philobrune.

* A barbarous verſe, invented by the Logicians.

Dear

Dear Sir, as you are by character a profeſſed wellwiſher to ſpeculation, you will excuſe a remark which this gentleman's paſſion for the Brunette has ſuggeſted to a brother theoriſt; it is an offer towards a mechanical account of his laplſe to punning, for he belongs to a ſect of mortals who value themſelves upon an uncommon maſtery in the more humane and polite part of letters. A conqueſt by one of this ſpecies of females gives a very odd turn to the intellectuals of the captivated perſon, and very different from that way of thinking which a triumph from the eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair ſex, does generally occaſion. It fills the imagination with an aſſemblage of ſuch ideas and pictures as are hardly any thing but ſhade; ſuch as night, the devil, &c. Theſe portraitures very near overpower the light of the underſtanding, almoſt be-night the faculties, and give that melancholy tincture to the moſt ſanguine complexion, which this gentleman calls an inclination to be in a brown-ſtudy; and is uſually attended with worſe conſequences in caſe of a repulſe. During this twilight of intellects, the patient is extremely apt, as love is the moſt witty paſſion in nature, to offer at ſome pert ſallies now and then, by way of flouriſh, upon the amiable inchantreſs, and unfortunately ſtumbles upon that mongrel miſcreated (to ſpeak in Miltonic) kind of wit, vulgarly termed the pun. It would not be much amiſs to conſult Dr. T— W— (who is certainly a very able projector, and whoſe ſyſtem of divinity and ſpiritual mechanics obtain very much among the better part of our under-graduates) whether a general inter-marriage enjoined by parliament, between this ſiſterhood of the olive-beauties and the fraternity of the people called quakers, would not be a very ſerviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which ſhines within them ſo powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thouſand vagaries of error and enthuſiaſm. Theſe reflections may impart ſome light towards a diſcovery of the origin of punning among us, and the foundation of its prevailing ſo long in this famous body. It is notorious, from the inſtance under conſideration, that it muſt be owing chiefly to the uſe of

brown jugs, muddy beich, and the fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of Staincoat Hole; for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, predominates leaſt about the fire, but reſides behind and fills the fragrant receptacle above-mentioned. Beſides, it is farther obſervable that the delicate ſpirits among us, who declare againſt theſe nauſeous proceedings, ſip tea and put up for critic and amour, profeſs likewiſe an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diverſion of this ſociety. After all, Sir, though it may appear ſomething abſurd that I ſeem to approach you with the air of an advocate for punning (you who have juſtified your cenſures of the practice in a ſet diſſertation upon that ſubject); yet I am confident you will think it abundantly atoned for, by obſerving that this humbler exerciſe may be as inſtrumental in diverting us from any innovating ſchemes and hypotheſis in wit, as dwelling upon honeſt orthodox logic would be in ſecuring us from hereſy in religion. Had Mr. W—n's reſearches been confined within the bounds of Ramus or Crackenthorp, that learned news-monger might have acquieſced in what the holy oracles pronounced upon the deluge, like other chriſtians; and had the ſurpriſing Mr. L—y been content with the employment of refining upon Shakeſpeare's points and quibbles (for which he muſt be allowed to have a ſuperlative genius) and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, inſtead of indicting odes and ſonnets, the gentlemen of the *Bon Gout* in the pit would never have been put to all that grimace in damning the frippery of ſtate, the poverty and languor of thought, the unnatural wit, and inartificial ſtructure of his dramas.

'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'PETER DE QUIR.'

No CCCXCVII.

No. CCCXCVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

———Dolor ipſe diſertum
Fecerat———— OVID.

For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence. DRYDEN.

AS the Stoic philoſophers diſcard all paſſions in general, they will not allow a wiſe man ſo much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou ſeeſt thy friend in trouble, ſays Epictetus, thou mayeſt put on a look of ſorrow, and condole with him; but take care that thy ſorrow be not real. The more rigid of this ſect would not comply ſo far as to ſhew even ſuch an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the neareſt of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the circumſtances of the affliction, and ſhewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the anſwer was ſtill, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion, compaſſion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has ſomething in it more pleaſing and agreeable than what can be met with in ſuch an indolent happineſs, ſuch an indifference to mankind as that in which the Stoics placed their wiſdom. As love is the moſt delightful paſſion, pity is nothing elſe but love ſoftened by a degree of ſorrow. In ſhort, it is a kind of pleaſing anguiſh, as well as generous ſympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the ſame common lot.

Thoſe who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, adviſe the writer to work himſelf up, if poſſible, to the pitch of ſorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who ſtir up pity ſo much as thoſe who indite their own ſufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving ſentiments than can be ſupplied by the fineſt imagination. Nature on this occaſion dictates a thou-

a thouſand paſſionate things which cannot be ſupplied by art.

It is for this reaſon that the ſhort ſpeeches or ſentences which we often meet with in hiſtories, make a deeper impreſſion on the mind of the reader than the moſt laboured ſtrokes of a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact ſets the perſon actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater diſtance from us in the other. I do not remember to have ſeen any ancient or modern ſtory more affecting than a letter of Ann of Boleyn, wife to King Henry the Eighth, and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is ſtill extant in the Cotton library, as written by her own hand.

Shakeſpeare himſelf could not have made her talk in a ſtrain ſo ſuitable to her condition and character. One ſees in it the expoſtulation of a ſlighted lover, the reſentments of an injured woman, and the ſorrows of an impriſoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princeſs was then under proſecution for diſloyalty to the King's bed, and that ſhe was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the ſame account, though this proſecution was believed by many to proceed, as ſhe herſelf intimates, rather from the King's love to Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime in Ann of Boleyn.

Queen Ann Boleyn's laſt Letter to King Henry.

Sir,

Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10 'YOUR Grace's diſpleaſure and my imprisonment are things ſo ſtrange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (willing me to confeſs a truth, and ſo obtain your favour) by ſuch an one, whom you know to be mine ancient profeſſed enemy, I no ſooner received this meſſage by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you ſay, confeſſing a truth indeed may procure my ſafety, I ſhall with all willingneſs and duty perform your command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife

wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn: with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant-princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your Grace, not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness,—then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and

and likewiſe mine enemies, the inſtruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a ſtrict account for your unprincely and cruel uſage of me, at his general judgment-ſeat, where both you and myſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe judgment I doubt not (whatſoever the world may think of me) mine innocence ſhall be openly known, and ſufficiently cleared.

'My laſt and only requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf may only bear the burden of your Grace's diſpleaſure, and that it may not touch the innocent ſouls of thoſe poor gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are likewiſe in ſtrait impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have found favour in your ſight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleaſing in your ears, then let me obtain this requeſt, and I will ſo leave to trouble your Grace any further with mine earneſt prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. —From my doleful priſon in the Tower, this ſixth of May.

'Your moſt loyal

'and ever faithful wife,

'ANN BOLEYN.'

L

No. CCCXCVIII. FRIDAY, JUNE 6.

Inſanire pares certa ratione modoque. HOR.

——————You'd be a fool
With art and wiſdom, and be made by rule. CREECH.

CYNTHIO and Flavia are perſons of diſtinction in this town, who have been lovers theſe ten months laſt paſt, and writ to each other for gallantry's ſake, under thoſe feigned names, Mr. Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one; not being capable of raiſing the ſoul out of the ordinary tracts and paſſages of life up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured ſo much ſuperior to that of the reſt of the world. But ever ſince the beauteous

beauteous Cecilia has made ſuch a figure as ſhe now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthio has been ſecretly one of her adorers. Cecilia has been the fineſt woman in town theſe three months; and ſo long Cynthio has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly in the preſence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too ſincere a heart of her own to obſerve a thouſand things which would have diſcovered this change of mind to any one leſs engaged than ſhe was. Cynthio was muſing yeſterday in the piazza in Covent-Garden, and was ſaying to himſelf that he was a very ill man to go on in viſiting and profeſſing love to Flavia, when his heart was inthralled to another. 'It is an infirmity that 'I am not conſtant to Flavia; but it would be ſtill a 'greater crime, ſince I cannot continue to love her, to 'profeſs that I do. To marry a woman with the cold-'neſs that uſually indeed comes on after marriage, is 'ruining one's ſelf with one's eyes open; beſides it is 'really doing her an injury.' This laſt conſideration, forſooth, of injuring her in perſiſting, made him reſolve to break off upon the firſt favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he ſaw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-houſe paſſing by. Robin, you muſt know, is the beſt man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, ſwift ſtep, demure looks, ſufficient ſenſe, and knows the town. This man carried Cynthio's firſt letter to Flavia; and by frequent errands ever ſince, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his meſſages with the moſt exquiſite low humour imaginable; the firſt he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children; and if ſhe did not take that letter, which he was ſure there was no harm in but rather love, his family muſt go ſupperleſs to bed; for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his buſineſs. Robin therefore now thought fit to make uſe of Cynthio, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door; and if ſhe called him to her, and aſked whether it was Cynthio who paſſed by, he ſhould at firſt be loth to own it was; but upon importunity confeſs it. There needed

needed not much ſearch into that part of the town to find a well-dreſſed huſſey fit for the purpoſe Cynthio deſigned her. As ſoon as he believed Robin was poſted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in an hackney-coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid; and Cynthio pulled up the glaſs as ſurpriſed, and hid his aſſociate. The report of this circumſtance ſoon flew up ſtairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman favoured his maſter; yet if it was he, he was ſure the lady was but his couſin who he had ſeen aſk for him; adding, that he believed ſhe was a poor relation, becauſe they made her wait one morning until he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epiſtle, which Robin brought to Will's:

'*Sir*, June 4, 1712.

'IT is in vain to deny it, baſeſt, falſeſt of mankind; 'my maid, as well as the bearer, ſaw you.

'The injured FLAVIA.'

After Cynthio had read the letter, he aſked Robin how ſhe looked, and what ſhe ſaid at the delivery of it. Robin ſaid ſhe ſpoke ſhort to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to ſay to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her ſight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an anſwer.

Cynthio returned as follows:

'*Madam*, June 4, Three Afternoon, 1712.

'THAT your maid and the bearer has ſeen me very often is very certain; but I deſire to know, being engaged at piquet, what your letter means by "it is in vain to deny it." I ſhall ſtay here all the evening.

'Your amazed CYNTHIO.'

As

As ſoon as Robin arrived with this, Flavio anſwered:

'*Dear Cynthio*,

'I HAVE walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber ſince I writ to you, and have recovered myſelf from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me; and deſire you would come to me immediately to laugh off a jealouſy, that you and a creature of the town went by in an hackney-coach an hour ago.

'I am your moſt humble ſervant,

'FLAVIA.'

'I will not open the letter, which my Cynthio writ upon the miſapprehenſion you muſt have been under when you writ, for want of hearing the whole circumſtance.'

Robin came back in an inſtant, and Cynthio anſwered,

Half an hour ſix minutes after three,

'*Madam*, June 4, Will's coffee-houſe.

'IT is certain I went by your lodging with a gentlewoman to whom I have the honour to be known; ſhe is indeed my relation, and a pretty ſort of woman. But your ſtarting manner of writing, and owning you have not done me the honour ſo much as to open my letter, has in it ſomething very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had thoughts of paſſing his days with you. But I am born to admire you with all your little imperfections.

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin run back, and brought for anſwer,

'EXACT Sir, that are at Will's coffee-houſe ſix minut s after three, June 4; one that has had thoughts, and all my little imperfections. Sir, come to me immediately, or I ſhall determine what may perhaps not be very pleaſing to you.

'FLAVIA.'

Robin gave an account that she looked exceſſive angry when she gave him the letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that Cynthio only looked at the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three words on the top of the letter when he gave him his.

Now the plot thickened so well, as that Cynthio saw he had not much more to accompliſh being irreconcileably banished: he writ,

'*Madam*,

'I HAVE that prejudice in favour of all you do, that it is not impoſſible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleaſing to

'Your obedient servant,

'CYNTHIO.'

This was delivered, and the anſwer returned, in a little more than two seconds.

'*Sir*,

'IS it come to this! You never loved me; and the creature you were with is the propereſt perſon for your aſſociate. I deſpiſe you, and hope I ſhall ſoon hate you as a villain to

'The credulous FLAVIA.'

Robin ran back with,

'*Madam*,

'YOUR credulity when you are to gain your point, and ſuſpicion when you fear to loſe it, make it a very hard part to behave as becomes

'Your humble ſlave,

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

'*Mr. Welford*,

'FLAVIA and Cynthio are no more. I relieve you from the hard part of which you complain, and baniſh you from my ſight for ever.

'ANN HEART.'

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work; and this is publiſhed to admoniſh Cecilia to avenge the injury done to Flavia. T

No. CCCXCIX. SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

Ut nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere! PERS.

None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind. DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from hypocriſy in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite the more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of. The latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocriſy, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this paper: I mean that hypocriſy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often impoſes on himſelf; that hypocriſy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypo-

crisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in those words: 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to shew my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man

man may receive from his enemies; and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution for any party or opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues! For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our

worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe and the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſide reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay, with obſerving that the two kinds of hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred-and-thirty-ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of hypocriſy is there ſet forth by reflections on God's omniſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or profane. The other kind of hypocriſy, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes where the pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition: 'Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.' L

No. CCCC. MONDAY, JUNE 9.

——— Latet anguis in herba. VIRG.

There's a ſnake in the graſs. [Engliſh Proverb.]

IT ſhould, methinks, preſerve modeſty and its intereſts in the world, that the tranſgreſſion of it always creates offence; and the very purpoſes of wantonneſs are defeated by a carriage which has in it ſo much boldneſs, as to intimate that fear and reluctance are quite extinguiſhed in an object which would be otherwiſe deſireable. It was ſaid of a wit of the laſt age,

Sidney has that prevailing gentle art
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire,
Between declining virtue and deſire,
That the poor vanquiſh'd maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This prevailing gentle art was made up of complaiſance, courtſhip, and artful conformity to the modeſty of a woman's manners. Ruſticity, broad expreſſion, and forward obtruſion, offend thoſe of education, and make the tranſgreſſors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taſte that the ſcenery is ſo beautifully ordered in the deſcription which Antony makes in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge:

Her galley down the ſilver Cidnos row'd:
The tackling ſilk, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold;
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails;
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another ſea-born Venus, lay;
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all beholders hearts,

Neglecting

Neglecting she could take them. Boys like Cupids
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face: but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time: and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought ———

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented; and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr. Philips's pastorals:

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion; licentious language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field: But it may be asked, to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle art. Masters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows to insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an ah, or an oh, at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers: they are honest arts when their purpose is such,

but

but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languiſh with the utmoſt anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning againſt agreeable company of the other ſex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may diſguiſe it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for ſaying it; but I ſay it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without ſome degree of love: for this reaſon he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or viſitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent eſteem or obſervation, though it be ever ſo remote from pretenſions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous deſign, he may eaſily improve approbation into kindneſs, and kindneſs into paſſion. There may poſſibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendſhip; and yet they may be as fond as ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs in a paſtoral; but ſtill the nymph and the ſwain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than Pylades and Oreſtes.

When Lucy decks with flowers her ſwelling breaſt,
And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt;
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor ſheep nor paſture worth my care I find.

Once Delia ſlept, on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

Such good offices as theſe, and ſuch friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permiſſion of ſuch intercourſe that makes a young woman come to the arms of her huſband after the diſappointment of four or five paſſions which ſhe has ſuc-

ſucceſſively had for different men, before ſhe is prudentially given to him for whom ſhe has neither love nor friendſhip. For what ſhould a poor creature do, that has loſt all her friends? There is Marinet the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendſhip for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart; then ſhe had ſo great a friendſhip for Colonel Hardy, that ſhe could not endure any woman elſe ſhould do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been the diſaſters between friends who have fallen out; and theſe reſentments are more keen than ever thoſe of other men can poſſibly be: but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different ſexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who ſtudy to paſs life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I ſhun the company of agreeable women as much as poſſible; and muſt confeſs that I have, though a tolerable good philoſopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reaſon I thought it neceſſary to give my fair readers a caution againſt it, having, to my great concern, obſerved the waiſt of a Platoniſt lately ſo ell to a roundneſs which is inconſiſtent with that philoſophy. T

No. CCCCI. TUESDAY, JUNE 10.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum ——— TER.

It is the capricious state of love to be attended with reproaches, suspicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, reconcilement.

I Shall publish, for the entertainment of this day, an odd sort of a packet, which I have just received from one of my female correspondents.

'*Mr. Spectator*,

'SINCE you have often confessed that you are not displeased your papers should sometimes convey the complaints of distressed lovers to each other, I am in hopes you will favour one who gives you an undoubted instance of her reformation, and at the same time a convincing proof of the happy influence your labours have had over the most incorrigible part of the most incorrigible sex. You must know, Sir, I am one of that species of women whom you have often characterized under the name of Jilts; and that I send you these lines as well to do public penance for having so long continued in a known error, as to beg pardon of the party offended. I the rather chuse this way, because it in some measure answers the terms on which he intimated the breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the letter he sent me the next day after I had discarded him; which I thought fit to send you a copy of, that you might the better know the whole case.

'I must further acquaint you, that before I jilted him, there had been the greatest intimacy between us for a year and an half together; during all which time I cherished his hopes, and indulged his flame. I leave you to guess after this what must be his surprise, when, upon his pressing for my full consent one day, I told him,

him, I wondered what could make him fancy he had ever any place in my affections. His own ſex allow him ſenſe, and all ours good-breeding. His perſon is ſuch as might, without vanity, make him believe himſelf not incapable to be beloved. Our fortunes indeed, weighed in the nice ſcale of intereſt, are not exactly equal, which by the way was the true cauſe of my jilting him; and I had the aſſurance to acquaint him with the following maxim, That I ſhould always believe that man's paſſion to be the moſt violent, who could offer me the largeſt ſettlement. I have ſince changed my opinion, and have endeavoured to let him know ſo much by ſeveral letters; but the barbarous man has refuſed them all; ſo that I have no way left of writing to him but by your aſſiſtance. If you can bring him about once more, I promiſe to ſend you all gloves and favours, and ſhall deſire the favour of Sir Roger and yourſelf to ſtand as godfathers to my firſt boy.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient,

'moſt humble ſervant,

'AMORET.'

PHILANDER TO AMORET.

'*Madam*,

'I AM ſo ſurpriſed at the queſtion you were pleaſed to aſk me yeſterday, that I am ſtill at a loſs what to ſay to it: at leaſt my anſwer would be too long to trouble you with, as it would come from a perſon who, it ſeems, is ſo very indifferent to you. Inſtead of it, I ſhall only recommend to your conſideration the opinion of one whoſe ſentiments on theſe matters I have often heard you ſay are extremely juſt. "A generous and conſtant paſſion," ſays your favourite author, "in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a diſparity in their circumſtances, is the greateſt bleſſing that can befal a perſon beloved; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another.

'I do

'I do not, however, at all deſpair of being very ſhortly much better beloved by you than Antenor is at preſent; ſince whenever my fortune ſhall exceed his, you were pleaſed to intimate, your paſſion would encreaſe accordingly.

'The world has ſeen me ſhamefully loſe that time to pleaſe a fickle woman, which might have been employed much more to my credit and advantage in other purſuits. I ſhall therefore take the liberty to acquaint you, however harſh it may ſound in a lady's ears, that though your love-fit ſhould happen to return, unleſs you could contrive a way to make your recantation as well known to the public as they are already appriſed of the manner with which you have treated me, you ſhall never more ſee

'PHILANDER.'

AMORET TO PHILANDER.

'*Sir*,

'UPON reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myſelf to be ſo great, that though the part I now act may appear contrary to that decorum uſually obſerved by our ſex, yet I purpoſely break through all rules, that my repentance may in ſome meaſure equal my crime. I aſſure you that, in my preſent hopes of recovering you, I look upon Antenor's eſtate with contempt. The fop was here yeſterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries; but I refuſed to ſee him. Though I dread to meet your eyes after what has paſſed, I flatter myſelf, that amidſt all their confuſion you will diſcover ſuch a tenderneſs in mine, as none can intimate but thoſe who love. I ſhall be all this month at Lady D——'s, in the country; but the woods, the fields, and gardens, without Philander, afford no pleaſure to the unhappy

'AMORET.'

I muſt deſire you, dear Mr. Spectator, to publiſh this my letter to Philander as ſoon as poſſible, and to aſſure him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Glouceſterſhire.

No. CCCCII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

——————————— quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator ——— Hor.

What the Spectator to himself relates.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

'*Mr. Spectator*,

'I AM a young woman of beauty and quality, and suitably married to a gentleman who dotes on me. But this person of mine is the object of an unjust passion in a nobleman, who is very intimate with my husband. This friendship gives him very easy access, and frequent opportunities of entertaining me apart. My heart is in the utmost anguish, and my face is covered over with confusion when I impart to you another circumstance, which is, that my mother, the most mercenary of all women, is gained by this false friend of my husband's to solicit me for him. I am frequently chid by the poor believing man my husband, for shewing an impatience of his friend's company; and I am never alone with my mother but she tells me stories of the discretionary part of the world, and such a one and such a one, who are guilty of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at my astonishment; and seems to hint to me, that, virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not the daughter of her husband. It is possible that printing this letter may relieve me from the unnatural importunity of my mother, and the perfidious courtship of my husband's friend. I have an unfeigned

feigned love of virtue, and am resolved to preserve my innocence. The only way I can think of to avoid the fatal consequences of the discovery of this matter, is to fly away for ever, which I must do to avoid my husband's fatal resentment against the man who attempts to abuse him, and the shame of exposing a parent to infamy. The persons concerned will know these circumstances relate to them; and though the regard to virtue is dead in them, I have some hopes from their fear of shame upon reading this in your paper; which I conjure you to insert, if you have any compassion for injured virtue.

'SYLVIA.'

'*Mr. Spectator*,

'I AM the husband of a woman of merit, but am fallen in love, as they call it, with a lady of her acquaintance who is going to be married to a gentleman who deserves her. I am in a trust relating to this lady's fortune, which makes my concurrence in this matter necessary; but I have so irresistible a rage and envy rise in me when I consider his future happiness, that against all reason, equity, and common justice, I am ever playing mean tricks to suspend the nuptials. I have no manner of hopes for myself; Emilia, for so I will call her, is a woman of the most strict virtue; her lover is a gentleman who of all others I could wish my friend; but envy and jealousy, though placed so unjustly, waste my very being, and with the torment and sense of a demon, I am ever cursing what I cannot but approve. I wish it were the beginning of repentance, that I sit down and describe my present disposition with so hellish an aspect; but at present the destruction of these two excellent persons would be more welcome to me than their happiness. Mr. Spectator, pray let me have a paper on these terrible groundless sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise crowds who are in some degree possessed as I am.

'CANIBAL.'

'*Mr. Spectator*,

'I HAVE no other means but this to expreſs my thanks to one man, and my reſentment againſt another. My circumſtances are as follow:—I have been for five years laſt paſt courted by a gentleman of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the market for women goes. You muſt to be ſure have obſerved people who live in that ſort of way, as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and are marked out by all the world for each other. In this view we have been regarded for ſome time, and I have above theſe three years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I always thought he lived in a near manner, to lay up what he thought was wanting in my fortune to make up what he might expect in another. Within theſe few months I have obſerved his carriage very much altered, and he has affected a certain air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profuſion of paſſionate words, how I am not to be reſiſted longer, how irreſiſtible his wiſhes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on ſuch occaſions ſay downright to him, You know you may make me yours when you pleaſe. But the other night he with great frankneſs and impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a miſtreſs. I anſwered this declaration as it deſerved; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he propoſed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was ſorry he had made ſo little uſe of the unguarded hours we had been together ſo remote from company, as indeed, continued he, ſo we are at preſent. I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman's houſe, and though her huſband was in the room, threw myſelf on a couch and burſt into a paſſion of tears. My friend deſired her huſband to leave the room; but, ſaid he, there is ſomething ſo extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and be it what it will, ſhe is ſo much your friend, that ſhe knows you may command what ſervices I can do her. The man ſat down by me, and ſpoke ſo like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He ſpoke of the injury done me with

ſo

ſo much indignation, and animated me againſt the love he ſaid he ſaw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with ſo much reaſon and humanity to my weakneſs, that I doubt not of my perſeverance. His wife and he are my comforters; and I am under no more reſtraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a ſmall time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a raſcal.

'I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate reader,

'DORINDA.'

'*Mr. Spectator*,

'I HAD the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces; and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the reſpect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be perſuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all due to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law whoſe ſon will win all my affection, unleſs you ſhall think this worthy of your cognizance, and will be pleaſed to preſcribe ſome rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy the particularity of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was, as it were, born an old man; in which you will much oblige,

'Sir,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

'CORNELIUS NEPOS.'

T

CCCCIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit——— Hor.

Who many towns and change of manners ſaw.
Roscommon.

WHEN I conſider this great city in its ſeveral quarters and diviſions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations, diſtinguiſhed from each other by their reſpective cuſtoms, manners, and intereſts. The courts of two countries do not ſo much differ from one another as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and converſation. In ſhort, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithſtanding they live under the ſame laws, and ſpeak the ſame language, are a diſtinct people from thoſe of Cheapſide, who are likewiſe removed from thoſe of the Temple on the one ſide, and thoſe of Smithfield on the other, by ſeveral climates and degrees in their way of thinking and converſing together.

For this reaſon, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that ariſe upon it in the ſeveral diſtricts and pariſhes of London and Weſtminſter, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myſelf acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-houſe has ſome particular ſtateſman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the ſtreet where he lives, I always take care to place myſelf near him, in order to know his judgment on the preſent poſture of affairs. The laſt progreſs that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the King of France's death. As I foreſaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious ſpeculations in our Britiſh coffee-houſes, I was very deſirous to learn the thoughts of our moſt eminent politicians on that occaſion.

That

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as poſſible, I firſt of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The ſpeculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were ſo very much improved by a knot of theoriſts, who ſat in the inner room, within the ſteam of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spaniſh monarchy diſpoſed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in leſs than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at St. Giles's, where I ſaw a board of French gentlemen ſitting upon the life and death of their Grand Monarque. Thoſe among them who had eſpouſed the Whig intereſt, very poſitively affirmed that he departed this life about a week ſince, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the releaſe of their friends in the gallies, and to their own re-eſtabliſhment; but finding they could not agree among themſelves, I proceeded on my intended progreſs.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I ſaw an alert young fellow that cock'd his hat upon a friend of his who entered juſt at the ſame time with myſelf, and accoſted him after the following manner: "Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at laſt. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly." With ſeveral other deep reflections of the ſame nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing-Croſs and Covent-Garden. And upon my going into Will's, I found their diſcourſe was gone off from the death of the French King to that of Monſieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and ſeveral other poets, whom they regretted on this occaſion, as perſons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of ſo great a Prince, and ſo eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-houſe near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very ſmartly in a diſpute on the ſucceſſion to the Spaniſh monarchy. One of them ſeemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou; the other for his Imperial Majeſty. They were both

both for regulating the title of that kingdom by the ſtatute laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I paſſed forward to Paul's church-yard, where I liſtened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company an account of the deplorable ſtate of France during the minority of the deceaſed King.

I then turned on my right hand into Fiſh-ſtreet, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for ſome time) If, ſays he, the King of France is certainly dead, we ſhall have plenty of mackerel this ſeaſon; our fiſhery will not be diſturbed by privateers, as it has been for theſe ten years paſt. He afterwards conſidered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards; and by ſeveral other remarks infuſed a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by-coffee-houſe that ſtood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror engaged very warmly with a laceman, who was the great ſupport of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French King was moſt like Auguſtus Cæſar or Nero? The controverſy was carried on with great heat on both ſides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the courſe of their debate, I was under ſome apprehenſion that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the beſt of my way to Cheapſide.

I here gazed upon the ſigns for ſome time before I found one to my purpoſe. The firſt object I met in the coffee room, was a perſon who expreſſed a great grief for the death of the French King; but upon his explaining himſelf, I found his ſorrow did not ariſe from the loſs of the monarch, but for his having ſold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdaſher, who was the oracle of the coffee-houſe, and had his circle of admirers about him, called ſeveral to witneſs that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that conſidering the late advices

vices we had received from France, it was impoſſible that it could be otherwiſe. As he was laying theſe together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were ſeveral letters from France juſt come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the poſt came away. Upon which the haberdaſher ſtole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his ſhop with great confuſion. This intelligence put a ſtop to my travels, which I had proſecuted with ſo much ſatisfaction; not being a little pleaſed to hear ſo many different opinions upon ſo great an event, and to obſerve how naturally upon ſuch a piece of news every one is apt to conſider it with regard to his particular intereſt and advantage. L.

No. CCCCIV. FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

———Non omnia poſſumus omnes. VIRG.

With different talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the Creator of the univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain uſe and purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled courſe and ſphere of action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the diſpoſitions of ſociety; the civil œconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either caſe the breach of but one link puts the whole in ſome diſorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that moſt of the abſurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which Nature never deſigned them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others; Nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under

under her guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his way, and then offers herſelf for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that courſe, he can hardly miſcarry; Nature makes good her engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the misfortune is, men deſpiſe what they may be maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their genius inclines them to, and ſo bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they deſtroy the uſe of their natural talents in the ſame manner as covetous men do their quiet and repoſe; they can enjoy no ſatisfaction in what they have, becauſe of the abſurd inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good ſenſe, a great memory, and a conſtitution capable of the cloſeſt application. In a word, there was no profeſſion in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure; but this would not ſatisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable fondneſs for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this; inſtead of attending a diſſection, frequenting the courts of juſtice, or ſtudying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dreſſes, and ſpends his time in drawing-rooms; inſtead of being a good lawyer, divine, or phyſician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him a contemptible example of talents miſapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs; Nature in her whole drama never drew ſuch a part; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwiſe than nature deſigned; who ever bears a high reſentment for being put out of her courſe, and never fails of taking her revenge on thoſe that do ſo. Oppoſing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the ſame ſucceſs as declining from her courſe in the production of vegetables: by the aſſiſtance of art and an hot-bed we may poſſibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely ſallad; but how weak, how taſteleſs and inſipid! Juſt as inſipid as the poetry of Valerio.

lerio. Valerio had an univerſal character, was genteel, had learning, thought juſtly, ſpoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was ſo far true, that there was but one; Valerio had no genius for poetry, yet he is reſolved to be a poet; he writes verſes, and takes great pains to convince the town that Valerio is not that extraordinary perſon he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon Nature, and aſſiſt her operations, what mighty effects might we expect! Tully would not ſtand ſo much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæſar in war. To build upon Nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing diſpoſes itſelf into order as it were of courſe, and the whole work is half done as ſoon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the Muſes; they pioufly obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modeſt and ingenuous virtue would ſurely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as uſeleſs in poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt courſe, but will do nothing by compulſion and conſtraint; and if we are not ſatisfied to go her way, we are always the greateſt ſufferers by it.

Wherever Nature deſigns a production, ſhe always diſpoſes ſeeds proper for it, which are as abſolutely neceſſary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally abſurd that will write verſe in ſpite of Nature, with that gardener that ſhould undertake to raiſe a jonquil or tulip without the help of their reſpective ſeeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both ſexes, ſo it is not to be imagined but the fair ſex muſt have ſuffered by an affectation of this nature, at leaſt as much as the other. The ill effect of it is in none ſo conſpicuous as in the two oppoſite characters of Cælia and Iras; Cælia has all the charms of perſon, together with

with an abundant ſweetneſs of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good ſenſe; if Cælia would be ſilent, her beholders would adore her; if Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Cælia's tongue runs inceſſantly, while Iras gives herſelf ſilent airs and ſoft languors, ſo that it is difficult to perſuade one's ſelf that Cælia has beauty, and Iras wit; each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only loſe a good quality, but alſo contract a bad one; they not only are unfit for what they were deſigned, but they aſſign themſelves to what they are not fit for; and inſtead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semanthe would have been ſatisfied with her natural complexion, ſhe might ſtill have been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now diſtinguiſhed by the character of the lady that paints ſo well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, 'Follow Nature,' which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he conſulted what courſe of ſtudies he ſhould purſue, we ſhould ſee almoſt every man as eminent in his proper ſphere as Tully was in his, and ſhould in a very ſhort time find impertinence and affectation baniſhed from among the women, and coxcombs and falſe characters from among the men. For my part, I could never conſider this prepoſterous repugnancy to nature any otherwiſe, than not only as the greateſt folly, but alſo one of the moſt heinous crimes, ſince it is a direct oppoſition to the diſpoſition of Providence, and (as Tully expreſſes it) like the ſin of the giants, an actual rebellion againſt Heaven.

Z

No. CCCCV

No. CDV. SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

Οἱ δὲ παιηονίοισι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες Παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μείλποντες Ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκουων.

Hom.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The pæans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends;
The Greeks reſtor'd the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo liſtens, and approves the ſong. Pope.

I AM very ſorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to loſe the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a ſtage. I need not acquaint my reader, that I am ſpeaking of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt, for having ſhown us the Italian muſic in it's perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example, which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign maſters in that art.

I could heartily wiſh there was the ſame application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-muſic, as have been lately beſtowed on that of the ſtage. Our compoſers have one very great incitement to it: they are ſure to meet with excellent words, and at the ſame time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no paſſion that is not finely expreſſed in thoſe parts of the inſpired writings, which are proper for divine ſongs and anthems.

There is a certain coldneſs and indifference in the phraſes of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of ſpeech; and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run into the Engliſh tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infuſion of Hebraiſms, which are

derived to it out of the poetical paſſages in Holy Writ. They give a force and energy to our expreſſion, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intenſe phraſes, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is ſomething ſo pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often ſets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is compoſed in the moſt elegant and polite forms of ſpeech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that ſolemnity of phraſe, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been ſaid by ſome of the ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with men, they would certainly ſpeak in Plato's ſtile; but I think we may ſay, with juſtice, that when mortals converſe with their Creator, they cannot do it in ſo proper a ſtile as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of ſpeech mix and incorporate with the Engliſh language; after having peruſed the book of Pſalms, let him read a literal tranſlation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in theſe two laſt ſuch an abſurdity and confuſion of ſtile, with ſuch a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very ſenſible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore ſuch a treaſury of words, ſo beautiful in themſelves, and ſo proper for the airs of muſic, I cannot but wonder that perſons of diſtinction ſhould give ſo little attention and encouragement to that kind of muſic, which would have it's foundation in reaſon, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raiſed our delight. The paſſions that are excited by ordinary compoſitions generally flow from ſuch ſilly and abſurd occaſions, that a man is aſhamed to reflect upon them ſeriouſly; but the fear, the love, the ſorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from ſuch cauſes as are altogether reaſonable and praiſe-worthy. Pleaſure

and

and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our ſatisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Muſic among thoſe who were ſtiled the choſen people was a religious art. The ſongs of Sion, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eaſtern monarchs, were nothing elſe but pſalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greateſt conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compoſe the words of his divine odes, but generally ſet them to muſic himſelf: After which, his works, though they were conſecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The firſt original of the drama was a religious worſhip conſiſting only of a chorus, which was nothing elſe but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuouſneſs prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worſhip degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus ſo far remembered it's firſt office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore it's vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Heſiod intimate to us how this art ſhould be applied, when they repreſent the Muſes as ſurrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might ſhew from innumerable paſſages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and inſtrumental muſic were made uſe of in their religious worſhip, but that their moſt favourite diverſions were filled with ſongs and hymns to their reſpective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our paſſions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cheriſh thoſe divine impulſes in the ſoul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate pleaſures.

Muſic, when thus applied, raiſes noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It ſtrengthens devotion, and advances praiſe into rapture, it lengthens out every act of worſhip, and produces more

laſting and permanent impreſſions in the mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worſhip. O

No. CDVI. MONDAY, JUNE 16.

Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis ſolatium & perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur. TULL.

Theſe ſtudies improve youth; delight old age; are the ornament of proſperity and refuge of adverſity; pleaſe at home; are no incumbrance abroad; lodge with us; travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

THE following letters bear a pleaſing image of the joys and ſatisfactions of a private life. The firſt is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great reſpect, and to whom he communicates the ſatisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me occaſioned by an ode written by my Lapland lover; this correſpondent is ſo kind as to tranſlate another of Scheffer's ſongs in a very agreeable manner. I publiſh them together, that the young and old may find ſomething in the ſame paper which may be ſuitable to their reſpective taſtes in ſolitude; for I know no fault in the deſcription of ardent deſires, provided they are honourable.

'Dear Sir,

'YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter; by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from 'the town to the country, and enjoy that mixt ſtate 'which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. 'Methinks moſt of the philoſophers and moraliſts have 'run too much into extremes, in praiſing entirely either 'ſolitude or public life; in the former, men generally 'grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter, are

'deſtroyed

'deſtroyed by too much precipitation: as waters, lying 'ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing; and running 'violently on, do but the more miſchief in their paſſage 'to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner 'themſelves. Thoſe who, like you, can make them-'ſelves uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, 'that not only glide through lonely vales and foreſts 'amidſt the flocks and ſhepherds, but viſit populous 'towns in their courſe, and are at once of ornament and 'ſervice to them. But there is another ſort of people who 'ſeem deſigned for ſolitude, thoſe I mean who have 'more to hide than to ſhew: As for my own part, I am 'one of thoſe of whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, 'ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some men, 'like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; 'and I believe ſuch as have a natural bent to ſolitude, 'are like waters which may be forced into fountains, 'and exalted to a great height, may make a much nobler 'figure, and a much louder noiſe, but after-all run more 'ſmoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural 'courſe upon the ground. The conſideration of this 'would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion 'only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of 'obſcurity; but whoever has the Muſes too for his com-'panions, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus, 'Sir, you ſee I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion 'of my own way of living: Plutarch juſt now told me, 'that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may 'wish he had the higheſt caſt, but if his chance be other-'wiſe he is even to play it as well as he can, and make 'the beſt of it.

'I am Sir,

'Your moſt obliged,

'and moſt humble ſervant.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE town being ſo well pleaſed with the fine picture 'of artleſs love, which Nature inſpired the Lapland-'er to paint in the ode you lately printed; we were in

'hopes that the ingenious tranſlator would have obliged 'it with the other alſo which Scheffer has given us; but 'ſince he has not, a much inferior hand has ventured to 'ſend you this.

'It is a cuſtom with the northern lovers to divert 'themſelves with a ſong, whilſt they journey through 'the fenny moors to pay a viſit to their miſtreſſes. This 'is addreſſed by the lover to his rain-deer, which is the 'creature that in that country ſupplies the want of 'horſes. The circumſtances which ſucceſſively preſent 'themſelves to him in his way, are, I believe you will 'think, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of abſence, 'the gloomineſs of the roads, and his reſolution of fre-'quenting only thoſe, ſince thoſe only can carry him to 'the object of his deſires; the diſſatisfaction he expreſſes 'even at the greateſt ſwiftneſs with which he is carried, 'and his joyful ſurpriſe at an unexpected ſight of his 'miſtreſs as ſhe is bathing, ſeem beautifully deſcribed in 'the original.

'If all thoſe pretty images of rural nature are loſt in 'the imitation, yet poſſibly you may think fit to let this 'ſupply the place of a long letter, when want of leiſure 'or indiſpoſition for writing will not permit our being 'entertained by your own hand. I propoſe ſuch a time, 'becauſe though it is natural to have a fondneſs for 'what one does one's ſelf, yet I aſſure you I would not 'have any thing of mine diſplace a ſingle line of yours.'

I.

"Haſte, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
"Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
"Haſte my rain-deer! ſtill ſtill thou art too ſlow.
"Impetuous love demands the lightning's haſte.

II.

"Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread:
"Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray;
"Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
"No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

"The

III.

" The wat'ry length of theſe unjoyous moors
" Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
" Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
" Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewel.

IV.

" Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
" My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires;
" Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
" Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

V.

" Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon overpaid,
" And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhall view my fair,
" Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
" Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

VI.

" But lo! with graceful motion there ſhe ſwims,
" Gently removing each ambitious wave;
" The crouding waves tranſported claſp her limbs:
" When, when, oh when ſhall I ſuch freedom have!

VII.

" In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
" To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze:
" From every touch you more tranſparent grow,
" And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays." T.

No. CDVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

——Abeſt facundis gratia dictis. OVID.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the Engliſh nation, whatever vices they aſcribe to it, allow in general, that the people are naturally modeſt.

modeſt. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are obſerved to make uſe of leſs geſture or action than thoſe of other countries. Our preachers ſtand ſtock ſtill in the pulpit, and will not ſo much as move a finger to ſet off the beſt ſermons in the world. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking ſtatues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a ſmooth continued ſtream, without thoſe ſtrainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majeſty of the hand, which are ſo much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a diſcourſe which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the fineſt tropes and figures, it is not able to ſtir a limb about us. I have heard it obſerved more than once by thoſe who have ſeen Italy, that an untravelled Engliſhman cannot reliſh all the beauties of Italian pictures, becauſe the poſtures which are expreſſed in them are often ſuch as are peculiar to that country. One who has not ſeen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble geſture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apoſtle is repreſented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidſt an audience of Pagan philoſophers.

It is certain that proper geſtures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much ſtudied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt argument he can make uſe of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the ſame time that they ſhew the ſpeaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others. Violent geſture and vociferation naturally ſhake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to ſee women weep and tremble at the ſight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently ſee people lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate

diſcourſes

diſcourſes of piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the bellowing and diſtortions of enthuſiaſm.

If nonſenſe, when accompanied with ſuch an emotion of voice and body, has ſuch an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable diſcourſes which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the moſt agreeable graces of voice and geſture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The Greek orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his baniſhment, and ſeeing his friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a ſtorm of eloquence.

How cold and dead a figure, in compariſon of theſe two great men, does an orator often make at the Britiſh bar, holding up his head, with the moſt inſipid ſerenity, and ſtroking the ſides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the geſtures of an Engliſh ſpeaker; you ſee ſome of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thruſt them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may ſee many a ſmart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into ſeveral different cocks, examining ſometimes the lining of it, and ſometimes the button, during the whole courſe of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapning a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the Britiſh nation. I remember when I was a young man, and uſed to frequent Weſtminſter-hall, there was a counſellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a thumb or a finger all the while he was ſpeaking: the wags of

thoſe

thoſe days uſed to call it the thread of his diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one day in the midſt of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his cauſe by his jeſt.

I have all along acknowledged myſelf to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper perſon to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aſide all kinds of geſture, (which ſeems to be very ſuitable to the genius of our nation) or at leaſt to make uſe of ſuch only as are graceful and expreſſive. O

No. CDVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.

Decet affectus animi neque ſe nimiùm erigere, nec ſubjacere ferviliter. TULL.

We ſhould keep our paſſions from being exalted above meaſure, or ſervilely depreſs'd.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE always been a very great lover of your ſpe-'culations, as well in regard of the ſubject, as to 'your manner of treating it. Human nature I always 'thought the moſt uſeful object of human reaſon, and 'to make the conſideration of it pleaſant and entertain-'ing, I always thought the beſt employment of human 'wit: other parts of philoſophy may perhaps make us 'wiſer, but this not only anſwers that end, but makes 'us better too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced 'Socrates the wiſeſt of all men living, becauſe he judi-'ciouſly made choice of human nature for the object of 'his thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds all 'other learning, as it is of more conſequence to adjuſt 'the true nature and meaſures of right and wrong, than 'to ſettle the diſtance of the planets, and compute the 'times of their circumvolutions.

'One

'One good effect that will immediately ariſe from 'a mere obſervation of human nature, is, that we ſhall 'ceaſe to wonder at thoſe actions which men are uſed 'to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is pro- 'duced without a cauſe, ſo by obſerving the nature 'and courſe of the paſſions, we ſhall be able to trace 'every action from it's firſt conception to it's death. 'We ſhall no more admire at the proceedings of Cati- 'line or Tiberius, when we know the one was actuated 'by a cruel jealouſy, the other by a furious ambition: 'for the actions of men follow their paſſions as natu- 'rally as light does heat, or as any other effect flows 'from it's cauſe; reaſon muſt be employed in adjuſting 'the paſſions, but they muſt ever remain the principles 'of action.

'The ſtrange and abſurd variety that is ſo apparent 'in men's actions, ſhews plainly they can never proceed 'immediately from reaſon; ſo pure a fountain emits 'no ſuch troubled waters: they muſt neceſſarily ariſe 'from the paſſions, which are to the mind as the winds 'to a ſhip, they only can move it, and they too often 'deſtroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the 'harbour; if contrary and furious, they overſet it in the 'waves: in the ſame manner is the mind aſſiſted or 'endangered by the paſſions; reaſon muſt then take 'the place of pilot, and can never fail of ſecuring her 'charge if ſhe be not wanting to herſelf: the ſtrength 'of the paſſions will never be accepted as an excuſe 'for complying with them; they were deſigned for 'ſubjection, and if a man ſuffers them to get the 'upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own 'ſoul.

'As nature has framed the ſeveral ſpecies of beings 'as it were in a chain, ſo man ſeems to be placed as the 'middle link between angels and brutes: hence he 'participates both of fleſh and ſpirit by an admirable 'tie, which in him occaſions perpetual war of paſſions; 'and as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part of 'his conſtitution, he is then denominated good or bad, 'virtuous, or wicked; if love, mercy, and good na-

'ture prevail, they ſpeak him of the angel; if hatred, 'cruelty, and envy predominate, they declare his kin-'dred to the brute. Hence it was that ſome of the 'ancients imagined, that as men in this life inclined 'more to the angel or the brute, ſo after their death 'they ſhould tranſmigrate into the one or the other; 'and it would be no unpleaſant notion to conſider the 'ſeveral ſpecies of brutes, into which we may imagine 'that tyrants, miſers, the proud, malicious, and ill-na-'tured might be changed.

'As a conſequence of this original, all paſſions are 'in all men, but appear not in all; conſtitution, edu-'cation, cuſtom of the country, reaſon, and the like 'cauſes, may improve or abate the ſtrength of them, 'but ſtill the ſeeds remain, which are ever ready to 'ſprout forth upon the leaſt encouragement. I have 'heard a ſtory of a good religious man, who, having 'been bred with the milk of a goat, was very modeſt 'in public by a careful reflection he made on his ac-'tions, but he frequently had an hour in ſecret, where-'in he had his friſks and capers; and if we had an op-'portunity of examining the retirement of the ſtricteſt 'philoſophers, no doubt but we ſhould find perpetu-'al returns of thoſe paſſions they ſo artfully conceal 'from the public. I remember Machiavel obſerves, 'that every ſtate ſhould entertain a perpetual jealouſy 'of it's neighbours, that ſo it ſhould never be unpro-'vided when an emergency happens; in like manner 'ſhould reaſon be perpetually on it's guard againſt the 'paſſions, and never ſuffer them to carry on any de-'ſign that may be deſtructive of it's ſecurity; yet at the 'ſame time it muſt be careful, that it do not ſo far break 'their ſtrength as to render them contemptible, and con-'ſequently itſelf unguarded.

'The underſtanding being of itſelf too ſlow and lazy 'to exert itſelf into action, it is neceſſary it ſhould 'be put in motion by the gentle gales of the paſſions, 'which may preſerve it from ſtagnating and corrup-'tion; for they are neceſſary to the health of the 'mind, as the circulation of the animal ſpirits is to

'the

'the health of the body; they keep it in life, and 'ſtrength, and vigour; nor is it poſſible for the mind to 'perform it's offices without their aſſiſtance: theſe mo- 'tions are given us with our being; they are little ſpirits 'that are born and die with us; to ſome they are mild, 'eaſy and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet 'never too ſtrong for the reins of reaſon and the guidance 'of judgment.

'We may generally obſerve a pretty nice proportion 'between the ſtrength of reaſon and paſſion; the greateſt 'geniuſes have commonly the ſtrongeſt affections, as, 'on the other hand, the weaker underſtandings have 'generally the weaker paſſions; and it is fit the fury 'of the courſers ſhould not be too great for the ſtrength 'of the charioteer. Young men whoſe paſſions are 'not a little unruly, give ſmall hopes of their ever being 'conſiderable; the fire of youth will of courſe abate, 'and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day: 'but ſurely unleſs a man has fire in youth, he can 'hardly have warmth in old age. We muſt therefore 'be very cautious, leſt while we think to regulate the 'paſſions, we ſhould quite extinguiſh them, which is 'putting out the light of the ſoul; for to be without 'paſſion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man 'equally blind. The extraordinary ſeverity uſed in moſt 'of our ſchools has this fatal effect, it breaks the ſpring 'of the mind, and moſt certainly deſtroys more good 'geniuſes than it can poſſibly improve. And ſurely it 'is a mighty miſtake that the paſſions ſhould be ſo in- 'tirely ſubdued; for little irregularities are ſometimes 'not only to be borne with but to be cultivated too, 'ſince they are frequently attended with the greateſt per- 'fections. All great geniuſes have faults mixed with 'their virtues, and reſemble the flaming buſh which has 'thorns amongſt lights.

'Since therefore the paſſions are the principles of 'human actions, we muſt endeavour to manage them 'ſo as to retain their vigour, yet keep them under 'ſtrict command; we muſt govern them rather like 'free ſubjects than ſlaves, leſt, while we intend to make

'them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those 'great purposes to which they were designed. For my 'part I must confess I could never have any regard to 'that sect of philosophers, who so much insisted upon 'an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion; 'for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man 'to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire 'tranquillity of mind; and to eradicate the very prin-'ciples of action, because it is possible they may produce 'ill effects.

'I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate admirer,

Z 'T. B.'

No. CDIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

——Musæo contingere cuncta lepore. Lucr.

To grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends 'the fine taste,' as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing, which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste, which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste, which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the

the ſenſe, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a perſon who poſſeſſed the one in ſo great a perfection, that after having taſted ten different kinds of tea he would diſtinguiſh, without ſeeing the colour of it, the particular ſort which was offered him; and not only ſo, but any two ſorts of them that were mixt together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment ſo far, as upon taſting the compoſition of three different ſorts, to name the parcels from whence the three ſeveral ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taſte in writing will diſcern, after the ſame manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but diſcover the ſeveral ways of thinking and expreſſing himſelf, which diverſify him from all other authors, with the ſeveral foreign infuſions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taſte in writing, and ſhewn the propriety of the metaphor which is uſed on this occaſion, I think I may define it to be 'that faculty of the ſoul, 'which diſcerns the beauties of an author with pleaſure, 'and the imperfections with diſlike.' If a man would know whether he is poſſeſſed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have ſtood the teſt of ſo many different ages and countries, or thoſe works among the moderns which have the ſanction of the politer part of our cotemporaries. If upon the peruſal of ſuch writings he does not find himſelf delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired paſſages in ſuch authors, he finds a coldneſs and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs readers) that the author wants thoſe perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the faculty of diſcovering them.

He ſhould, in the ſecond place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the ſpecific qua-

lities of the author whom he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with Livy, for his manner of telling a ſtory, with Salluſt for his entering into thoſe internal principles of action which ariſe from the characters and manners of the perſons he deſcribes, or with Tacitus for his diſplaying thoſe outward motives of ſafety and intereſt, which gave birth to the whoſe ſeries of tranſactions which he relates.

He may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame thought, which preſents itſelf in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a perſon of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in ſeeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the ſun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of ſuch a taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The faculty muſt in ſome degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent mathematicians of the age has aſſured me, that the greateſt pleaſure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas his voyage by the map; as I queſtion not but many a modern compiler of hiſtory would be delighted with little more in that divine author than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithſtanding this faculty muſt in ſome meaſure be born with us, there are ſeveral methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little uſe to the perſon that poſſeſſes it. The moſt natural method for this purpoſe is to be converſant among the writings of the moſt polite authors. A man who has any reliſh for fine writing, either diſcovers new beauties, or receives ſtronger impreſſions from the maſterly ſtrokes of a great author every time he peruſes him: beſides that he naturally wears himſelf into the ſame manner of ſpeaking and thinking.

Converſation

Converſation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taſte. It is impoſſible for a man of the greateſt parts to conſider any thing in it's whole extent, and in all it's variety of lights. Every man, beſides thoſe general obſervations which are to be made upon an author, forms ſeveral reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; ſo that converſation will naturally furniſh us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the beſt reaſon I can give for the obſervation which ſeveral have made, that men of great genius in the ſame way of writing, ſeldom riſe up ſingly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Auguſtus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Boſſu, or the Daciers, would have written ſo well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewiſe neceſſary for a man who would form to himſelf a finiſhed taſte of good writing, to be well-verſed in the works of the beſt Critics both ancient and modern. I muſt confeſs that I could wiſh there were authors of this kind, who, beſides the mechanical rules which a man of very little taſte may diſcourſe upon, would enter into the very ſpirit and ſoul of fine writing, and ſhew us the ſeveral ſources of that pleaſure which riſes in the mind upon the peruſal of a noble work. Thus although in poetry it be abſolutely neceſſary that the unities of time, place and action, with other points of the ſame nature, ſhould be thoroughly explained and underſtood; there is ſtill ſomething more eſſential to the art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the fancy, and gives a greatneſs of mind to the reader, which few of the critics beſides Longinus have conſidered.

Our general taſte in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind

of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in ſeveral of my ſpeculations to baniſh this Gothic taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion among us. I entertained the town for a week together with an eſſay upon wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world; and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the nature of true wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an inſtance of the great force which lies in a natural ſimplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from ſuch vulgar pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the works of the greateſt poet which our nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work. I ſhall next Saturday enter upon an eſſay 'on the pleaſures of the imagination,' which, though it ſhall conſider that ſubject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many paſſages of the fineſt writers both in proſe and verſe. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with candour. O

No. CDX.

No. CDX. FRIDAY, JUNE 20.

——Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur mundius,
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore suo cùm cænant, liguriunt.
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam,.
Quàm inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex jure hesterno panem atrum vorent:
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis. TER.

When they are abroad, nothing is so clean, and nicely dressed; and when at supper with a gallant, they do but piddle, and pick the choicest bits: but, to see their nastiness and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against wenching.

WILL Honeycomb, who disguises his present decay by visiting the wenches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night, he with Sir Roger de Coverley was driven into the Temple Cloister, whither had escaped also a lady most exactly dressed from head to foot. Will made no scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his name, and turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend, Sir Roger de Coverley: upon which nothing less could follow than Sir Roger's approach to salutation, with, Madam, the same at your service. She was dressed in a black tabby mantua and petticoat, without ribbons; her linen striped muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable second mourning; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting cheapness and the pretensions to modesty. She went on with a familiar easy air. Your friend, Mr. Honeycomb, is a little surprized to see a woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counsel's chamber; for lawyers fees take up too much of a small disputed jointure to admit any other expences but meer necessaries. Mr. Honeycomb begged they might have the houour of setting

ſetting her down, for Sir Roger's ſervant was gone to call a coach. In the interim the footman returned, with no coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but truſting herſelf with Mr. Honeycomb and his friend to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or be ſubjected to all the impertinence ſhe muſt meet with in that public place. Mr. Honeycomb being a man of honour, determined the choice of the firſt, and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the ſhower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at Sukey in the ſtate ſhe marched off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring ſhe had no ſtomach, and eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truſs of ſallet. and drank a full bottle to her ſhare, ſhe ſung the Old Man's Wiſh to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for ſome time after ſupper, and writ the following billet, which he conveyed to Sukey, and Sukey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it laſt night to the club.

Madam,

'I AM not ſo meer a country-gentleman, but I can 'gueſs at the law-buſineſs you had at the Temple. 'If you would go down to the country, and leave off all 'your vanities but your ſinging, let me know at my 'lodgings in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, and you ſhall 'be encouraged by

'Your humble Servant,

'Roger de Coverley.

My good friend could not well ſtand the raillery which was riſing upon him; but to put a ſtop to it, I delivered Will Honeycomb the following letter, and deſired him to read it to the board.

'Mr.

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING seen a translation of one of the chapters in the Canticles into English verse inserted among your late papers, I have ventured to send you the viith chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your speculations, it will be a sufficient reward for the trouble of,

'Your constant Reader,

'A. B.'

'MY son, th' instruction that my words impart,
'Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
'And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
'Observe with strictest reverence, and live.
'Let all thy homage be to Wisdom paid,
'Seek her protection, and implore her aid;
'That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
'And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door,
'Who with curs'd charms lures the unwary in,
'And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.
'Once from my window as I cast mine eye
'On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,
'A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,
'Who took not sacred Wisdom for his guide.
'Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
'And evening soft led on the shades of night,
'He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
'And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate;
'When lo, a woman comes!———
'Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,
'As aptly did the harlot's mind express:
'Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts
'By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts:
'Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her home,
'Varying her place and form, she loves to roam:
'Now she's within, now in the street does stray,
'Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.
'The youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
'All modesty, the female's justest pride,
'She said with an embrace, Here at my house
'Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.

'I there-

'I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
'And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.
'My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
'Are cov'rings of the rich ſt tap'ſtry ſpread,
'With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
'And carvings by the curious artiſt wrought;
'It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields
'In all her citron groves and ſpicy fields;
'Here all her ſtore of richeſt odours meets,
'I'll lay thee in a wilderneſs of ſweets.
'Whatever to the ſenſe can grateful be
'I have collected there——I want but thee,
'My huſband's gone a journey far away,
'Much gold he took abroad, and long will ſtay
'He nam'd for his return a diſtant day.
'Upon her tongue did ſuch ſmooth miſchief dwell,
'And from her lips ſuch welcome flatt'ry fell,
'Th' unguarded youth, in ſilken fetters ty'd,
'Reſign'd his reaſon, and with eaſe comply'd.
'Thus does the ox to his own ſlaughter go,
'And thus is ſenſeleſs of th' impending blow.
'Thus flies the ſimple bird into the ſnare,
'That ſkilful fowlers for his life prepare.
'But let my ſons attend. Attend may they
'Whom youthful vigour may to ſin betray:
'Let them falſe charmers fly, and guard their hearts
'Againſt the wily wanton's pleaſing arts;
'With care direct their ſteps, nor turn aſtray
'To tread the paths of her deceitful way;
'Leſt they too late of her fell power complain,
'And fall, where many mightier have been ſlain.' T.

No. CDXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire: ——— Luca.

———Inspir'd I trace the muses seats,
Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first
Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my thirst.
Creech.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with it's objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with it's proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in it's operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of it's particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense that furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with

scenes

ſcenes and landſkips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compaſs of nature.

There are few words in the Engliſh language which are employed in a more looſe and uncircumſcribed ſenſe than thoſe of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it neceſſary to fix and determine the notion of theſe two words, as I intend to make uſe of them in the thread of my following ſpeculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the ſubject which I proceed upon. I muſt therefore deſire him to remember that, by the pleaſures of the imagination, I mean only ſuch pleaſures as ariſe originally from ſight, and that I divide theſe pleaſures into two kinds; my deſign being firſt of all to diſcourſe of thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from ſuch objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to ſpeak of thoſe ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of viſible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable viſions of things that are either abſent or fictitious.

The pleaſures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not ſo groſs as thoſe of ſenſe, nor ſo refined as thoſe of the underſtanding. The laſt are, indeed, more preferable, becauſe they are founded on ſome new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it muſt be confeſſed that theſe of the imagination are as great and as tranſporting as the other. A beautiful proſpect delights the ſoul, as much as a demonſtration; and a deſcription in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Ariſtotle. Beſides, the pleaſures of the imagination have this advantage, above thoſe of the underſtanding, that they are more obvious, and more eaſy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye and the ſcene enters. The colours paint themſelves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are ſtruck, we know not how, with the ſymmetry of any thing we ſee, and immediately aſſent to the beauty of an object, without enquiring into the particular cauſes and occaſions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleaſures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converſe with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a ſtatue. He meets with a ſecret refreſhment in a deſcription, and often feels a greater ſatisfaction in the proſpect of fields and meadows, than another does in the poſſeſſion. It gives him indeed, a kind of property in every thing he ſees, and makes the moſt rude uncultivated parts of nature adminiſter to his pleaſures: ſo that he looks upon the world, as it were in another light, and diſcovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themſelves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a reliſh of any pleaſures that are not criminal; every diverſion they take is at the expence of ſome one virtue or another, and their very firſt ſtep out of buſineſs is into vice or folly. A man ſhould endeavour, therefore, to make the ſphere of his innocent pleaſures as wide as poſſible, that he may retire into them with ſafety, and find in them ſuch a ſatisfaction as a wiſe man would not bluſh to take. Of this nature are thoſe of the imagination, which do not require ſuch a bent of thought as is neceſſary to our more ſerious employments, nor, at the ſame time, ſuffer the mind to ſink into that negligence and remiſſneſs, which are apt to accompany our more ſenſual delights, but, like a gentle exerciſe to the faculties, awaken them from ſloth and idleneſs, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleaſures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than thoſe of the underſtanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended with too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful ſcenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body, as well as the mind, and not only ſerve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to diſperſe grief and melancholy, and to ſet the animal ſpirits in pleaſing and agreeable motions. For this reaſon Sir Francis Bacon, in his Eſſay upon Health, has not thought it improper to preſcribe to his reader a poem or a proſpect, where he particularly diſ-

ſuades him from knotty and ſubtile diſquiſitions, and adviſes him to purſue ſtudies that fill the mind with ſplendid and illuſtrious objects, as hiſtories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, ſettled the notion of thoſe pleaſures of the imagination which are the ſubject of my preſent undertaking, and endeavoured, by ſeveral conſiderations, to recommend to my reader the purſuit of thoſe pleaſures. I ſhall, in my next paper, examine the ſeveral ſources from whence theſe pleaſures are derived. O

No. CDXII. MONDAY, JUNE 23.

——— Diviſum ſic breve fiet opus. MART.

The work, divided aptly, ſhorter grows.

I SHALL firſt conſider thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which ariſe from the actual view and ſurvey of outward objects: and theſe, I think, all proceed from the ſight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the horror or loathſomeneſs of an object may overbear the pleaſure which reſults from its greatneſs, novelty or beauty; but ſtill there will be ſuch a mixture of delight in the very diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

By greatneſs I do not only mean the bulk of any ſingle object, but the largeneſs of a whole view, conſidered as one entire piece. Such are the proſpects of an open champaign country, a vaſt uncultivated deſart, of huge heaps of mountains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanſe of waters, where we are not ſtruck with the novelty or beauty of the ſight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of theſe ſtupendous works of nature. Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are ſtung into a pleaſing aſtoniſh-

ment at ſuch unbounded views, and feel a delightful ſtillneſs and amazement in the ſoul at the apprehenſions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itſelf under a ſort of confinement, when the ſight is pent up in a narrow compaſs, and ſhortened on every ſide by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immenſity of its views, and to loſe itſelf amidſt the variety of objects that offer themſelves to its obſervation. Such wide and undetermined proſpects are as pleaſing to the fancy, as the ſpeculations of eternity or infinitude are to the underſtanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonneſs joined with this grandeur, as in the troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with ſtars and meteors, or a ſpacious landſkip cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, becauſe it fills the ſoul with an agreeable ſurprize, gratifies its curioſity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before poſſeſſed. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one ſet of objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated ſhows of the ſame things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds, for a while, with the ſtrangeneſs of its appearance: it ſerves us for a kind of refreſhment, and takes off from that ſatiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that beſtows charms on a monſter, and makes even the imperfections of nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every inſtant called off to ſomething new, and the attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte itſelf on any particular object. It is this, likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any ſeaſon of the year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the ſpring, when they are

all new and freſh, with their firſt gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the eye. For this reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a proſpect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the ſcene is perpetually ſhifting, and entertaining the ſight every moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixt and ſettled in the ſame place and poſture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the ſight of ſuch objects as are ever in motion, and ſliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the ſoul than beauty, which immediately diffuſes a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finiſhing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very firſt diſcovery of it ſtrikes the mind with an inward joy, and ſpreads a chearfulneſs and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, becauſe we might have been ſo made, that whatſoever now appears loathſome to us, might have ſhewn itſelf agreeable; but we find by experience that there are ſeveral modifications of matter which the mind, without any previous conſideration, pronounces at firſt ſight beautiful or deformed. Thus we ſee that every different ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is moſt affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the ſame ſhape and proportion, where we often ſee the male determined in his courtſhip by the ſingle grain or tincture of a feather, and never diſcovering any charms but in the colour of its ſpecies.

Scit thalamo ſervare fidem, ſanctaſque veretur
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem
Splendida lanugo, vel honeſta in vertice criſta,
Purpureuſve nitor pennarum; eſt agmina latè

Fœminas

Fœminea explorat cautus, maculaſque requirit
Cognatas, paribuſque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis ſylvam circum undique monſtris
Confuſam aſpiceres Vulgò, partuſque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, & veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc Merula in nigro ſe oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc ſocium laſciva petit philomela canorum,
Agnoſcitque pares ſonitus, hinc noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, & glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe ſibi ſemper conſtat, creſcitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, caſtos confeſſa parentes;
Dum virides inter ſaltus lucoſque ſonoros
Sere novo exultat, plumaſque decora juventus
Explicat ad ſolem, patriiſque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd huſband, to his partner true,
Preſerves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every charm he ſees,
The milky whiteneſs of the ſtately neck,
The ſhining down, proud creſt and purple wings:
But cautious with a ſearching eye explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd; did he not ſo,
The grove with painted monſters wou'd abound,
Th' ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The black-bird hence ſelects her ſooty ſpouſe;
The nightingale her muſical compeer,
Lur'd by the well-known voice: the bird of night,
Smit with his duſky wings and greenith eyes,
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaſte loves of their progenitors;
When, by the ſpring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the ſun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There is a ſecond kind of beauty that we find in the ſeveral products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper ſpecies, but is apt however to raiſe in us a ſecret delight, and a kind of fondneſs for the places or objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the gaiety or variety of colours, in the ſymmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrange-

ment and diſpoſition of bodies, or in a juſt mixture and concurrence of all together. Among theſe ſeveral kinds of beauty the eye takes moſt delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing ſhow in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the ſun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different ſtains of light that ſhow themſelves in clouds of a different ſituation. For this reaſon we find the poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, ſtrange or beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe perfections in the ſame object, ſo it is capable of receiving a new ſatisfaction by the aſſiſtance of another ſenſe. Thus any continued ſound, as the muſic of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus if there ariſes a fragancy of ſmells or perfumes, they heighten the pleaſures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landſkip appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both ſenſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together, than when they enter the mind ſeparately: as the different colours of a picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their ſituation.

No. CDXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

——Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima—— OVID.

The cauſe is ſecret, but th' effect is known. ADDISON.

THOUGH in yeſterday's paper we conſidered how every thing that is great, new, or beautiful, is apt to affect the imagination with pleaſure, we muſt own that it is impoſſible for us to aſſign the neceſſary cauſe of this pleaſure,

pleaſure, becauſe we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the ſubſtance of a human ſoul, which might help us to diſcover the conformity or diſagreeableneſs of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of ſuch a light, all that we can do in ſpeculations of this kind, is to reflect on thoſe operations of the ſoul that are moſt agreeable, and to range under their proper heads, what is pleaſing or diſpleaſing to the mind, without being able to trace out the ſeveral neceſſary and efficient cauſes from whence the pleaſure or diſpleaſure ariſes.

Final cauſes lie more bare and open to our obſervation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the ſame effect; and theſe, though they are not altogether ſo ſatisfactory, are generally more uſeful than the other, as they give us greater occaſion of admiring the goodneſs and wiſdom of the firſt contriver.

One of the final cauſes of our delight in any thing that is great, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has ſo formed the ſoul of man, that nothing but himſelf can be its laſt, adequate and proper happineſs. Becauſe, therefore, a great part of our happineſs muſt ariſe from the contemplation of his Being, that he might give our ſouls a juſt reliſh of ſuch a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehenſion of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleaſing motion of the mind, immediately riſes at the conſideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by conſequence, will improve into the higheſt pitch of aſtoniſhment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumſcribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt capacity of a created Being.

He has annexed a ſecret pleaſure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the purſuit after knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings ſuch a pleaſure along with it as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquiſition, and conſequently ſerves as a motive to put us upon freſh diſcoveries.

He has made every thing that ‘ is beautiful in our own

‘ ſpecies’

'ſpecies' pleaſant, that all creatures may be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants; for it is very remarkable that wherever nature is croſt in the productions of a monſter (the reſult of any unnatural mixture) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeneſs, and of founding a new order of creatures; ſo that unleſs all animals were allured by the beauty of their own ſpecies, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the laſt place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the power of raiſing an agreeable idea in the imagination: ſo that it is impoſſible for us to behold his works with coldneſs or indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many beauties without a ſecret ſatisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper figures and motions; and what reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the objects themſelves, (for ſuch are light and colours) were it not to add ſupernumerary ornaments to the univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing ſhows and apparitions, we diſcover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and ſee ſome of this viſionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unſightly ſketch of nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral diſtinctions of light and ſhade vaniſh? In ſhort, our ſouls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing deluſion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who ſees beautiful caſtles, woods and meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of birds, and the purling of ſtream; but upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret ſpell, the fantaſtic ſcene breaks up, and the diſconſolate knight finds himſelf on a barren heath, or in a ſolitary deſart. It is not improbable that ſomething like this may be the

ſtate

ſtate of the ſoul after its firſt ſeparation, in reſpect of the images it will receive from matter, though indeed the ideas of colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is poſſible the ſoul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other occaſional cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different impreſſions of the ſubtle matter on the organ of ſight.

I have here ſuppoſed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern diſcovery, which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the enquirers into natural philoſophy: namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any exiſtence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved inconteſtably by many modern philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt ſpeculations in that ſcience, if the Engliſh reader would ſee the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the ſecond book of Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. O

No. CDXIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

——— Alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè. Hor.

But mutually they need each other's help. Roscommon.

IF we conſider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as beautiful or ſtrange, they can have nothing in them of that vaſtneſs and immenſity, which afford ſo great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo auguſt and magnificent in the deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs ſtrokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embelliſhments of art. The beauties of the moſt ſtately garden or palace lie in a narrow

narrow compaſs, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but in the wild fields of nature, the ſight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain ſtint or number. For this reaſon we always find the poet in love with the country life, where nature appears in the greateſt perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe ſcenes that are moſt apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes. HOR.

—— To grottos and to groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence ev'ry Muſe's ſon. POPE.

Hic ſecura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni. VIRG.

Here eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And, after toiſome days, a ſhort repoſe at night.
DRYDEN.

But though there are ſeveral of theſe wild ſcenes, that are more delightful than any artificial ſhows; yet we find the works of nature ſtill more pleaſant the more they reſemble thoſe of art: for in this caſe our pleaſure riſes from a double principle; from the agreeableneſs of the objects to the eye, and from their ſimilitude to other objects: we are pleaſed as well with comparing their beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a proſpect which is well laid out, and diver-

diverſified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in thoſe accidental landſkips of trees, clouds and cities, that are ſometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a variety or regularity as may ſeem the effect of deſign in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature riſe in value according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of art, we may be ſure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the ſimilitude is not only pleaſant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettieſt landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might diſcover the waves and fluctuations of the water in ſtrong and proper colours, with the picture of a ſhip entering at one end, and ſailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green ſhadows of trees, waving too and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I muſt confeſs, the novelty of ſuch a ſight may be one occaſion of its pleaſantneſs to the imagination; but certainly the chief reaſon is its near reſemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the thing it repreſents.

We have before obſerved, that there is generally in nature ſomething more grand and auguſt, than what we meet with in the curioſities of art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleaſure, than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our Engliſh gardens are not ſo entertaining to the fancy as thoſe in France and Italy, where we ſee a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial rudeneſs, much more charming than that neatneſs and elegancy which we meet with in thoſe

of

of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill conſequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private perſons, to alienate ſo much ground from paſturage, and the plough, in many parts of a country that is ſo well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole eſtate be thrown into a kind of a garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleaſure of the owner? A marſh overgrown with willows, or a mountain ſhaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleaſant proſpect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by ſome ſmall additions of art, and the ſeveral rows of hedges ſet off by trees and flowers, that the ſoil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landſkip of his own poſſeſſions.

Writers, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; becauſe they ſay, any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They chooſe rather to ſhew a genius in works of this nature, and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themſelves. They have a word, it ſeems, in their language, by which they expreſs the particular beauty of a plantation that thus ſtrikes the imagination at firſt ſight, without diſcovering what it is that has ſo agreeable an effect. Our Britiſh gardeners, on the contrary, inſtead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as poſſible. Our trees riſe in cones, globes, and pyramids. We ſee the marks of the ſciſſars upon every plant or buſh. I do not know whether I am ſingular in my opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriancy and diffuſion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and cannot but fancy that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little labyrinths of the moſt finiſhed parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines

magazines of plants to diſpoſe of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit-trees, and contrive a plan that may moſt turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their ſhops are plentifully ſtocked. O

No. CDXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem. VIRG.

Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
Their coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame. DRYDEN.

HAVING already ſhewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards conſidered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually aſſiſt and complete each other in forming ſuch ſcenes and proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I ſhall in this paper throw together ſome reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe primary pleaſures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the ſubject of this diſcourſe. The art I mean is that of architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing ſpeculations have placed it, without entering into thoſe rules and maxims which the great maſters of architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberleſs treaties upon that ſubject.

Greatneſs, in the works of architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the bulk and body of the ſtructure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the ancients, eſpecially among the eaſtern nations of the world, infinitely ſuperior to the moderns.

Not to mention the tower of Babel, of which an old author ſays, there were the foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hang-

ing gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that roſe a mile high by eight ſeveral ſtories, each ſtory a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian obſervatory. I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the ſmaller rocks that lay by it in the ſhape of tributary kings; the prodigious baſon, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till ſuch time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the ſeveral trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are perſons who look upon ſome of theſe wonders of art as fabulous, but I cannot find any ground for ſuch a ſuſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in thoſe times, and in that part of the world, than have been met with ever ſince. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of hands than agriculture: There were very few trades to employ the buſy part of mankind, and fewer arts and ſciences to give work to men of ſpeculative tempers; and what is more than all the reſt, the prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to war, he put himſelf at the head of a whole people: As we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at peace, and turning her thoughts on building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſo great works, with ſuch a prodigious multitude of labourers: beſides, that in her climate, there was ſmall interruption of froſts and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what hiſtorians ſay of the earth, that it ſweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtleſs the ſame with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the ſtructure of Babel. 'Slime they uſed inſtead of mortar.'

In Egypt we ſtill ſee their pyramids, which anſwer to the deſcriptions that have been made of them; and I queſtion not but a traveller might find out ſome remains of

of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples diſpoſed among its ſeveral quarters and diviſions.

The wall of China is one of theſe eaſtern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itſelf ſtill extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the nobleſt buildings that have adorned the ſeveral countries of the world. It is this which has ſet men at work on temples and public places of worſhip, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the deity to reſide within it, but that ſuch ſtupendous works might, at the ſame time, open the mind to vaſt conceptions, and fit it to converſe with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majeſtic imprints an awfulneſs and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and ſtrikes in with the natural greatneſs of the ſoul.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider greatneſs of manner in architecture, which has ſuch force upon the imagination, that a ſmall building, where it appears, ſhall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the majeſtic air that appeared in one of Lyſippus's ſtatues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athis, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the propoſal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the diſpoſition of mind he finds in himſelf, at his firſt entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with ſomething great and amazing; and, at the ſame time, conſider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inſide of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can ariſe from nothing elſe but the greatneſs of the manner in the one, and the meanneſs in the other.

I have ſeen an obſervation upon this ſubject in a French author, which very much pleaſed me. It is in Monſieur

Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. 'I am observing,' says he, 'a 'thing, which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it 'proceeds that in the same quantity of superficies, the one 'manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor 'and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say 'then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur 'of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of 'the principal members of the order may consist but of 'few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample 'relievo, and swelling; and that the eye beholding no-'thing little and mean, the imagination may be more vi-'gorously touched and affected with the work that stands 'before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or 'cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or 'dentelli, make a noble show by their graceful projec-'tions, if we see none of that ordinary confusion which 'is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of 'the astragal, and I know not how many other inter-'mingled particulars, which produce no effect in great 'and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up 'place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is 'most certain that this manner will appear solemn and 'great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor 'and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those 'smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles 'of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed to-'gether that the whole will appear but a confusion.'

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex, and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China, as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, because in these figures we generally see more of the body, than in those of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two-thirds of the surface: but as in such bodies the sight must split upon several angles,

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it does not take in one uniform idea, but ſeveral ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the outſide of a dome, your eye half ſurrounds it; look up into the inſide, and at one glance you have all the proſpect of it; the intire concavity falls into your eye at once, the ſight being as the center that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a ſquare pillar, the ſight often takes in but a fourth part of the ſurface; and in a ſquare concave, muſt move up and down to the different ſides, before it is maſter of all the inward ſurface. For this reaſon, the fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the view of the open air, and ſkies, that paſſes through an arch, than what comes through a ſquare, or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute leſs to its magnificence, than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the ſon of Sirach: 'Look upon the rainbow, 'and praiſe him that made it; very beautiful it is in its 'brightneſs; it encompaſſes the heavens with a glori-'ous circle, and the hands of the moſt High have bend-'ed it.'

Having thus ſpoken of that greatneſs which affects the mind in architecture, I might next ſhew the pleaſure that riſes in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taſte of theſe two perfections in every building which offers itſelf to his view than of that which I have hitherto conſidered, I ſhall not trouble my reader with any reflections upon it. It is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleaſes the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon or beautiful. O

No. CDXVI. FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

Quatenùs hoc ſimile eſt oculis, quod mente videmus.
Lucr.

—— Objects ſtill appear the ſame
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame. Creech.

I AT firſt divided the pleaſures of the imagination into ſuch as ariſe from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind either barely by its own operations, or on occaſion of ſomething without us, as ſtatues, or deſcriptions. We have already conſidered the firſt diviſion, and ſhall therefore enter on the other, which, for diſtinction ſake, I have called the ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. When I ſay the ideas we receive from ſtatues, deſcriptions, or ſuch like occaſions, are the ſame that were once actually in our view, it muſt not be underſtood that we had once ſeen the very place, action, or perſon which are carved or deſcribed. It is ſufficient, that we have ſeen places, perſons, or actions in general which bear a reſemblance, or at leaſt ſome remote analogy, with what we find repreſented. Since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once ſtocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleaſure.

Among the different kinds of repreſentation, ſtatuary is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething likeſt the object that is repreſented. To make uſe of a common inſtance, let one, who is born blind, take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers the different furrows and impreſſions of the chiſſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the ſhape of a man, or beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his hand over a picture, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral prominencies and depreſſions of a human body could be ſhewn on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenneſs or irregularity. Deſcription runs yet farther from the things it repreſents than painting;

ing; for a picture bears a real reſemblance to its original, which letters and ſyllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all languages, but words are underſtood only by ſuch a people or nation. For this reaſon, though men's neceſſities quickly put them on finding out ſpeech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told that in America, when the Spaniards firſt arrived there, expreſſes were ſent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the ſtrokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little connexions of ſpeech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible objects by ſounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like deſcription in muſic. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect notions of this nature raiſed in the imagination by an artificial compoſition of notes; and we find that great maſters in the art are able, ſometimes, to ſet their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcaſt their minds with melancholy ſcenes and apprehenſions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleaſing dreams of groves and elyſiums.

In all theſe inſtances, this ſecondary pleaſure of the imagination, proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas ariſing from the original objects, with the ideas we receive from the ſtatue, picture, deſcription, or ſound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary reaſon, why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame occaſion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this ſingle principle: for it is this that not only gives us a reliſh of ſtatuary, painting and deſcription, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of wit pleaſant, which conſiſts, as I have formerly ſhewn, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little ſatisfaction we ſometimes find in the different ſorts of falſe wit; whether

whether it conſiſts in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acroſtic; or of ſyllables, as in doggrel rhymes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole ſentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cauſe, probably, of annexing pleaſure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our ſearches after truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the congruity or diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral works of nature.

But I ſhall here confine myſelf to thoſe pleaſures of the imagination, which proceed from ideas raiſed by words, becauſe moſt of the obſervations that agree with deſcriptions, are equally applicable to painting and ſtatuary.

Words, when well choſen, have ſo great a force in them, that a deſcription often gives us more lively ideas than the ſight of things themſelves. The reader finds a ſcene drawn in ſtrong colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words than by an actual ſurvey of the ſcene which they deſcribe. In this caſe the poet ſeems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landſkip after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty, and ſo enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themſelves appear weak and faint, in compariſon of thoſe that come from the expreſſions. The reaſon, probably, may be, becauſe in the ſurvey of any object, we have only ſo much of it painted on the imagination, as comes in at the eye; but in its deſcription, the poet gives us as free a view of it, as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our ſight when we firſt beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three ſimple ideas; when the poet repreſents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raiſe in us ſuch ideas as are moſt apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to paſs that ſeveral readers, who are all acquainted with

with the ſame language, and know the meaning of the words they read, ſhould nevertheleſs have a different reliſh of the ſame deſcriptions. We find one tranſported with a paſſage, which another runs over with coldneſs and indifference, or finding the repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeneſs and conformity. This different taſte muſt proceed either from the perfection of imagination in one more than in another, or from the different ideas that ſeveral readers affix to the ſame words. For, to have a true reliſh, and form a right judgment of a deſcription, a man ſhould be born with a good imagination, and muſt have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the ſeveral words of a language, ſo as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant and expreſſive of their proper ideas, and what additional ſtrength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy muſt be warm, to retain the print of thoſe images it hath received from outward objects, and the judgment diſcerning, to know what expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt advantage. A man who is deficient in either of theſe reſpects, though he may receive the general notion of a deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular beauties; as a perſon with a weak ſight may have the confuſed proſpect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its ſeveral parts, or diſcerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection. O

No. CDXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.

Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. Hor.

At whoſe bleſt birth propitious rays
The Muſes ſhed, on whom they ſmile,
No duſty Iſthmian game
Shall ſtouteſt of the ring proclaim,
Or, to reward his toil,
Wreathe ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays:

But fruitful Tibur's ſhady groves,
Its pleaſant ſprings, and purling ſtreams,
Shall raiſe a laſting name,
And ſet him high in ſounding fame
For Lyric verſe. Creech.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen, often raiſes up a whole ſcene of imagery, and awakens numberleſs ideas that before ſlept in the imagination; ſuch a particular ſmell or colour is able to fill the mind, on a ſudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further obſerve, when the fancy thus reflects on the ſcenes that have paſt in it formerly, thoſe, which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulneſs of the original. A Carteſian would account for both theſe inſtances in the following manner.

The ſet of ideas which we received from ſuch a proſpect or garden, having entered the mind at the ſame time, have a ſet of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering

dering very near one upon another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we received from these places far surmounted, and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them; for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces, and on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain of one man than of another: but this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon occasion, in such figures and representations as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination, as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the productions of art, whether

whether it appear in painting or ſtatuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their preſent glory, or in the ruins of thoſe which flouriſhed in former ages.

Such advantages as theſe help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The firſt ſtrikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the ſecond with what is beautiful, and the laſt with what is ſtrange. Reading the Iliad, is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thouſand ſavage proſpects of vaſt deſerts, wide uncultivated marſhes, huge foreſts, miſ-ſhapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the Æneid is like a well ordered garden, where it is impoſſible to find out any part unadorned or to caſt our eyes upon a ſingle ſpot, that does not produce ſome beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the Metamorphoſis we are walking on enchanted ground, and ſee nothing but ſcenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province, when he is deſcribing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleaſed, than when he is in his Elyſium, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great. Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the firſt Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the firſt Æneid.

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος,
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον. Il.

He ſpoke and awful bends his ſable brows;
Shakes his ambroſial curls, and gives the nod,
The ſtamp of fate, and ſanction of the God:
High heav'n with trembling the dread ſignal took,
And all Olympus to the center ſhook. Pope.

Dixit

Dixit & avertens roseâ cervice refulsit:
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea——— Æn.

Thus having said, she turn'd and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;
Which, flowing from her shoulders reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of Love is known.
DRYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem, who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero so.

——— lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores. Æn.

And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face. DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and, I believe, has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssey, and always rises above himself, when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together, into his Æneid, all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the most delightful landskips that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and swarms of bees.

Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, has shewn us how the imagination may be affected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well-timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with some-

thing we never ſaw before, and ſhews monſter after monſter to the end of the Metamorphoſis.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect maſter in all theſe arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may paſs for one: and if his Paradiſe Loſt falls ſhort of the Æneid or Iliad in this reſpect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in Engliſh, is like a ſtately palace built of brick, where one may ſee architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarſer nature. But to conſider it only as it regards our preſent ſubject; what can be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majeſty of Meſſiah, the ſtature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, Paradiſe, Heaven, Angels, Adam and Eve? What more ſtrange, than the creation of the world, the ſeveral metamorphoſis of the fallen angels, and the ſurpriſing adventures their leader meets with in his ſearch after Paradiſe? No other ſubject could have furniſhed a poet with ſcenes ſo proper to ſtrike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted thoſe ſcenes in more ſtrong and lively colours. O

No. CDXVIII. MONDAY, JUNE 30.

——— feret & rubus aſper amomum. VIRG.

The rugged thorn ſhall bear the fragrant roſe.

THE pleaſures of theſe ſecondary views of the imagination, are of a wider and more univerſal nature than thoſe it has when joined with ſight; for not only what is great, ſtrange or beautiful, but any thing that is diſagreeable when looked upon, pleaſes us in an apt deſcription. Here, therefore, we muſt enquire after a new principle of pleaſure, which is nothing elſe but the action of the mind, which compares the ideas that ariſe from words, with the ideas that ariſe from the objects themſelves;

themſelves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with ſo much pleaſure, we have before conſidered. For this reaſon therefore, the deſcription of a dunghill is pleaſing to the imagination, if the image be repreſented to our minds by ſuitable expreſſions; though perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleaſure of the underſtanding than of the fancy, becauſe we are not ſo much delighted with the image that is contained in the deſcription, as with the aptneſs of the deſcription to excite the image.

But if the deſcription of what is little, common, or deformed, be acceptable to the imagination, the deſcription of what is great, ſurpriſing, or beautiful, is much more ſo; becauſe here we are not only delighted with comparing the repreſentation with the original, but are highly pleaſed with the original itſelf. Moſt readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's deſcription of paradiſe, than of hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind, but in the one the brimſtone and ſulphur are not ſo refreſhing to the imagination, as the beds of flowers and the wilderneſs of ſweets in the other.

There is yet another circumſtance which recommends a deſcription more than all the reſt, and that is if it repreſents to us ſuch objects as are apt to raiſe a ſecret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work, with violence, upon his paſſions. For, in this caſe, we are at once warmed and enlightened, ſo that the pleaſure becomes more univerſal, and is ſeveral ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in painting, it is pleaſant to look on the picture of any face, where the reſemblance is hit, but the pleaſure increaſes, if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is ſtill greater, if the beauty be ſoftened with an air of melancholy or ſorrow. The two leading paſſions which the more ſerious parts of poetry endeavour to ſtir up in us, are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to paſs that ſuch paſſions as are very unpleaſant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper deſcriptions. It is not ſtrange, that we ſhould take de-

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light in ſuch paſſages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the mind without an inward pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a deſcription, when we find ſo much uneaſineſs in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occaſion?

If we conſider, therefore, the nature of this pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly from the deſcription of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourſelves at the time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them, at the ſame time, as dreadful and harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleaſure we receive from the ſenſe of our own ſafety. In ſhort, we look upon the terrors of a deſcription, with the ſame curioſity and ſatisfaction that we ſurvey a dead monſter.

——————Informe cadaver
Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis
Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes. VIRG.

——————They drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad ſurpriſe,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
DRYDEN.

It is for the ſame reaſon that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror, if we ſaw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, deaths, and the like diſmal accidents, our pleaſure does not flow ſo properly from the grief which ſuch melancholy deſcriptions give us, as from the ſecret com-

compariſon which we make between ourſelves and the perſon who ſuffers. Such repreſentations teach us to ſet a juſt value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune, which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however ſuch a kind of pleaſure as we are not capable of receiving, when we ſee a perſon actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a deſcription; becauſe in this caſe, the object preſſes too cloſe upon our ſenſes, and bears ſo hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leiſure to reflect on ourſelves. Our thoughts are ſo intent upon the miſeries of the ſufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happineſs. Whereas, on the contrary, we conſider the misfortunes we read in hiſtory or poetry, either as paſt, or as fictitious, ſo that the reflection upon ourſelves riſes in us inſenſibly, and overbears the ſorrow we conceive for the ſufferings of the afflicted.

But becauſe the mind of man requires ſomething more perfect in matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any ſight in nature which ſufficiently anſwers it's higheſt idea of pleaſantneſs; or, in other words, becauſe the imagination can fancy to itſelf things more great, ſtrange, or beautiful, than the eye ever ſaw, and is ſtill ſenſible of ſome defect in what it has ſeen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in it's own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he deſcribes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he deſcribes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the ſlow advances which ſhe makes from one ſeaſon to another, or to obſerve her conduct in the ſucceſſive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his deſcription all the beauties of the ſpring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His roſe-trees, wood-bines, and jeſſamines may flower together, and his beds be covered at the ſame time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His ſoil is not reſtrained to any particular ſet of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itſelf to the products

of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of ſpices, he can quickly command ſun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable ſcene, he can make ſeveral new ſpecies of flowers, with richer ſcents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleaſes. He is at no more expence in a long viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his caſcades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the courſe of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are moſt delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O

No. CDXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 1.

——Mentis gratiſſimus error, Hor.

In pleaſing error loſt, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loſes ſight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of ſuch perſons as have many of them no exiſtence, but what he beſtows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed ſpirits. This Mr. Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing,' which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, becauſe he has no pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this ſort of writing, and it is impoſſible for a poet to ſucceed in

in it, who has not a particular caſt of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this, he ought to be very well verſed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurſes and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour thoſe notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwiſe he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own ſpecies, and not like other ſets of beings, who converſe with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur verſibus——

Hor.

A ſatyr, that comes ſtarting from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator. Roscommon.

I do not ſay, with Mr. Bays in the Rehearſal, that ſpirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak ſenſe, but it is certain their ſenſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the perſon and condition of the ſpeaker.

Theſe deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuſe his imagination with the ſtrangeneſs and novelty of the perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our memory the ſtories we have heard in our childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret terrors and apprehenſions to which the mind of man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries; how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurpriſed when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and ſee the perſons and manners of another ſpecies? Men of cold fancies, and philoſophical diſpoſitions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to effect the imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beſide ourſelves, and

and ſeveral ſpecies of ſpirits, who are ſubject to different laws and œconomies from thoſe of mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the repreſentation as altogether impoſſible; nay, many are prepoſſeſt with ſuch falſe opinions, as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular deluſions; at leaſt we have all heard ſo many pleaſing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the falſhood, and willingly give ourſelves up to ſo agreeable an impoſture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almoſt the whole ſubſtance of it owes it's original to the darkneſs and ſuperſtition of later ages, when pious frauds were made uſe of to amuſe mankind, and frighten them into a ſenſe of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and inchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghoſt in it, the churchyards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

Among all the poets of this kind our Engliſh are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry. For the Engliſh are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloomineſs and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

Among the Engliſh, Shakeſpear has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild

wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch beings in the world, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

There is another ſort of imaginary beings, that we ſometimes meet with among the poets, when the author repreſents any paſſion, appetite, virtue or vice, under a viſible ſhape, and makes it a perſon or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like ſhadowy perſons in Spenſer, who had an admirable talent in repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe emblematical perſons in former papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we ſee how many ways poetry addreſſes itſelf to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for it's province, but makes new worlds of it's own, ſhews us perſons who are not to be found in being, and repreſents even the faculties of the ſoul, with the ſeveral virtues and vices, in a ſenſible ſhape and character.

I ſhall, in my two following papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to pleaſe the imagination, with which I intend to conclude this eſſay. O

No. CDXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 2.

——Quòcunque volunt mentem auditoris agunto. Hor.

And raiſe men's paſſion's to what height they will.

Roscommon.

AS the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their ſeveral materials from outward objects, and join them together at their own pleaſure, there are others who

who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take intire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals and jealousies of great men, and to lead us step by step into the several actions and events of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing suspence, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shews more the art than the veracity of the historian, but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, perhaps excelled all who went before him, or have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within it's neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axles in such an amazing

pomp

pomp and ſolemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wild fields of Æther, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed ſtars, and run abroad almoſt to an infinitude, our imagination find it's capacity filled with ſo immenſe a proſpect, and puts itſelf upon the ſtretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fixed ſtars as ſo many vaſt oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different ſet of planets, and ſtill diſcover new firmaments and new lights that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable depths of Æther, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a labyrinth of ſuns and worlds, and confounded with the immenſity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleaſant to the fancy, than to enlarge itſelf by degrees, in it's contemplation of the various proportions which it's ſeveral objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it deſcribes round the ſun, that circle to the ſphere of the fixed ſtars, the ſphere of the fixed ſtars to the circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation itſelf to the infinite ſpace that is every where diffuſed about it; or when the imagination works downward and conſiders the bulk of a human body in reſpect of an animal a hundred times leſs than a mite, the particular limbs of ſuch an animal, the different ſprings which actuate the limbs, the ſpirits which ſet the ſprings a going, and the proportionable minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral parts, before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection, but if, after all this, we take the leaſt particle of theſe animal ſpirits, and conſider it's capacity of being wrought into the world that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow dimenſions a heaven and earth, ſtars and planets and every different ſpecies of living creatures, in the ſame analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own univerſe; ſuch a ſpeculation, by reaſon of it's nicety, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their thoughrs that way, though at the ſame time it is founded on no leſs than the evidence of a demonſtration.

tion. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and diſcover in the ſmalleſt particle of this little world a new inexhauſted fund of matter, capable of being ſpun out into another univerſe.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveneſs of our imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall quantity of ſpace, and immediately ſtops in it's operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is an hundred times leſs than a mite, or to compare in his thoughts a length of a thouſand diameters of the earth, with that of a million, and he will quickly find that he has no different meaſures in his mind adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteneſs. The underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite ſpace on every ſide of us, but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds herſelf ſwallowed up in the immenſity of the void that ſurrouds it. Our reaſon can purſue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of diviſions, but the fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in itſelf a kind of chaſm, that wants to be filled with matter of a more ſenſible bulk. We can neither widen nor contract the faculty to the dimenſions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is poſſible this defect of imagination may not be in the ſoul itſelf, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for ſuch a variety of impreſſions, or the animal ſpirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is probable the ſoul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſo-

much that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the underſtanding, and to form in itſelf diſtinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of ſpace. O

No. CDXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 3.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre,
Flumina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem. OVID.

He ſought freſh fountains in a foreign ſoil;
The pleaſure leſſen'd the attending toil. ADDISON.

THE pleaſures of the imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular authors as are converſant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite maſters of morality, criticiſm, and other ſpeculations abſtracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the viſible parts of nature, often draw from them their ſimilitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By theſe alluſions a truth in the underſtanding is as it were reflected by the imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like colour and ſhape in a notion, and to diſcover a ſcheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of ſatisfaction, and has two of it's faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the fancy is buſy in copying after the underſtanding, and tranſcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer ſhews itſelf in the choice of pleaſing alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief deſign of an alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the paſſages of an author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the paſſages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well choſen, are like ſo many tracks of light in a diſcourſe, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, caſts a kind of glory round it, and darts a luſtre through a whole ſentence. Theſe different kinds of alluſion are but ſo many different manners of ſimilitude, and, that they may pleaſe the imagination, the likeneſs ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to ſee a picture where the reſemblance is juſt, or the poſture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this reſpect; great ſcholars are apt to fetch their compariſons and alluſions from the ſciences in which they are moſt converſant, ſo that a man may ſee the compaſs of their learning in a treatiſe on the moſt indifferent ſubject. I have read a diſcourſe upon love, which none but a profound chymiſt could underſtand, and have heard many a ſermon that ſhould only have been preached before a congregation of Carteſians. On the contrary, your men of buſineſs uſually have recourſe to ſuch inſtances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of cheſs or tennis, or for leading him from ſhop to ſhop in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable alluſions in both theſe kinds, but, for the generality, the moſt entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and ſciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embelliſhment to good ſenſe, and makes one man's compoſitions more agreeable than another's. It ſets off all writings in general, but is the very life and higheſt perfection of poetry: where it ſhines in an eminent degree, it has preſerved ſeveral poems for many ages, that have nothing elſe to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are preſent, the work appears dry and inſipid, if this ſingle one be wanting. It has ſomething in it like creation: it

beſtows a kind of exiſtence, and draws up to the reader's view ſeveral objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the moſt illuſtrious ſcenes in the univerſe, or to fill the mind with more glorious ſhows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now diſcovered the ſeveral originals of thoſe pleaſures that gratify the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper heads thoſe contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with diſtaſte and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleaſure, When the brain is hurt by any accident, or the mind diſordered by dreams or ſickneſs, the fancy is over-run with wild diſmal ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous monſters of it's own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatam facibus matrem & ſerpentibus atris
Cùm fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Diræ. VIRG.

Like Pentheus, when diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſt,
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: ſhe ſhuns the fight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
DRYDEN.

There is not a ſight in nature ſo mortifying as that of a diſtracted perſon, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole ſoul diſordered and confuſed. Babylon in ruins is not ſo melancholy a ſpectacle. But to quit ſo diſagreeable a ſubject. I ſhall only conſider by way of concluſion, what an infinite advantage this faculty

gives an almighty Being over the ſoul of man, and how great a meaſure of happineſs or miſery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already ſeen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what eaſe he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the imagination, who can infuſe what ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? he can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make ſcenes riſe up before us and ſeem preſent to the eye without the aſſiſtance of bodies or exterior objects. He can tranſport the imagination with ſuch beautiful and glorious viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly ſpectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think exiſtence no better than a curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the ſoul through this ſingle faculty, as might ſuffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

This eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination having been publiſhed in ſeveral papers, I ſhall conclude it with a table of the principal contents of each paper.

THE CONTENTS.

PAPER I.

'THE perfection of our ſight above our other ſenſes. 'The pleaſures of the imagination ariſe originally 'from ſight. The pleaſures of the imagination divided 'under two heads. The pleaſures of the imagination in 'ſome reſpects equal to thoſe of the underſtanding. The 'extent of the pleaſures of the imagination. The advan-'tages a man receives from a reliſh of theſe pleaſures. 'In what reſpect they are preferable to thoſe of the un-'derſtanding.'

PAPER

PAPER II.

'Three ſources of all the pleaſures of the imagination, 'in our ſurvey of outward objects. How what is great 'pleaſes the imagination. How what is new pleaſes the 'imagination. How what is beautiful in our own ſpecies 'pleaſes the imagination. How what is beautiful in 'general pleaſes the imagination. What other accident-'al cauſes may contribute to the heightening of theſe 'pleaſures.'

PAPER III.

'Why the neceſſary cauſe of our being pleaſed with 'what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the 'final cauſe more known and more uſeful. The final 'cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is great. The 'final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is new. The 'final cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is beautiful 'in our own ſpecies. The final cauſe of our being pleaſ-'ed with what is beautiful in general.

PAPER IV.

'The works of nature more pleaſant to the imagina-'tion than thoſe of art. The works of nature ſtill more 'pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of art. The 'works of art more pleaſant, the more they reſemble 'thoſe of nature. Our Engliſh plantations and gardens 'conſidered in the foregoing light.

PAPER V.

'Of architecture, as it affects the imagination. Great-'neſs in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the 'manner. Greatneſs of bulk in the ancient oriental 'buildings. The ancient accounts of theſe buildings con-'firmed, 1. From the advantages for raiſing ſuch works, 'in the firſt ages of the world, and in the eaſtern cli-'mates: 2. From ſeveral of them which are ſtill extant. 'Inſtances how greatneſs of manner affects the imagina-

'tion. A French author's obſervation on this ſubject. 'Why concave and convex figures give a greatneſs of 'manner to works of architecture. Every thing that 'pleaſes the imagination in architecture, is either great, 'beautiful, or new.'

PAPER VI.

'The ſecondary pleaſures of the imagination. The 'ſeveral ſources of theſe pleaſures, ſtatuary, painting, 'deſcription, and muſic, compared together. The final 'cauſe of our receiving pleaſure from theſe ſeveral 'ſources. Of deſcriptions in particular. The power 'of words over the imagination. Why one reader more 'pleaſed with deſcriptions than another.'

PAPER VII.

'How a whole ſet of ideas hang together, &c. A 'natural cauſe aſſigned for it. How to perfect the ima-'gination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets 'had this faculty in it's greateſt perfection. Homer ex-'celled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagin-'ing what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. 'Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three 'reſpects.'

PAPER VIII.

'Why any thing that is unpleaſant to behold, pleaſes 'the imagination when well deſcribed. Why the ima-'gination receives a more exquiſite pleaſure from the 'deſcription of what is great, new, or beautiful. The 'pleaſure ſtill heightened, if what is deſcribed raiſes 'paſſion in the mind. Diſagreeable paſſions pleaſing 'when raiſed by apt deſcriptions. Why terror and 'grief are pleaſing to the mind when excited by de-'ſcription. A particular advantage the writers in poe-'try and fiction have to pleaſe the imagination. What 'liberties are allowed them.

PAPER

PAPER IX.

'Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls the 'fairy way of writing. How a poet ſhould be qualified 'for it. The pleaſures of the imagination that ariſe 'from it. In this reſpect why the moderns excel the an-'cients. Why the Engliſh excel the moderns. Who the 'beſt among the Engliſh. Of emblematical perſons.

PAPER X.

'What authors pleaſe the imagination. Who have 'nothing to do with fiction. How hiſtory pleaſes the 'imagination. How the authors of the new philoſophy 'pleaſe the imagination. The bounds and defects of the 'imagination. Whether theſe defects are eſſential to 'the imagination.

PAPER XI.

'How thoſe pleaſe the imagination, who treat of ſub-'jects abſtracted from matter, by alluſions taken from 'it. What alluſions moſt pleaſing to the imagination. 'Great writers how faulty in this reſpect. Of the art 'of imagining in general. The imagination capable of 'pain as well as pleaſure. In what degree the imagina-'tion is capable either of pain or pleaſure.' O

No. CDXXII. FRIDAY, JULY 4.

Hæc ſcripſi non otii abundantiâ, ſed amoris erga te. TULL.

I have written this, not out of abundance of leiſure, but of my affection towards you.

I DO not know any thing which gives greater diſturbance to converſation, than the falſe notion ſome people have of raillery. It ought certainly to be the firſt point to be aimed at in ſociety, to gain the good-will of thoſe with whom you converſe. The way to that, is to ſhew

ſhew you are well inclined towards them; what then can be more abſurd, than to ſet up for being extremely ſharp and biting, as the term is, in your expreſſions to your familiars? A man who has no good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, becauſe that which he has ſuperior to other people cannot be exerted, without raiſing himſelf an enemy. Your gentleman of a ſatirical vein is in the like condition. To ſay a thing which perplexes the heart of him you ſpeak to, or brings bluſhes into his face, is a degree of murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to ſhew a man you do not care whether he is pleaſed or diſpleaſed. But will you not then take a jeſt? Yes; but pray let it be a jeſt. It is no jeſt to put me, who am ſo unhappy as to have an utter averſion to ſpeaking to more than one man at a time, under a neceſſity to explain myſelf in much company, and reducing me to ſhame and deriſion, except I perform what my infirmity of ſilence diſables me to do.

Calliſthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality, without which a man can have no wit at all, a ſound judgment. This gentleman rallies the beſt of any man I know, for he forms his ridicule upon a circumſtance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are guilty of an exceſs in ſomething which is in itſelf laudable. He very well underſtands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as laviſh, and the valiant as raſh, without being provoked to reſentment againſt their monitor. What has been ſaid to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleaſed with himſelf, and the agreeable man makes his friends enjoy themſelves, rather than him while he is in their company. Calliſthenes does this with inimitable pleaſantry. He whiſpered a friend the other day, ſo as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave ſymptoms of cocking upon the company, that gentleman has very much of the air of a general officer. The youth

youth immediately put on a compoſed behaviour, and behaved himſelf ſuitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that Calliſthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations, to his own advantage, and expreſs the ſatisfaction he has in his own dear ſelf until he is very ridiculous, but in this caſe the man is made a fool by his own conſent, and not expoſed as ſuch whether he will or no. I take it therefore that, to make raillery agreeable, a man muſt either not know he is rallied, or think never the worſe of himſelf if he ſees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Calliſthenes, but not with juſtice. Acetus has no regard to the modeſty or weakneſs of the perſon he rallies; but if the quality or humility gives him any ſuperiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy on making the onſet. He can be pleaſed to ſee his beſt friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applauſe. His raillery always puts the company into little diviſions and ſeparate intereſts, while that of Calliſthences cements it, and makes every man not only better peaſed with himſelf, but alſo with all the reſt in the converſation.

To rally well, it is abſolutely neceſſary that kindneſs muſt run through all you ſay, and you muſt ever preſerve the character of a friend to ſupport your pretenſions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be baniſhed human ſociety, becauſe he raiſes his mirth upon giving pain to the perſon upon whom he is pleaſant. Nothing but the malevolence, which is too general towards thoſe who excel, could make his company tolerated; but they, with whom he converſes, are ſure to ſee ſome man ſacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the credit he has for wit is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love at the ſame time that it is exerted againſt his faults. He has an art in keeping the perſon he rallies in countenance, by inſinuating that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame imperfection.

tion. This he does with ſo much addreſs, that he ſeems rather to bewail himſelf, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monſtrous to ſee how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of diſpleaſing each other. One would think ſometimes that the contention is, who ſhall be moſt diſagreeable. Alluſions to paſt follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deſires that all the reſt of the world ſhould, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of diſtinction. They do not thruſt with the ſkill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good-manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain and diſorder. They who have the true taſte of converſation, enjoy themſelves in a communication of each other's excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world; he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleaſure in obſerving perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After theſe ſeveral characters of men who ſucceed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiſs to reflect a little further what one takes to be the moſt agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the ſatire is directed againſt vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a maſter-piece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned, but her impudence by the fineſt piece of raillery is made only generoſity.

'Peculiar therefore is her way,
'Whether by nature taught,
'I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
'Or by experience bought;

'For who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
'She can next day diſown,
'And ſtare upon the ſtrange man's face,
'As one ſhe ne'er had known.

'So

'So well she can the truth disguise,
'Such artful wonder frame,
'The lover or distrusts his eyes,
'Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

'Some censure this as lewd or low,
'Who are to bounty blind;
'But to forget what we bestow,
'Bespeaks a noble mind. T

No. CDXXIII. SATURDAY, JULY 5.

——Nuper idoneus. Hor.

Once fit myself.

I LOOK upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman; and the admonitions I give her, may not be unuseful to the rest of her sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had since she came to town about twenty-five of those lovers, who make their addresses by way of jointure and settlement. These come and go with great indifference on both sides; and as beauteous as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance. There is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter.

'Madam,

'Madam,

'I HAVE for some time taken notice of two gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both 'of whom have also easy access to you at your own 'house: but the matter is adjusted between them, and 'Damon, who so passionately addresses you, has no 'design upon you; but Strephon, who seems to be in-'different to you is the man, who is, as they have 'settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a 'bottle of wine; and Strephon, when he first thought 'of you, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The 'manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed 'at a tavern, that I could not avoid hearing. "Da-"mon," 'said he, with a deep sigh,' "I have long "languished for that miracle of beauty Gloriana, and "if you will be very stedfastly my rival, I shall certainly "obtain her. Do not," 'continued he,' "be offended "at this overture; for I go upon the knowledge of "the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity "that I should profit by an opposition of your preten-"sions to those of your humble servant. Gloriana has "very good sense, a quick relish of the satisfactions of "life, and will not give herself, as the crowd of wo-"men do, to the arms of a man to whom she is "indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, expres-"sions of rapture and adoration will not move her "neither; but he that has her must be the object of "her desire, not her pity. The way to this end I take "to be, that a man's general conduct should be agree-"able, without addressing in particular to the woman "he loves. Now, Sir, if you will be so kind as to "sigh and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great "respect towards her, but seem void of any thoughts "as a lover. By this means I shall be in the most "amiable light of which I am capable; I shall be re-"ceived with freedom, you with reserve." Damon, 'who has himself no designs of marriage at all, easily 'fell into the scheme; and you may observe, that where-'ever you are, Damon appears also. You see he carries 'on an unaffected exactness in his dress and manner,

'and ſtrives always to be the very contrary of Stre-
'phon. They have already ſucceeded ſo far, that your
'eyes are ever in ſearch of Strephon, and turn them-
'ſelves of courſe from Damon. They meet and com-
'pare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which
'was brought to you the other day, was a contrivance
'to remark your reſentment. When you ſaw the bil-
'let ſubſcribed Damon, and turned away with a ſcorn-
'ful air, and cried impertinence! you gave hopes to
'him that ſhuns you, without mortifying him that lan-
'guiſhes for you.

'What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in the
'diſpoſal of your heart, you ſhould know what you
'are doing, and examine it before it is loſt. Strephon
'contradicts you in diſcourſe with the civility of one
'who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like
'one that loves you. This ſeeming unconcern gives
'his behaviour the advantage of ſincerity, and inſen-
'ſibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing diſin-
'tereſted in the purchaſe of it. If you watch theſe
'correſpondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon
'makes his viſit of civility immediately after Damon
'has tired you with one of love. Though you are
'very diſcreet, you will find it no eaſy matter to eſ-
'cape the toils ſo well laid, as when one ſtudies to
'be diſagreeable in paſſion, the other to be pleaſing
'without it. All the turns of your temper are care-
'fully watched, and their quick and faithful intelli-
'gence, gives your lovers irreſiſtible advantage. You
'will pleaſe, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take
'all the neceſſary precautions againſt one who is amiable
'to you before you know he is enamoured.

'I am,

'Madam,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant.'

Strephon makes great progreſs in this lady's good graces, for moſt women being actuated by ſome little ſpirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects

of both thoſe motives by this covert-way of courtſhip. He received a meſſage yeſterday from Damon in the following words, ſuperſcribed 'With ſpeed.'

'ALL goes well; ſhe is very angry at me, and I 'dare ſay hates me in earneſt. It is a good time to 'to viſit.

'Yours.'

The compariſon of Strephon's gaiety to Damon's languiſhment, ſtrikes her imagination with a proſpect of very agreeable hours with ſuch a man as the former, and abhorrence of the inſipid proſpect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is diſpleaſed with another, is to know the beſt time of advancing yourſelf. This method of two perſons playing into each other's hand is ſo dangerous, that I cannot tell how a woman could be able to withſtand ſuch a ſiege. The condition of Gloriana, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for Strephon has had ſo many opportunities of pleaſing without ſuſpicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now ſhe is adviſed, to an explanation of his paſſion, and beginning again, if ſhe can conquer the kind ſentiments ſhe has already conceived for him. When one ſhews himſelf a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for ſuccour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occaſionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in ſuch a manner as to keep her at a diſtance from all the reſt of the world, and caſt lots for the conqueſt.

'N. B. I have many other ſecrets which concern the 'empire of love, but I conſider that while I alarm my 'women, I inſtruct my men. T

No. CDXXIV. MONDAY, JULY 7.

Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus. Hor.

'Tis not the place diſguſt or pleaſure brings:
From our own mind our ſatisfaction ſprings.

'Mr. Spectator, London, June 24.

'A MAN who has it in his power to chooſe his own company, would certainly be much to blame ſhould he not, to the beſt of his judgment, take ſuch as are of a temper moſt ſuitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is miſtaken in his choice, and yet under a neceſſity of continuing in the ſame company, it will certainly be his intereſt to carry himſelf as eaſily as poſſible.

'In this I am ſenſible I do but repeat what has been ſaid a thouſand times, at which however I think no body has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice.——Not to uſe any longer preface, this being the ſeaſon of the year in which great numbers of all ſorts of people retire from this place of buſineſs and pleaſure to country ſolitude, I think it not improper to adviſe them to take with them as great a ſtock of good humour as they can; for though a country life is deſcribed as the moſt pleaſant of all others, and though it many in truth be ſo, yet it is ſo only to thoſe who know how to enjoy leiſure and retirement.

'As for thoſe who cannot live without the conſtant helps of buſineſs or company, let them conſider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no play-houſes, no variety of coffee-houſes, nor many of thoſe other amuſements, which ſerve here as ſo many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greateſt part of their time muſt be ſpent within themſelves, and conſequently it behoves them to conſider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

'I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained, last year, with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the master of a family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore, I mean as to his domestic character, be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! And yet how seldom imitated? instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings———And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head, is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

'An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance, is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth, and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world, will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who, as it should seem, delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who, as Tully speaks, *Mirâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, "Have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling." And thus it happens, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there, as I would willingly hope, no one gives another uneasiness, without feeling some share of it.—But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly we who pass most of our time in town dispense with a long vacation in the country, how uneasy we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined, insomuch that by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to

'down-

'downright ſquabbling, and make as free with one an-
'other to our faces, as we do with the reſt of the world
'behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am
'to deſire that you would now and then give us a leſſon
'of good-humour, a family-piece, which, ſince we are
'all very fond of you, I hope may have ſome influence
'upon us.

'After theſe plain obſervations, give me leave to
'give you an hint of what a ſet of company of my ac-
'quaintance, who are now gone into the country, and
'have the uſe of an abſent nobleman's ſeat, have ſet-
'tled among themſelves, to avoid the inconveniencies
'above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or
'twelve of the ſame good inclination towards each
'other, but of very different talents and inclinations:
'from hence they hope, that the variety of their tem-
'pers will only create variety of pleaſures. But as there
'always will ariſe, among the ſame people, either for
'want of diverſity of objects, or the like cauſes, a cer-
'tain ſatiety, which may grow into ill-humour or diſ-
'content, there is a large wing of the houſe which they
'deſign to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Who-
'ever ſays a peeviſh thing, or acts any thing which
'betray a ſourneſs or indiſpoſition to company, is im-
'mediately to be conveyed to his chamber in the in-
'firmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, until by
'his manner of ſubmiſſion, and the ſentiments expreſſed
'in his petition for that purpoſe, he appears to the
'majority of the company to be again fit for ſociety.
'You are to underſtand, that all ill-natured words or
'uneaſy geſtures are ſufficient cauſe for baniſhment;
'ſpeaking impatiently to ſervants, making a man repeat
'what he ſays, or any thing that betrays inattention or
'dithumour are alſo criminal without reprieve: but it
'is provided, that whoever obſerves the ill-natured fit
'coming upon himſelf, and voluntary retires, ſhall be
'received at his return from the infirmary with the
'higheſt marks of eſteem. By theſe and other whole-
'ſome methods it is expected that if they cannot cure
'one another, yet at leaſt they have taken care that

'the ill-humour of one ſhall not be troubleſome to 'the reſt of the company. There are many other 'rules which the ſociety have eſtabliſhed for the pre-'ſervation of their eaſe and tranquillity, the effects of 'which, with the incidents that ariſe among them, ſhall 'be communicated to you from time to time for the pub-'lic good, by,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

T 'R. O.'

No. CDXXV. TUESDAY. JULY 8.

Frigora miteſcunt zephyris; ver proterit æſtas
Interitura, ſimul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; & mox
Bruma recurrit iners. Hor.

The cold grows ſoft with weſtern gales,
The ſummer over ſpring prevails,
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to winter ſtorms and hails:
Each loſs the haſting moon repairs again,
Sir W. Temple.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more ſen-'ſible delight, than the enjoyment of a cool ſtill 'evening after the uneaſineſs of an hot ſultry day. 'Such a one I paſſed not long ago, which made me 'rejoice when the hour was come for the ſun to ſet, 'that I might enjoy the freſhneſs of the evening in 'my garden, which then affords me the pleaſanteſt 'hours I paſs in the whole four and twenty. I im-'mediately roſe from my couch, and went down into 'it. You deſcend at firſt by twelve ſtone ſteps into a 'large ſquare divided into four graſs-plots, in each of 'which is a ſtatue of white marble. This is ſeparated 'from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence

'through

'through a pair of iron gates, you are led into a long 'broad walk of the fineſt turf, ſet on each ſide with tall 'yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which 'on the right divides the walk from a wilderneſs parted 'into variety of aileys and arbours, and on the left 'from a kind of ampitheatre, which is the receptacle 'of a great number of oranges and myrtles. The 'moon ſhone bright, and ſeemed then moſt agreeably 'to ſupply the place of the ſun, obliging me with as 'much light as was neceſſary to diſcover a thouſand plea-'ſing objects, and at the ſame time diveſted of all power 'of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning 'of the wind ruſtling on the leaves, the ſinging of the 'thruſh and nightingale, and the coolneſs of the walks, 'all conſpired to make me lay aſide all diſpleaſing 'thoughts, and brought me into ſuch a tranquillity of 'mind, as is I believe the next happineſs to that of 'hereafter. In this ſweet retirement I naturally fell 'into the repetition of ſome lines out of a poem of Mil-'ton's which he entitles Ill Penſeroſo, the ideas of which 'were excellently ſuited to my preſent wanderings of 'thought.

"Sweet bird! that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly,
"Moſt muſical! moſt melancholy!
"Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,
"I woo to hear thy evening ſong:
"And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
"On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
"To behold the wand'ring moon,
"Riding near her higheſt noon,
"Like one that had been led aſtray,
"Thro' the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way,
"And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
"Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.

"Then let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
"Wave with his wings in airy ſtream.
"Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
"Softly on my eye-lids laid:
"And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
"Above, about, or underneath,

"Sent

" Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
" Or the unſeen genius of the wood.

' I reflected then upon the ſweet viciſſitudes of night ' and day, on the charming diſpoſition of the ſeaſons, ' and their return again in a perpetual circle: And oh! ' ſaid I, that I could from theſe my declining years re- ' turn again to my firſt ſpring of youth and vigour; ' but that, alas! is impoſſible: all that remains within ' my power, is to ſoften the inconveniences I feel, ' with an eaſy contented mind, and the enjoyment of ' ſuch delights as this ſolitude affords me. In this ' thought I ſat me down on a bank of flowers, and ' dropt into a ſlumber, which whether it were the effect ' of fumes and vapours, or my preſent thoughts, I ' know not; but methought the genius of the garden ' ſtood before me, and introduced into the walk where ' I lay, this drama and different ſcenes of the revolu- ' tion of the year, which whilſt I then ſaw, even in my ' dream, I reſolved to write down, and ſend to the ' Spectator.

' The firſt perſon whom I ſaw advancing towards ' me, was a youth of a moſt beautiful air and ſhape, ' though he ſeemed not yet arrived at that exact pro- ' portion and ſymmetry of parts which a little more time ' would have given him; but however, there was ſuch ' a bloom in his countenance, ſuch ſatisfaction and joy, ' that I thought it the moſt deſirable form that I had ' ever ſeen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of ' green ſilk, interwoven with flowers: he had a chap- ' let of roſes on his head, and a Narciſſus in his hand; ' primroſes and violets ſprang up under his feet, and all ' nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on ' one hand, and Vertumnus on the other in a robe of ' changeable ſilk. After this I was ſurpriſed to ſee the ' moon beams reflected with a ſudden glare from ar- ' mour, and to ſee a man completely armed advancing ' with his ſword drawn. I was ſoon informed by the ' genius it was Mars, who had long uſurped a place ' among the attendants of the ſpring. He made way for

a ſofter

'a ſofter appearance: it was Venus, without any orna-
'ment but her own beauties, not ſo much as her own
'ceſtus, with which ſhe had encompaſſed a globe, which
'ſhe held in her right hand, and in her left ſhe had a
'ſcepter of gold. After her followed the Graces with
'their arms entwined within one another: their girdles
'were looſed and they moved to the ſound of ſoft mu-
'ſic, ſtriking the ground alternately with their feet.
'Then came up the three months which belong to this
'ſeaſon. As March advanced towards me, there was
'methought in his look a louring roughneſs, which ill
'befitted a month which was ranked in ſo ſoft a ſeaſon;
'but as he came forwards his features became inſen-
'ſibly more mild and gentle: he ſmoothed his brow,
'and looked with ſo ſweet a countenance that I could
'not but lament his departure, though he made way for
'April. He appeared in the greateſt gaiety imaginable,
'and had a thouſand pleaſures to attend him: his look
'was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to
'it's firſt compoſure, and remained fixed in a ſmile.
'Then came May, attended by Cupid, with his bow
'ſtrung, and in a poſture to let fly an arrow: as he
'paſſed by, methought I heard a confuſed noiſe of ſoft
'complaints, gentle extaſies, and tender ſighs of lovers;
'vows of conſtancy, and as many complainings of per-
'fidiouſneſs; all which the winds wafted away as ſoon as
'they had reached my hearing. After theſe I ſaw a
'man advance in the full prime and vigour of his age:
'his complexion was ſanguine and ruddy, his hair black,
'and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his ſhoul-
'ders; a mantle of hair coloured ſilk hung looſely upon
'him: he advanced with a haſty ſtep after the Spring,
'and ſought out the ſhade and cool fountains which
'played in the garden. He was particularly well-pleaſed
'when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings:
'he had two companions who walked on each ſide, that
'made him appear the moſt agreeable, the one was
'Aurora with fingers of roſes, and her feet dewy, at-
'tired in grey: the other was Veſper in a robe of azure

'beſet

'beſet with drops of gold, whoſe breath he caught 'whilſt it paſſed over a bundle of honey-ſuckles, and 'tuberoſes which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres 'followed them with four reapers, who danced a mor-'rice to the ſound of oaten pipes, and cymbals. Then 'came the attendant months. June retained ſtill ſome 'ſmall likeneſs of the Spring; but the other two ſeemed 'to ſtep with a leſs vigorous tread, eſpecially Auguſt, 'who ſeemed almoſt to faint, whilſt for half the ſteps he 'took, the dog-ſtar levelled his rays full at his head: 'they paſſed on and made way for a perſon that ſeemed 'to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard 'and hair, which were full grown, were compoſed of an 'equal number of black and grey: he wore a robe 'which he had girt round him of a yellowiſh caſt, not 'unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked 'upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling 'the foregoing ſcene by the large quantity of fruits 'which he bore in his hands. Plenty walked by his ſide 'with an healthy freſh countenance, pouring out from 'an horn all the various product of the year. Pomona 'followed with a glaſs of cyder in her hand, with Bac-'chus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a 'whole troop of ſatyrs, fauns, and ſylvans. September, 'who came next, ſeemed in his looks to promiſe a new 'Spring, and wore the livery of thoſe months. The ſuc-'ceeding month was all ſoiled with the juice of grapes, 'as if he had juſt come from the wine-preſs. November, 'though he was in this diviſion, yet by the many ſtops 'he made ſeemed rather inclined to the Winter, which 'followed cloſe at his heels. He advanced in the ſhape 'of an old man in the extremity of rage: the hair he 'had was ſo very white it ſeemed a real ſnow; his eyes 'were red and piering, and his beard hung with a great 'quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furrs, but 'yet ſo pinched with exceſs of cold, that his limbs were 'all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, ſo 'that he could not have ſupported himſelf had it not 'been for Comus the god of revels, and Neceſſity the

'mother

'mother of Fate, who ſuſtained him on each ſide. The 'ſhape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that 'moſt ſurpriſed me; as he advanced towards me, his 'countenance ſeemed the moſt deſirable I had ever ſeen: 'On the fore-part of his mantle was pictured joy, de-'light and ſatisfaction, with a thouſand emblems of mer-'riment, and jeſts with faces looking two ways at once; 'but as he paſſed from me I was amazed at a ſhape ſo little 'correſpondent to his face: his head was bald, and all 'the reſt of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On 'the hinder part of his mantle was repreſented Murder 'with diſhevelled hair and a dagger all bloody, Anger 'in a robe of ſcarlet, and Suſpicion ſquinting with both 'eyes; but above all the moſt conſpicuous was the battle 'of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I deteſted ſo hide-'ous a ſhape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was 'ſtealing away behind him with a ſcythe in one hand 'and an hour-glaſs in t'other unobſerved. Behind Ne-'ceſſity was Veſta the goddeſs of fire, with a lamp which 'was perpetually ſupplied with oil, and whoſe flame was 'eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Neceſſity, 'and warmed her ſo far as almoſt to make her aſſume 'the features and likeneſs of Choice. December, Janu-'ary, and February, paſſed on after the reſt all in furrs; 'there was little diſtinction to be made amongſt them, 'and they were more or leſs diſpleaſing as they diſ-'covered more or leſs haſte towards the grateful return 'of Spring.'

Z

No. CDXXVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 9.

——————Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri ſacra fames?—— VIRG.

O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold! DRYDEN.

A VERY agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into diſcourſe concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the ſucceſſion of particular virtues and qualities there might be preſerved from one generation to another, if theſe regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good ſenſe and reaſoning, he entered into the following relation.

I WILL not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right underſtanding between father and ſon was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Baſilius Valentinus was a perſon who had arrived at the utmoſt perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his ſon Alexandrinus in the ſame myſteries: but as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaſte, and pure of heart, Baſilius did not open to him, becauſe of his youth and the deviations too natural to it, the greateſt ſecrets of which he was maſter, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man ſo liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indiſpoſition of mind as well as body, his diſſolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over againſt which his ſon was ſeated, and prepared by ſending out ſervants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the moſt important of his ſecrets with the ſolemnity and language of an adept.

adept. My ſon, ſaid he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, conſtant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful eſtate to his poſterity, but alſo to take care that he ſhould have no poſterity. Be not amazed, my child, I do not mean that thou ſhalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and conſequently cannot be ſaid to have poſterity. Behold, my deareſt Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; juſt as long as an infant is in the womb of it's parent, ſo long are theſe medicines of revivification in preparing. Obſerve this ſmall phial and this little gallipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In theſe, my child, are collected ſuch powers, as ſhall revive the ſprings of life when they are yet but juſt ceaſed, and give new ſtrength, new ſpirits, and, in a word, wholly reſtore all the organs and ſenſes to the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from it's birth to the day of the application of theſe my medicines. But, my beloved ſon, care muſt be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with it's late life, and yet capable of reſuſcitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as ſoon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you ſee me begin to move, pour into my lip, this ineſtimable liquor, elſe the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aſide the authority of having beſtowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines againſt ſuch another period of time as will demand another application of the ſame reſtoratives. In a few days after theſe wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Baſilius departed this life. But ſuch was the pious ſorrow of the ſon at the loſs of ſo excellent a father, and the firſt tranſports of grief had ſo wholly diſabled him from all manner of buſineſs, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To

tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleaſure, and conſidered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, ſuitable to the regularity of it; but that he himſelf, poor ſinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, reſolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and ſpend very piouſly the life to which he ſhould be reſtored by application to theſe rarities, when time ſhould come, to his own perſon,

It has been obſerved, that Providence frequently puniſhes the ſelf-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, inſomuch that they only tranſmit their names to be borne by thoſe who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Baſilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of houſhold expence, furniture, and inſolent equipage; and this he purſued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew ſenſible, to approach. As Baſilius was puniſhed with a ſon very unlike him, Alexandrinus was viſited by one of his own diſpoſition. It is natural that ill men ſhould be ſuſpicious, and Alexandrinus beſides that jealouſy, had proof of the vicious diſpoſition of his ſon Kenatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I have obſerved, having very good reaſons for thinking it unſafe to truſt the real ſecret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make ſure work, and hope for his ſucceſs depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bed-ſide, and beſpoke him in the moſt pathetic geſture and accent. As much, my ſon, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleaſure, as I alſo have been before you, you nor I could eſcape the fame, or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Baſilius. His ſymbol is very well known in the philoſophic world, and

I ſhall

I ſhall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound myſteries of the Smaragdine table of Hermes. 'It is true, ſaid he, and far 'removed from all colour of deceit; that which is infe-'rior is like that which is ſuperior, by which are ac-'quired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. 'The father is the ſun, the mother the moon, the wind 'is the womb, the earth is the nurſe of it, and mother 'of all perfection. All this muſt be received with mo-'deſty and wiſdom.' The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimſical ſort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themſelves, that their regularity and ſtrictneſs of manners for the ends of this world, has ſome affinity to the innocence of heart which muſt recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk ſo like an adept, and with ſuch a mixture of piety, while Alexandrinus obſerving his attention fixed, proceeded: this phial, child, and this little earthen pot will add to thy eſtate ſo much, as to make thee the richeſt man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but ſhall not return to common duſt. Then he reſumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Baſilius, the corps would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to expreſs to you the unfeigned tenderneſs that paſſed between theſe two extraordinary perſons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the ſon was not behind-hand in profeſſing that he would not cut the leaſt bit off him, but upon the utmoſt extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and ſiſters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear in the wantonneſs of his heart, to meaſure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and caſt up the enſuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immenſe rewards of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when

he had anointed the corps all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body ſtirred, and Renatus, in a fright, broke the phial.

No. CDXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 10.

Quantùm à rerum turpitudine abes, tantùm te à verborum libertate ſejungas. TULL.

We ſhould be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from ſpeaking, as from doing ill.

IT is a certain ſign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever ariſes from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's ſelf, and an impatience of ſeeing it in another. Elſe why ſhould virtue provoke? Why ſhould beauty diſpleaſe in ſuch a degree, that a man given to ſcandal never lets the mention of either paſs by him without offering ſomething to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a viſit being attacked ſomewhat rudely by one, whoſe own character has been very roughly treated, anſwered a great deal of heat an intemperance very calmly, 'Good Ma-'dam ſpare me, who am none of your match; I ſpeak 'ill of no body, and it is a new thing to me to be ſpoken 'ill of.' Little minds think fame conſiſts in the number of votes they have on their ſide among the multitude, whereas it is really the inſeparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a ſhadow is of a body. It is true, when crouds preſs upon you, this ſhadow cannot be ſeen, but when they ſeparate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the perſons who are moſt pleaſed with the little tales which paſs about the town to the diſadvantage of the reſt of the world. Were it not for the pleaſure of ſpeaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houſes, and too ill-natured to open their lips in converſation.

ſation. It was not a little diverting the other day to obſerve a lady reading a poſt-letter, and at theſe words,' 'After 'all her airs, he has heard ſome ſtory or other, and the 'match is broke off,' give orders in the midſt of her reading, 'Put to the horſes.' That a young woman of merit had miſſed an advantageous ſettlement, was news not to be delayed, leſt ſomebody elſe ſhould have given her malicious acquaintance that ſatisfaction before her. The unwillingneſs to receive good tidings is a quality as inſeparable from a ſcandal-bearer, as the readineſs to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that ſtate of mind, that cannot be pleaſed but by what is the ſubject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the higheſt degree odious to gallant ſpirits. The Perſian ſoldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admoniſhed by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight againſt Alexander, and not to 'rail at him.'

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general ſcandal, ſays very handſomely, and with much reaſon, 'There are many who have particular en-'gagements to the proſecutor: there are many who are 'known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; 'there are many who are naturally addicted to defama-'tion, and envious of any good to any man, who may 'have contributed to ſpread reports of this kind: for 'nothing is ſo ſwift as ſcandal, nothing is more eaſily 'ſent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, no-'thing diffuſes itſelf ſo univerſally. I ſhall not deſire, 'that if any report to our diſadvantage has any ground 'for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there 'be any thing advanced, without a perſon who can ſay 'whence he had it, or which is atteſted by one who for-'got who told him it, or who had it from one of ſo 'little conſideration that he did not then think it worth 'his notice, all ſuch teſtimonies as theſe, I know, you 'will think too ſlight to have any credit againſt the in-'nocence and honour of your fellow-citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vaniſhes among ſuch as the orator has here recited. And how deſpicable a

creature muſt that be, who is in pain for what paſſes among ſo frivolous a people? There is a town in Warwickſhire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animoſity and diſſenſion, the chief families of which have now turned all their whiſpers, backbitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peeviſh old gentlewoman, known by the title of the lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years together out-done the whole ſiſterhood of goſſips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a laſting conſtitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepid in her feet. The two circumſtances of being always at home from her lameneſs, and very attentive from her blindneſs, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that paſſes in town, good or bad; but for the latter ſhe ſeems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that as it is uſual with old people, ſhe has a livelier memory of things which paſſed when ſhe was very young, than of late years. Add to all this, that ſhe does not only not love any body, but ſhe hates every body. The ſtatue in Rome does not ſerve to vent malice half ſo well, as this old lady does to diſappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itſelf; therefore, though ſhe expoſes all the whole town, ſhe offends no one body in it. She is ſo exquiſitely reſtleſs and peeviſh, that ſhe quarrels with all about her, and ſometimes in a freak will inſtantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, ſhe is led about the grounds belonging to the ſame houſe ſhe is in, and the perſons to whom ſhe is to remove, being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At ſtated times, the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe is at the time, is ſent for to quarrel with, according to her common cuſtom: when they have a mind to drive the jeſt, ſhe is immediately urged to that degree, that ſhe will board in a family with which ſhe has never yet been; and away ſhe will go this inſtant, and tell them all that the reſt have been ſaying of them. By this

this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place without stirring from the same habitation: and the many stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said of one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my lady Bluemantle's memoirs.

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this, that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours; and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary lady Bluemantle at every visit in town. T.

No. CDXXVIII. FRIDAY, JULY 11.

Occupet extremum scabies—— Hor.

The Devil take the hindmost!

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation, for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. Besides, said one whom I overheard the other day, why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? Things which are useful only to amuse men of literature and superior education. I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary

or

or uſeful to any part of ſociety, and the mechanic arts ſhould have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, huſbandry, and thrift, will ſerve a greater number of people, than diſcourſes upon what was well ſaid or done by ſuch a philoſopher, hero, general, or poet. I no ſooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he had ſaid; and from that inſtant reſolved to enlarge the plan of my ſpeculations, by giving notice to all perſons of all orders, and each ſex, that if they are pleaſed to ſend me diſcourſes, with their names and places of abode to them, ſo that I can be ſatisfied the writings are authentic, ſuch their labours ſhall be faithfully inſerted in this paper. It will be of much more conſequence to a youth in his apprenticeſhip, to know by what rules and arts ſuch a one became ſheriff of the city of London, than to ſee the ſign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is enchanted with romantic and improbable atchievement, when the plain path to reſpective greatneſs and ſucceſs in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it poſſible that a young man at preſent could paſs his time better, than in reading the hiſtory of ſtocks, and knowing by what ſecret ſprings they have had ſuch ſudden aſcents and falls in the ſame day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth which is the great article of life, than in a treatiſe dated from Change Alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more uſeful than to be well inſtructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a ſecret joy buy when others think it their intereſt to ſell. I invite all perſons who have any thing to ſay for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper: they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of ſtraps for razors. If to carry ſhips in ſafety, to give help to people toſt in a troubled ſea, without knowing to what ſhore they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coaſt to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deſerves a ſtatue; at the ſame time, he who has found a means

a means to let the inſtrument which is to make your viſage leſs horrible, and your perſon more ſmug, eaſy in the operation, is worthy of ſome kind of good reception: if things of high moment meet with renown, thoſe of little conſideration, ſince of any conſideration, are not to be deſpiſed. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philoſophers, to my aſſiſtance in the public ſervice. It would be of great uſe if we had an exact hiſtory of the ſucceſſes of every great ſhop within the city-walls, what tracts of land have been purchaſed by a conſtant attendance within a walk of thirty foot. If it could alſo be noted in the equipage of thoſe who are aſcended from the ſucceſsful trade of their anceſtors, into figure and equipage, ſuch accounts would quicken induſtry in the purſuit of ſuch acquiſitions, and diſcountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

To diverſify theſe kinds of informations, the induſtry of the female world is not to be unobſerved: ſhe to whoſe houſhold-virtues it is owing, that men do honour to her huſband, ſhould be recorded with veneration; ſhe who has waſted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domeſtic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiſs to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and deſcribe that moſt dreadful of all human conditions, the caſe of bankruptcy; how plenty, credit, cheerfulneſs, full hopes, and eaſy poſſeſſions, are in an inſtant turned into penury, faint aſpects, diffidence, ſorrow, and miſery! How the man, who with an open hand the day before could adminiſter to the extremities of others, is ſhunned to-day by the friend of his boſom. It would be uſeful to ſhew how juſt this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the induſtrious. A paper written by a merchant, might give this iſland a true ſenſe of the worth and importance of his character: it might be viſible from what he could ſay, that no ſoldier entering a breach adventures more for honour, than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both caſes the adventurers have their own

advantage,

advantage, but I know no caſes wherein every body elſe is a ſharer in the ſucceſs.

It is objected by readers of hiſtory, that the battles in thoſe narrations are ſcarce ever to be underſtood. This misfortune is to be aſcribed to the ignorance of hiſtorians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the diſcourſes from the correſpondents, whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind; and it is neceſſary to caution them only againſt uſing terms of art, and deſcribing things that are familiar to them in words unknown to the reader. I promiſe myſelf a great harveſt of new circumſtances, perſons and things from this propoſal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, diſcovered as wholly new. This ſort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependance of human ſociety, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of thoſe, whoſe views are confined to their own circumſtances; and in ſhort, if the knowing in ſeveral arts, profeſſions, and trades will exert themſelves, it cannot but produce a new field of diverſion, and inſtruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T

No. CDXXIX. SATURDAY, JULY 12.

——Populumque falſis dedocet uti
Vocibus—— Hor.

From cheats of words the croud ſhe brings
To real eſtimate of things. Creech.

'Mr. Spectator,

'SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable ſet of company which were gone down into the country, I 'have received advices from thence, that the inſtitution 'of an infirmary for thoſe who ſhould be out of humour 'has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumſtances of two or three perſons, who had 'the

'the good ſenſe to retire of their own accord, and noti-
'fied that they were withdrawn, with the reaſons of it
'to the company, in their reſpective memorials.'

'The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinſter,

'Humbly ſheweth,

'THAT conſcious of her own want of merit, accom-
'panied with a vanity of being admired, ſhe had
'gone into exile of her own accord.

'She is ſenſible, that a vain perſon is the moſt inſuf-
'ferable creature living in a well-bred aſſembly.

'That ſhe deſired, before ſhe appeared in public again,
'ſhe might have aſſurances, that though ſhe might be
'thought handſome, there might not more addreſs of
'compliment be paid to her, than to the reſt of the
'company.

'That ſhe conceived it a kind of ſuperiority, that one
'perſon ſhould take upon him to commend another.

'Laſty, That ſhe went into the infirmary, to avoid a
'particular perſon who took upon him to profeſs an ad-
'miration of her.

'She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due
'place might be declared an offence, and puniſhed in
'the ſame manner with detraction, in that the latter
'did but report perſons defective, and the former made
'them ſo.

'All which is ſubmitted, &c.'

There appeared a delicacy and ſincerity in this memo-
rial very uncommon, but my friend informs me, that the
allegations of it were groundleſs, inſomuch that this de-
claration of an averſion to bring praiſed, was underſtood
to be no other than a ſecret trap to purchaſe it, for which
reaſon it lies ſtill on the table unanſwered.

'The humble memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,

'Sheweth,

'THAT the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality; mar-
'ried to a private gentleman.

'That ſhe finds herſelf neither well nor ill.

'That

'That her husband is a clown.
'That Lady Lydia cannot see company.
'That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.
'That they would please to make merry with their equals.
'That Mr. Loller might stay with them if he thought fit.'

It was immediately resolved, that Lady Lydia was still at London.

'The humble memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq; of the Inner Temple,

'Sheweth,

'THAT Mr. Sudden is conscious that he is too much given to argumentation.
'That he talks loud.
'That he is apt to think all things matter of debate.
'That he stayed behind in Westminster-hall, when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down.
'That he cannot for his life consent to any thing.
'That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.
'That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will wait on the company.'

His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.

'The memorial of Frank Jolly.

'Sheweth,

'THAT he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth which renders him unfit for polite conversation.
'That he intends to prepare himself by abstinence and thin diet to be one of the company.
'That at present he comes into a room, as if he were an express from abroad.

'That

'That he has chosen an apartment with a matted anti-
'chamber, to practise motion without being heard.

'That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps him-
'self, before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

'That by reason of his luxuriant health he is oppres-
'sive to persons of composed behaviour.

'That he is endeavouring to forget the word "pshaw,
'pshaw."

'That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

'That when he has learnt to live without his said
'cane, he will wait on the company, &c.'

'The memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq;

'Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioner has retired to the infirmary,
'but that he is in perfect good health, except that
'he has by long use, and for want of discourse, contract-
'ed an habit of complaint that he is sick.

'That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what
'to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy ma-
'lady of complaining that he is sick.

'That this custom of his makes him, by his own
'confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore he
'has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'That he is conscious there is nothing more improper
'than such a complaint in good company, in that they
'must pity, whether they think the lamenter ill or not;
'and that the complainant must make a silly figure, whe-
'ther he is pitied or not.

'Your petitioner humbly prays, that he may have
'time to know how he does, and he will make his ap-
'pearance.'

'The Valetudinarian was likewise easily excused: and
'this society being resolved not only to make it their bu-
'siness to pass their time agreeably for the present season,
'but also to commence such habits in themselves as may
'be of use in their future conduct in general, are very
'ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join
'with their measures, in order to have no humourist,

'proud man, impertinent, or ſufficient fellow, break in 'upon their happineſs. Great evils ſeldom happen to 'diſturb company; but indulgence in particularities of 'humour, is the ſeed of making half our time hang in 'ſuſpence, or waſte away under real diſcompoſures.

'Among other things it is carefully provided, that 'there may not be diſagreeable familiarities. No one is 'to appear in the public rooms undreſſed, or enter ab-'ruptly into each other's apartment, without intimation. 'Every one has hitherto been ſo careful in his behaviour, 'that there has but one offender in ten days time been 'ſent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away 'his cards at whiſt.

'He has offered his ſubmiſſion in the following terms.

'The humble petition of Jeoffry Hotſpur, Eſq.

'Sheweth,

'THOUGH the petitioner ſwore, ſtamped, and threw 'down his cards, he has all imaginable reſpect for 'the ladies, and the whole company.

'That he humbly deſires it may be conſidered, in the 'caſe of gaming, there are many motives which provoke 'to diſorder.

'That the deſire of gain, and the deſire of victory, are 'both thwarted in loſing.

'That all converſations in the world have indulged 'human infirmity in this caſe.

'Your petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that he 'may be reſtored to the company, and he hopes to bear 'ill fortune with a good grace for the future, and to de-'mean himſelf ſo as to be no more than chearful when 'he wins, than grave when he loſes.' T

No. CDXXX. MONDAY, JULY 14.

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat. Hor.

———The croud replies
Go ſeek a ſtranger to believe thy lies. Creech.

'Sir,

'AS you are a Spectator-general, you may with authority cenſure whatſoever looks ill, and is offenſive to the ſight; the worſt nuiſance of which kind, methinks, is the ſcandalous appearance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such miſerable objects affect the compaſſionate beholder with diſmal ideas, diſcompoſe the chearfulneſs of his mind, and deprive him of the pleaſure that he might otherwiſe take in ſurveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorſe ſee a diſabled ſailor, the purveyor of our luxury, deſtitute of neceſſaries? Who can behold an honeſt ſoldier, that bravely withſtood the enemy, proſtrate and in want among his friends? It were endleſs to mention all the variety of wretchedneſs, and the numberleſs poor that not only ſingly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongſt the many lamentable cries that infeſt this town, your Comptroller-general ſhould not take notice of the moſt ſhocking, viz. thoſe of the needy and afflicted. I cannot but think he waved it meerly out of good breeding, chuſing rather to ſtifle his reſentment, than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be ſacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaint, let not your eyes overlook their perſons. There are, I know, many impoſtures among them. Lameneſs and blindneſs are certainly very often acted; but can thoſe that have their ſight and limbs, employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two miſapplies his

'ſenſes moſt, he who pretends himſelf blind to move 'compaſſion, or he who beholds a miſerable object with-'out pitying it. But in order to remove ſuch impedi-'ments, I wiſh, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a diſ-'courſe upon beggars, that we may not paſs by true ob-'jects of charity, or give to impoſtors. I looked out of 'my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, 'and ſaw a blind beggar, an hour before the paſſage he 'ſtands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, 'thriftily mending his ſtockings: my aſtoniſhment was 'ſtill greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whoſe legs 'were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a 'pot of ale. I will not mention the ſhakings, diſtor-'tions, and convulſions, which many of them practiſe to 'gain an alms: but ſure I am, they ought to be taken 'care of in this condition, either by the beadle or the ma-'giſtrate. They, it ſeems, relieve their poſts, according 'to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman 'never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and then ſhe 'is deſtitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and 'has the ſame ill-fortune every night in the year. You 'ſhould employ an officer to hear the diſtreſs of each 'beggar that is conſtant at a particular place, who is ever 'in the ſame tone, and ſucceeds becauſe his audience is 'continually changing, though he does not alter his la-'mentation. If we have nothing elſe for our money, 'let us have more invention to be cheated with. All 'which is ſubmitted to your ſpectatorial vigilance: and 'I am,

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

Sir,

'I WAS laſt Sunday highly tranſported at our pariſh-'church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded mo-'vingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for 'themſelves much more forcibly by ſinging an hymn: 'and I had the happineſs to be a contributor to this little 'religious inſtitution of innocents, and am ſure I never

'diſpoſed

'diſpoſed of money more to my ſatisfaction and advan-
'tage. The inward joy I find in myſelf, and the good-
'will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wiſh thoſe
'pious works may be encouraged, that the preſent pro-
'moters may reap the delight, and poſterity the benefit
'of them. But whilſt we are building this beautiful
'edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to ſully the
'proſpect: whilſt we are cultivating and improving
'this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and
'helpleſs creatures be ſham-fully neglected. The
'crouds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are
'a great reproach to us, and eclipſe the glory of all
'other charity. It is the utmoſt reproach to ſociety,
'that there ſhould be a poor man unrelieved or a poor
'rogue unpuniſhed. I hope you will think no part of
'human life out of your conſideration, but will, at your
'leiſure, give us the hiſtory of plenty and want, and
'the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the
'cities of London and Weſtminſter.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'T. D.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I BEG you would be pleaſed to take notice of a very
'great indecency, which is extremely common,
'though, I think, never yet under your cenſure. It is,
'Sir, the ſtrange freedoms ſome ill-bred married people
'take in company: the unſeaſonable fondneſs of ſome
'huſbands, and the ill-timed tenderneſs of ſome wives.
'They talk and act as if modeſty was only fit for maids
'and batchelors, and that too before both. I was once,
'Mr. Spectator, where the fault I ſpeak of was ſo very
'flagrant, that (being, you muſt know, a very baſhful
'fellow, and ſeveral young ladies in the room) I proteſt
'I was quite out of countenance. Lucina, it ſeems,
'was breeding, and ſhe did nothing but entertain the
'company with a diſcourſe upon the difficulty of reckon-

'ing to a day, and ſaid ſhe knew thoſe who were certain 'to an hour; then fell a laughing at a ſilly unexpe-'rienced creature, who was a month above her time. 'Upon her huſband's coming in, ſhe put ſeveral queſtions 'to him; which he not caring to reſolve, "Well," cries Lucina, "I ſhall have them all at night."——But 'leſt I ſhould ſeem guilty of the very fault I write 'againſt, I ſhall only intreat Mr. Spectator to correct 'ſuch miſdemeanors;

"For higher of the genial bed by far,
"And with myſterious reverence, I deem."

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'T. MEANWELL.'

No. CDXXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 15.

Quid dulcius hominum generi à natura datum eſt quàm ſui cuique liberi? TULL.

What is there in nature ſo dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been caſting in my thoughts the ſeveral unhappineſſes of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to thoſe of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and miſconduct of parents, thoſe of age to the paſt life which led to it. I have here the hiſtory of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and I think I cannot give the reader a livelier image of the inſipid way which time uncultivated paſſes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epiſtles, expreſſing all that was remarkable in their lives, until the period of their life above mentioned. The ſentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, 'What is their in Nature ſo dear as a man's own 'children to him?' is all the reflexion I ſhall at preſent make

make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM now entering into my one and twentieth year, 'and do not know that I had one day's thorough sa-'tisfaction since I came to years of any reflexion, until 'the time they say others lose their liberty, the day of 'my marriage. I am son to a gentleman of a very 'great estate, who resolved to keep me out of the vices 'of the age; and in order to it never let me see any 'thing that he thought could give me the least pleasure. 'At ten years old I was put to a grammar-school, 'where my master received orders every post to use me 'very severely, and have no regard to my having a great 'estate. At fifteen I was removed to the university, 'where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in 'scandalous poverty and want, until I was big enough to 'be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who 'sends you the underwritten. When we were put to-'gether, we both considered that we could not be worse 'than we were in taking one another, and out of a de-'sire of liberty entered into wedlock. My father says I 'am now a man, and may speak to him like another gen-'tleman.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RICHARD RENTFREE.'

'Mr. Spec,

'I GREW tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay 'widow, and did not care for shewing me, until about 'two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian 'uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to con-'tradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough 'already. I had not been there above a month, when 'being in the kitchen, I saw some oatmeal on the dresser; 'I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a 'handful,

'handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two 'months after never failed taking toll of every penny-'worth of oatmeal that came into the houſe: but one 'day playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it 'happened to break in my mouth, and the ſpitting out 'the pieces left ſuch a delicious roughneſs on my tongue, 'that I could not be ſatisfied until I had champed up the 'remaining part of the pipe. I forſook the oatmeal, and 'ſtuck to the pipes three months, in which time I had 'diſpenſed with thirty-ſeven foul pipes, all to the boles; 'they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my gover-'neſs.—He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating 'of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was ſoon tired 'of this; I then nibbled all the red wax of our laſt ball-'tickets, and three weeks after, the black wax from the 'burying tickets of the old gentleman. Two months 'after this I lived upon thunderbolts, a certain long 'round bluiſh ſtone, which I found among the gravel in 'our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; 'but thunderbolts growing ſcarce, I faſtened tooth and 'nail upon our garden-wall, which I ſtuck to almoſt a 'twelvemonth, and had in that time pecled and de-'voured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I 'now thought myſelf the happieſt creature in the world, 'and I believe in my conſcience, I had eaten quite 'through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I be-'came lazy and unwilling to ſtir, and was obliged to ſeek 'food nearer home. I then took a ſtrange hankering to 'coals; I fell to ſcranching them, and had already con-'ſumed, I am certain, as much as would have dreſſed 'my wedding-dinner, when my uncle came for me 'home. He was in the parlour with my governeſs 'when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, 'for he made me call him father; and when I expected 'the bleſſing I aſked, the good gentleman, in a ſurpriſe, 'turns himſelf to my governeſs, and aſks, "whether "this, pointing to me, was his daughter? This, added "he, is the very picture of death. My child was a "plump-faced, hale, freſh-coloured girl; but this looks "as if ſhe was half-ſtarved, a mere ſkeleton." My go-

'vernels,

'verneſs, who is really a good woman, aſſured my father I had wanted for nothing: and withal told him I 'was continually eating ſome traſh or other, and that I 'was almoſt eaten up with the green-ſickneſs, her orders 'being never to croſs me. But this ſignified but little 'with my father, who preſently in a kind of pet, paying 'for my board, took me home with him. I had not 'been long at home, but one Sunday at church, I ſhall 'never forget it, I ſaw a young neighbouring gentleman 'that pleaſed me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever 'ſaw in my life, and began to wiſh I could be as pleaſing 'to him. The very next day he came, with his father, 'a viſiting to our houſe: we were left alone together, 'with directions on both ſides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I 'regained my former health and complexion, and am 'now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spec, I 'deſire you would find out ſome name for theſe craving 'damſels, whether dignified or diſtinguiſhed under ſome 'or all of the following denominations, to wit, traſh-'eaters, oatmeal-chewers, pipe-champers, chalk-lickers, 'wax-nibblers, coal-ſcranchers, wall-peelers, or gravel-'diggers: and, good Sir, do your utmoſt endeavour to 'prevent, by expoſing this unaccountable folly, ſo prevailing among the young ones of our ſex, who may not 'meet with ſuch ſudden good luck as,

Sir,

'Your conſtant reader,

'and very humble ſervant,

'SABINA GREEN,

Now SABINA RENTFREE.'

No. CDXXXII.

No. CDXXXII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

—— Inter ſtrepit anſer olores. VIRG.

He gabbles like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.
DRYDEN.

'Mr. Spectator, Oxford, July 14.

'ACCORDING to a late invitation in one of your 'papers to every man who pleaſes to write, I have 'ſent you the following ſhort diſſertation againſt the vice 'of being prejudiced.

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

'MAN is a ſociable creature, and a lover of glory; 'whence it is, that when ſeveral perſons are united 'in the ſame ſociety, they are ſtudious to leſſen the re'putation of others, in order to raiſe their own. The 'wiſe are content to guide the ſprings in ſilence, and re'joice in ſecret at their regular progreſs: to prate and 'triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and ſuperfi'cial: the geeſe were providentially ordained to ſave the 'Capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and 'devices to diſtinguiſh parties, is owing to the beaux and 'belles of this iſland. Hats moulded into different cocks 'and pinches, have long bid mutual defiance; patches 'have been ſet againſt patches in battle-array; ſtocks 'have riſen and fallen in proportion to head-dreſſes; 'and peace or war being expected, as the white or the 'red hood hath prevailed. Theſe are the ſtandard-'bearers in our contending armies, the dwarfs and 'ſquires who carry the impreſſes of the giants or 'knights, not born to fight themſelves, but to prepare 'the way for the enſuing combat.

'It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men of 'weak underſtanding and ſtrong fancy are hurried by 'their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole 'body of the adverſe party are a band of villains and 'demons. Foreigners complain that the Engliſh are the

'proudeſt

'proudeſt nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have 'their ſhare; but be that as it will, general charges 'againſt bodies of men is the fault I am writing againſt. 'It muſt be owned, to our ſhame, that our common peo-'ple, and moſt who have not travelled, have an irrational 'contempt for the language, dreſs, cuſtoms, and even 'the ſhape and minds of other nations. Some men, 'otherwiſe of ſenſe, have wondered that a great genius 'ſhould ſpring out of Ireland; and think you mad in 'affirming, that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

'This ſpirit of rivalſhip, which heretofore reigned in 'the two univerſities, is extinct, and almoſt over betwixt 'college and college: in pariſhes and ſchools the thirſt 'of glory ſtill obtains. At the ſeaſons of football and 'cock-fighting, theſe little republics reaſſume their na-'tional hatred to each other. My tenant in the country 'is verily perſuaded, that the pariſh of the enemy hath 'not one honeſt man in it.

'I always hated ſatires againſt women, and ſatires 'againſt men; I am apt to ſuſpect a ſtranger who laughs 'at the religion of the faculty: my ſpleen riſes at a dull 'rogue, who is ſevere upon mayors and aldermen; and 'was never better pleaſed than with a piece of juſtice 'executed upon the body of a templar, who was very 'arch upon parſons.

'The neceſſities of mankind require various employ-'ments; and whoever excells in his province is wor-'thy of praiſe. All men are not educated after the 'ſame manner, nor have all the ſame talents. Thoſe 'who are deficient deſerve our compaſſion, and have a 'title to our aſſiſtance. All cannot be bred in the ſame 'place; but in all places there ariſe, at different times, 'ſuch perſons as do honour to their ſociety, which may 'raiſe envy in little ſouls, but are admired and cheriſhed 'by generous ſpirits.

'It is certainly a great happineſs to be educated in ſo-'cieties of great and eminent men. Their inſtructions 'and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is 'highly proper to inſtil ſuch a reverence of the govern-'ing perſons, and concern for the honour of the place,

'as may ſpur the growing members to worthy purſuits 'and honeſt emulation: but to ſwell young minds with 'vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, 'by debaſing and vilifying all others, doth them a real 'injury. By this means I have found that their efforts 'have become languid, and their prattle irkſome, as 'thinking it ſufficient praiſe that they are children of ſo 'illuſtrious and ample a family. I ſhould think it a 'ſurer as well as more generous method, to ſet before 'the eyes of youth ſuch perſons as have made a noble 'progreſs in fraternities leſs talked of; which ſeems ta-'citly to reproach their ſloth, who loll ſo heavily in the 'ſeats of mighty improvement; active ſpirits hereby 'would enlarge their notions, whereas by a ſervile imi-'tation of one, or perhaps two, admired men, in their 'own body, they can only gain a ſecondary and deriva-'tive kind of fame. Theſe copiers of men, like thoſe 'of authors or painters, run into affectations of ſome 'oddneſs, which perhaps was not diſagreeable in the 'original, but ſits ungracefully on the narrow-ſouled 'tranſcriber.

'By ſuch early corrections of vanity, while boys are 'growing into men, they will gradually learn not to cen-'ſure ſuperficially; but imbibe thoſe principles of gene-'ral kindneſs and humanity, which alone can make them 'eaſy to themſelves, and beloved by others.

'Reflections of this nature have expunged all preju-'dice out of my heart, inſomuch that though I am a 'firm proteſtant, I hope to ſee the pope and cardinals 'without violent emotions; and though I am naturally 'grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris.

'I am, Sir,

'Your obedient ſervant.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I FIND you are a general undertaker, and have by 'your correſpondents or ſelf an inſight into moſt 'things; which makes me apply myſelf to you at pre-'ſent in the ſoreſt calamity that ever befel man. My

'wife

'wife has taken ſomething ill of me, and has not ſpoke 'one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the fa-'mily, ſince Friday was ſeven-night. What muſt a man 'do in that caſe? Your advice would be a great obliga-'tion to,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'RALPH THIMBLETON.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'WHEN you want a trifle to fill up a paper, by in-'ſerting this you will lay an obligation on

'Your humble ſervant,

July 15th, 1712. 'OLIVIA.'

"Dear Olivia,

"IT is but this moment I have had the happineſs of "knowing to whom I am obliged for the preſent I "received the ſecond of April. I am heartily ſorry it did "not come to hand the day before; for I cannot but think "it very hard upon people to loſe their jeſt, that offer at "one but once a-year. I congratulate myſelf however "upon the earneſt given me of ſomething further in-"tended in my favour; for I am told, that the man who "is thought worthy by a lady to make a fool of, ſtands "fair enough in her opinion to become one day her huſ-"band. Until ſuch time as I have the honour of being "ſworn, I take leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

"Dear Olivia,

"Your fool elect,

"NICODEMUNCIO."

No. CDXXXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 17.

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugis ſolvere diſce meis. MART.

To baniſh anxious thought, and quiet pain,
Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling ſtrain.

THE moral world, as conſiſting of males and females, is of a mixt nature, and filled with ſeveral cuſtoms, faſhions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were they but one ſex. Had our ſpecies no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at preſent; their endeavours to pleaſe the oppoſite ſex poliſhes and refines them out of thoſe manners which are moſt natural to them, and often ſets them upon modelling themſelves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to thoſe plans which they think are moſt agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfiniſhed creature, were he converſant with none but thoſe of his own make.

Women, on the other ſide, are apt to form themſelves in every thing with regard to that other half of reaſonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confuſed; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other ſex; they talk, and move, and ſmile, with a deſign upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dreſs is filled with ſnares and allurements. There would be no ſuch animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not ſuch an animal as man. In ſhort, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a ſoftneſs in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two ſexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may obſerve that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no ſuch things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women who have an indifference

difference or averſion for their counter-parts in human nature, are generally ſour and unamiable, ſluttiſh and cenſorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuſcript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I ſhall communicate to the reader, as I have done ſome other curious pieces of the ſame nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a ſummary account of two different ſtates which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As theſe two ſtates bordered upon one another, it was their way, it ſeems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain ſeaſon of the year, where thoſe among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, aſſociated themſelves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of theſe yearly rencounters. The children that ſprung from this alliance, if males, were ſent to their reſpective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniverſary carnival, which laſted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and ſupplied with their reſpective ſubjects.

Theſe two ſtates were engaged together in a perpetual league, offenſive and defenſive, ſo that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the ſexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reaſon. It was remarkable, that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two ſtates, notwithſtanding, as was ſaid before, they were huſbands and wives: but this will not appear ſo wonderful, if we conſider that they did not live together above a week in a year

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were ſeveral cuſtoms very remarkable. The men never ſhaved their beards, or pared their nails, above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I

find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one *the tall*, such an one *the stocky*, such an one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments it seems had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state, which consisted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public. C

No. CDXXXIV. FRIDAY, JULY 18.

Quales Threïciæ, cùm flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, & pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields. DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married until she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which

end they would ſometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reaſon likewiſe the face which had the moſt ſcars was looked upon as the moſt beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbands, or any ornaments in ſilver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they uſed to dreſs their horſes with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themſelves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth, who was a mother of three daughters. The ſenate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be a counſellor of ſtate that was not paſt child-bearing. They uſed to boaſt their republic had continued four thouſand years, which is altogether improbable, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, what I am very apt to think, that they meaſured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them ſeveral years with various ſucceſs, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they aſcribe to ſeveral cauſes; ſome ſay that the ſecretary of ſtate having been troubled with the vapours, had committed ſome fatal miſtakes in ſeveral diſpatches about that time. Others pretend, that the firſt miniſter being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as ſo great an exigency of ſtate required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, ſince it ſeems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the moſt probable reaſon of this great diſaſter; for he affirms that the general was brought to bed, or (as others ſay) miſcarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this ſignal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their aſſiſtance; but notwithſtanding their common efforts to repulſe the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy concluſion.

The campaigns which both ſexes paſſed together, made them ſo well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning

ning of it they lodged in ſeparate camps, but afterwards as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiſcuouſly.

From this time, the armies being checkered with both ſexes, they poliſhed apace. The men uſed to invite their fellow-ſoldiers into their quarters, and would dreſs their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon the wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verſe and ſonnet. Theſe were as the firſt rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry, among this ſavage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both ſexes uſed to jump together, and make a clattering with their ſwords and ſhields, for joy, which in a few years produced ſeveral regular tunes and ſet dances.

As the two armies romped on theſe occaſions, the women complained of the thick buſhy beards and long nails of their confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themſelves into ſuch figures as were moſt pleaſing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any ſpoils from the enemy, the men would make a preſent of every thing that was rich and ſhowy to the women whom they moſt admired, and would frequently dreſs the necks, or heads, or arms of their miſtreſſes with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women obſerving that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with ſuch trappings and gewgaws, ſet their heads to work to find out new inventions, and to outſhine one another in all councils of war or the like ſolemn meetings. On the other hand, the men obſerving how the women's hearts were ſet upon finery, began to embelliſh themſelves, and look as agreeable as they could in the eyes of their aſſociates. In ſhort, after a few years converſing together, the women had learnt to ſmile, and the men to ogle; the women grew ſoft, and the men lively.

When they had thus inſenſibly formed one another, upon finiſhing of the war, which concluded with an intire

tire conqueſt of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in another; the captains in the ſame manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common ſoldiers were matched after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the moſt flouriſhing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited. C

No. CDXXXV. SATURDAY, JULY 19.

Nec duo ſunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut poſſint, neutrumque & utrumque videntur.
OVID.

Both bodies in a ſingle body mix,
A ſingle body with a double ſex. ADDISON.

MOST of the papers I give the public are written on ſubjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more ſerious eſſays and diſcourſes; but there is another ſort of ſpeculations, which I conſider as occaſional papers, that take their riſe from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the preſent age. For I look upon myſelf as one ſet to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every abſurd faſhion, ridiculous cuſtom, or affected form of ſpeech, that makes its appearance in the world, during the courſe of theſe my ſpeculations. The petticoat no ſooner began to ſwell, but I obſerved its motions. The party-patches had not time to muſter themſelves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very firſt time it appeared in a public aſſembly. I might here mention ſeveral other the like contingent ſubjects, upon which I have beſtowed diſtinct papers. By this means I have ſo effectually quaſhed thoſe irregularities which gave occaſion to them, that I am afraid poſterity will ſcarce have a ſufficient idea of them to reliſh thoſe diſcourſes which were in

in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shewn my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverly's, about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'it is a gentlewoman, saving 'your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her 'whether that was Coverly-'hall?' The honest man seeing only the male part of the querist replied, 'Yes, Sir;' but upon the second question, 'whether Sir Roger de Coverly was a married 'man?' having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, Madam.'

Had

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding-habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest incroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair-sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular I would fain have them consider with themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and night-raile.

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations

nations of Europe with its levity. I ſpeak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with thoſe general reflections which ſtrike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the groſs: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wiſhed the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I ſhall therefore only remark, that as livelineſs and aſſurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the ſame habits and cuſtoms will not give the ſame offence to that people, which they produce among thoſe of our own country. Modeſty is our diſtinguiſhing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our Britiſh ladies are celebrated above all others in the univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable object that the eye of man can poſſibly behold. C

No. CDXXXVI. MONDAY, JULY 21.

——— Verſo pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter——— Juv.

With thumbs bent back they popularly kill. Dryden.

BEING a perſon of inſatiable curioſity, I could not forbear going on Wedneſday laſt to a place of no ſmall renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the bear-garden at Hockley in the Hole; where, as a whitiſh-brown paper, put into my hands in the ſtreet, informed me, there was to be a trial of ſkill exhibited between two maſters of the noble ſcience of defence, at two of the clock preciſely. I was not a little charmed with the ſolemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

'I James Miller, Serjeant, lately come from the fron-
'tiers of Portugal, maſter of the noble ſcience of de-
'fence, hearing in moſt places where I have been of the
'great fame of Timothy Buck, of London, maſter of
the

the ſaid ſcience, do invite him to meet me, and exerciſe at the ſeveral weapons following, viz.

' Back-ſword,
' Sword and dagger,
' Sword and buckler,
' Single-falchion,
' Caſe of falchions,
' Quarter-ſtaff.'

If the generous ardour in James Miller to diſpute the reputation of Timothy Buck, had ſomething reſembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned anſwer in the ſame paper with the like ſpirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and ſeeming to condeſcend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himſelf, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in theſe words:

' I Timothy Buck, of Clare-market, maſter of the ' noble ſcience of defence, hearing he did fight Mr. ' Parkes, of Coventry, will not fail, God willing, to ' to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, ' deſiring a clear ſtage and no favour.

' *Vivat Regina.*'

I ſhall not here look back on the ſpectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but muſt believe this cuſtom took its riſe from the ages of knight-errantry; from thoſe who loved one woman ſo well, that they hated all men and women elſe; from thoſe who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from thoſe who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their miſtreſs or diſcommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preſerved, when the amorous ſide of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but loſt the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wiſh, methinks, theſe gentlemen had conſulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid whom I underſtood to be called Elizabeth Preſton, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glaſs of water; whom I imagined might have been, for form's

ſake, the general repreſentative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper Amaryllis on theſe occaſions. It would have ran better in the challenge, 'I 'James Miller, Serjeant, who have travelled parts 'abroad, and came laſt from the frontiers of Portugal, 'for the love of Elizabeth Preſton, do aſſert, that the 'ſaid Elizabeth is the faireſt of women.' Then the anſwer: 'I Timothy Buck, who have ſtayed in Great Bri'tain during all the war in foreign parts, for the ſake of 'Suſanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preſton is ſo fair 'as the ſaid Suſanna Page. Let Suſanna Page look on, 'and I deſire of James Miller no favour.'

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper ſtation for the ladies, whoſe complexion was diſputed by the ſword, would animate the diſputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the ſpectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one, whoſe lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, conſidering the thing wants ſuch amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on firſt, preceded by two diſabled drummers, to ſhew, I ſuppoſe, that the proſpect of maimed bodies did not in the leaſt deter him. There aſcended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whoſe name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unſatisfied that he was not principal. This ſon of anger lowered at the whole aſſembly, and weighing himſelf as he marched around from ſide to ſide, with a ſtiff knee and ſhoulder, he gave intimations of the purpoſe he ſmothered until he ſaw the iſſue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the ſword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that cuſtom of wearing a miſtreſs's favour on ſuch occaſions of old.

Miller is a man of ſix foot eight inches high, of a kind but bold aſpect, well faſhioned, and ready of his limbs; and ſuch a readineſs as ſpoke his eaſe in them, was obtained from a habit of motion in military exerciſe.

The expectation of the ſpectators was now almoſt at it's height, and the croud preſſing in, ſeveral active perſons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themſelves from the open area or pit, to the galleries. This diſpute between deſert and property brought many to the ground, and raiſed others in proportion to the higheſt ſeats by turns, for the ſpace of ten minutes, until Timothy Buck came on, and the whole aſſembly giving up their diſputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irreſiſtibly. A judicious gentleman near me ſaid, 'I could methinks be Miller's 'ſecond, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look, that took the eye: Buck a perfect compoſure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air until the inſtant of engaging; at which time he undreſſed to his ſhirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can deſcribe the ſudden concern in the whole aſſembly; the moſt tumultuous croud in nature was as ſtill and as much engaged, as if all their lives depended on the firſt blow. The combatants met in the middle of the ſtage, and ſhaking hands as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with an heart full of reſolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence; Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the many eſcapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effuſion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the croud undoubtedly quickened the anguiſh. The aſſembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently ſuffered for Miller, and burſt into a flood of tears. As ſoon as his wound was wrapped up, he

came

came on again with a little rage, which ſtill diſabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onſet, which ended in a deciſive ſtroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this ſecond ſtrife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being moſtly employed on the conſideration of her unhappy circumſtance that moment, hearing the claſh of ſwords, and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to ſatisfy herſelf on whom they fell. The wound was expoſed to the view of all who could delight in it, and ſewed up on the ſtage. The ſurly ſecond of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the ſame weapons, declaring himſelf the maſter of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous diſciple, and aſſerting that he himſelf had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is ſomething in nature very unaccountable on ſuch occaſions, when we ſee the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding theſe encounters. Is it cruelty that adminiſters this ſort of delight? Or is it a pleaſure which is taken in the exerciſe of pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the buſineſs of the day being a trial of ſkill, the popularity did not run ſo high as one would have expected on the ſide of Buck. Is it that people's paſſions have their riſe in ſelf-love, and thought themſelves (in ſpite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not ſo eaſily think themſelves qualified like Buck?

Tully ſpeaks of this cuſtom with leſs horror than one would expect, though he confeſſes it was much abuſed in his time, and ſeems directly to approve of it under it's firſt regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum ſpectaculum & inhumanum nonnullis videri ſolet; & haud ſcio annon ita ſit ut nunc fit; cùm verò ſontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortaſſe multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat eſſe for-*

tior contra dolorem & mortem disciplina. 'The shews of 'gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, 'and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; 'but in those times when only criminals were combat-'ants, the ear perhaps might receive many better in-'structions, but it is impossible that any thing which 'affects our eyes, should fortify us so well against pain 'and death.'

No. CDXXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 22.

Tune impunè hæc facias? Tunè hic homines adolescentulos,
Imperitos rerum, eductos liberè, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando & pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas? TER.

Shall you escape with impunity; you who lay snares for young men, of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promise, draw them in to marry harlots.

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion, which we sometimes see in young people, who are fallen into sorrow, and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago, since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage, but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth: her beauty and merit are lost upon the dolt, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid: the minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent at her eyes to the grief and torment of his last conversation. This poor creature was sacrificed with a temper, which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most agreeable companion, into the arms of this loathsome yoke-fellow by Sempronia. Sempronia is a good lady, who supports herself

herſelf in an affluent condition, by contracting friendſhip with rich young widows, and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own diſpoſal, and beſtowing her friends upon worthleſs indigent fellows; on the other ſide, ſhe inſnares inconſiderate and raſh youths of great eſtates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpoſe, ſhe is accompliſhed in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent viſits; ſhe knows all that paſſes in every quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite ſervants, buſy-bodies, dependants, and poor relations of all perſons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good ſum of money, Sempronia, by the inſtigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter, and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the viſits and frequent attendance of the croud of mothers, who had rather ſee their children miſerable in great wealth, than the happieſt of the race of mankind in a leſs conſpicuous ſtate of life. When Sempronia is ſo well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumſtance, that ſhe believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who ſhall get her, her next ſtep is to look out for ſome one, whoſe condition has ſome ſecret wound in it, and wants a ſum, yet, in the eye of the world, not unſuitable to her. If ſuch is not eaſily had, ſhe immediately adorns a worthleſs fellow with what eſtate ſhe thinks convenient, and adds as great a ſhare of good humour, and ſobriety as is requiſite: after this is ſettled, no importunities, arts, and devices are omitted, to haſten the lady to her happineſs. In the general indeed ſhe is a perſon of ſo ſtrict juſtice, that ſhe marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyleſs girl to a man of fortune. But then ſhe has no manner of conſcience in the diſparity, when ſhe has a mind to impoſe a poor rogue for one of an eſtate: ſhe has no remorſe in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfaſhioned; but makes thoſe imperfections arguments of the truth

of his wealth, and will, on ſuch an occaſion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day againſt an ignorant booby of her own clothing, whom ſhe was putting off for a rich heir, 'Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'you know 'there is no making children, who know they have 'eſtates, attend their books.'

Sempronia, by theſe arts, is loaded with preſents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by thoſe who do not know the firſt taſte of life, as a woman of exemplary good-breeding. But ſure, to murder and to rob are leſs iniquities, than to raiſe profit by abuſes, as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it laſtingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not ſo ill, as giving the whole and herſelf to an unworthy huſband. But Sempronia can adminiſter conſolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elſewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the married world, and tell an unexperienced young woman the methods of ſoftening her affliction, and laugh at her ſimplicity and want of knowledge, with an 'Oh! 'my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedneſs of Sempronia, one would think, ſhould be ſuperlative; but I cannot but eſteem that of ſome parents equal to it: I mean ſuch as ſacrifice the greateſt endowments and qualifications to baſe bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenious ſpirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there ſo common, as the beſtowing an accompliſhed woman with ſuch a diſparity? And I could name crouds who lead miſerable lives for want of knowledge, in their parents, of this maxim, that good-ſenſe and good-nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good-nature, is only an inability of obſerving what is faulty,

faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a ſuſpicion of every thing as ſuch, from a conſciouſneſs of that inability.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM entirely of your opinion with relation to the 'equeſtrian females, who affect both the maſculine 'and feminine air at the ſame time; and cannot for-'bear making a preſentment againſt another order of 'them, who grow very numerous and powerful; and 'ſince our language is not very capable of good com-'pound words, I muſt be contented to call them only 'the Naked Shouldered. Theſe beauties are not con-'tented to make lovers wherever they appear, but they 'muſt make rivals at the ſame time. Were you to ſee 'Gatty walk the Park at high mall, you would expect 'thoſe who followed her and thoſe who met her would 'immediately draw their ſwords for her. I hope, Sir, 'you will provide for the future, that women may ſtick 'to their faces for doing any future miſchief, and not 'allow any but direct traders in beauty to expoſe more 'than the fore-part of the neck, unleſs you pleaſe to 'allow this after-game to thoſe who are very defective 'in the charms of the countenance. I can ſay, to my 'ſorrow, the preſent practice is very unfair, when to 'look back is death: and it may be ſaid of our beau-'ties, as a great poet did of bullets,

"They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly."

'I ſubmit this to your animadverſion; and am for the 'little while I have left,

'Your humble ſervant,

'The languiſhing Philanthus.

'P. S. Suppoſe you mended my letter, and made a 'ſimile about the porcupine, but I ſubmit that alſo.'

T

No. CDXXXVIII

No. CDXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

———Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,
Imperat——— Hor.

———Curb thy soul,
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule.
Creech.

IT is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter: but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemies of his family would not have spoke, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all it's force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for, 'That blockhead,' begins he—'gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but ser-

'vants

'vants now a days'—The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife ſtands by in pain for him, which he ſees in her face, and anſwers, as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking: 'Why, 'what the devil! who do not you take care to give 'orders in theſe things?' His friends ſit down to a taſteleſs plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new inſults from his impertinent paſſions. In a word, to eat with, or viſit Sincropius, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his family, exerciſe their patience, and his own anger.

It is monſtrous that the ſhame and confuſion in which this good-natured angry man muſt needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him ſo much reflexion as to create an amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous diſuſe of reaſon imaginable; all the harmleſs part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than are not offended. One of theſe good-natured angry men ſhall, in an inſtant, aſſemble together ſo many alluſions to ſecret circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the beſt natured man in the whole world. If you would ſee paſſion in it's purity, without mixture of reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander ſay thus:

'Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
'Or I will blow you up like duſt! avant;
'Madneſs but meanly repreſents my toil.
'Eternal diſcord!
'Fury! revenge! diſdain and indignation!
'Tear my ſwoln breaſt, make way for fire and tempeſt,
'My brain is burſt, debate and reaſon quench'd;
'The ſtorm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
'Splits with the rack, while paſſions, like the wind,
'Riſe up to heav'n, and put out all the ſtars.'

Every paſſionate fellow in town talks half the day with as

as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physick mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery, ought to bear with his ill-manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony, and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best, in their talk to their servants. 'That is 'so like you, you are a fine fellow, thou art the quick-'est head-piece, and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered! But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a French booksellers. There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air, and, though a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly

angry,

angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know 'I have long asked you to send me back the first volume 'of French sermons I formerly lent you.. 'Sir, said the chapman, 'I have often looked for it, but cannot 'find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom 'I lent it, it is so many years ago;' 'then, Sir, here 'is the other volume, I will send you home that, and 'please to pay for both.' 'My friend,' replied he, 'canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one vo-'lume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop?' 'Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and 'to be short I will be paid.' 'Sir,' answered the chapman, 'you are a young man, your book is lost, 'and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adver-'sities, which you must expect to meet with.' 'Yes, 'Sir, I will bear when I must, but I have not lost now, 'for I say you have it, and shall pay me,' 'Friend,' 'you grow warm, I tell you the book is lost, and I 'foresee in the course even of a prosperous life, that 'you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you 'cannot bear this trifle.' 'Sir, there is in this case no 'need of bearing, for you have the book.' 'I say, 'Sir, I have not the book,' But your passion will not 'let you hear enough to be informed that I have it 'not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of 'this life: nay, do not fret and fume, it is my duty to 'tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an 'impatient spirit is never without woe.' 'Was ever 'any thing like this?' 'Yes, Sir, there have been 'many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but 'your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least 'pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the 'book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose your-'self. T

No. CDXXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 24.

Hi narrata ferunt aliò: menſuraque fícti
Creſcit; & auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales deviſe:
Each fiction ſtill improv'd with added lies.

OVID deſcribes the palace of Fame as ſituated in the very center of the univerſe, and perforated with ſo many windows and avenues as gave her the ſight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the ſea. The ſtructure of it was contrived in ſo admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was ſpoken in the whole compaſs of nature; ſo that the palace, ſays the poet, was always filled with a confuſed hubbub of low dying ſounds, the voices being almoſt ſpent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of ſpeeches and whiſpers.

I conſider courts with the ſame regard to the governments which they ſuperintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the univerſe. The eyes of a watchful miniſter run through the whole people. There is ſcarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers diſtributed into their ſeveral walks and quarters, who bring in their reſpective quotas, and make them acquainted with the diſcourſe and converſation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wiſeſt of kings, alluding to theſe inviſible and unſuſpected ſpies, who are planted by kings and rulers over their fellow-citizens, as well as to thoſe voluntary informers, that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by ſuch ſecret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution: 'Curſe 'not the king, no not in thy thought, and curſe not 'the rich in thy bed-chamber: for a bird of the air 'ſhall carry the voice, and that which hath wings ſhall 'tell the matter.'

As it is abſolutely neceſſary for rulers to make uſe of other people's eyes and ears, they ſhould take particular care to do it in ſuch a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the perſon whoſe life and converſation are inquired into. A man who is capable of ſo infamous a calling as that of a ſpy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conſcience, to reſtrain him in thoſe covert evidences, where the perſon accuſed has no opportunity of vindicating himſelf. He will be more induſtrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occaſion for him if he does not hear and ſee things worth diſcovery; ſo that he naturally inflames every word and circumſtance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and miſrepreſents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that ſuch ignominious wretches let their private paſſions into theſe their clandeſtine informations, and often wreck their particular ſpite and malice againſt the perſon whom they are ſet to watch. It is a pleaſant ſcene enough, which an Italian author deſcribes between a ſpy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is repreſented as minuting down every thing that is told to him. The ſpy begins with a low voice. Such an one, the advocate, whiſpered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary raſcal in a public converſation. The cardinal replies, very well, and bids him go on. The ſpy proceeds and loads him with reports of the ſame nature, till the cardinal riſes in great wrath, calls him an impudent ſcoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is obſerved of great and heroic minds, that they have not only ſhewn a particular diſregard to thoſe unmerited reproaches which have been caſt upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curioſity of enquiring after them, or the poor revenge of reſenting them. The hiſtories of Alexander and Cæſar are full of this kind of inſtances. Vulgar ſouls are of a

quite contrary character. Dionyſius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome remains in that iſland. It was called Dionyſius's ear, and built with ſeveral little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The ſtructure of it made it a kind of a whiſpering place, but ſuch a one as gathered the voice of him who ſpoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant uſed to lodge all his ſtate criminals, or thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to be engaged together in any evil deſigns upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the ſame time an apartment over it, where he uſed to apply himſelf to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whiſpered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæſar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treaſon, than have uſed ſuch diſingenuous means for the detecting it.

A man, who in ordinary life is very inquiſitive after every thing which is ſpoken ill of him, paſſes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is ſhot at him, and puts it in the power of every inſignificant enemy to diſquiet him. Nay, he will ſuffer from what has been ſaid of him, when it is forgotten by thoſe who ſaid or heard it. For this reaſon I could never bear one of thoſe officious friends, that would be telling every malicious report, every idle cenſure that paſſed upon me. The tongue of man is ſo petulant, and his thoughts ſo variable, that one ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs upon any preſent ſpeeches and opinions. Praiſe and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the ſame mouth upon the ſame perſon, and upon the ſame occaſion. A generous enemy will ſometimes beſtow commendations, as the deareſt friend cannot ſometimes refrain from ſpeaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of theſe reſpects, gives his opinion at random, and praiſes or diſapproves as he finds himſelf in humour.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with part of a character which

which is finely drawn by the Earl of Clarendon, in the firſt book of his hiſtory, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teazing himſelf with an abſurd curioſity.

'He had not that application and ſubmiſſion, and 'reverence for the queen as might have been expected 'from his wiſdom and breeding; and often croſſed her 'pretences and deſires with more rudeneſs than was na-'tural to him. Yet he was impertinently ſolicitous to 'know what her majeſty ſaid of him in private, and 'what reſentments ſhe had towards him. And when 'by ſome confidents, who had their ends upon him 'from thoſe offices, he was informed of ſome bitter ex-'preſſions fallen from her majeſty, he was ſo exceedingly 'afflicted and tormented with the ſenſe of it, that ſome-'times by paſſionate complaints and repreſentations to 'the king; ſometimes by more dutiful addreſſes and 'expoſtulations with the queen in bewailing his miſ-'fortune; he frequently expoſed himſelf, and left his 'condition worſe than it was before, and the eclairciſſe-'ment commonly ended in the diſcovery of the perſons 'from whom he had received his moſt ſecret intelli-'gence.' C

No. CDXL. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

Vivere ſi rectè noſcis, diſcede peritis. HOR.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will. POPE.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a ſet of merry fellows who are paſſing their ſummer toge-ther in the country, being provided with a great houſe, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular perſon, but a large infirmary for the reception of ſuch of them as are any way indiſpoſed or out of hu-mour. Having lately received a letter from the ſecretary of this ſociety, by order of the whole fraternity, which

acquaints me with their behaviour during the laſt week, I ſhall here make a preſent of it to the public.

'Mr. Spectator,

'WE are glad to find that you approve the eſtabliſhment which we have here made for the retrieving 'of good manners and agreeable converſation, and ſhall uſe 'our beſt endeavours ſo to improve ourſelves in this our 'ſummer retirement, that we may next winter ſerve as 'patterns to the town. But to the end that this our in'ſtitution may be no leſs advantageous to the public than 'to ourſelves, we ſhall communicate to you one week of 'our proceedings, deſiring you at the ſame time, if you 'ſee any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your 'admonitions. For you muſt know, Sir, that it has 'been propoſed amongſt us to chooſe you for our viſitor; 'to which I muſt further add, that one of the college 'having declared laſt week, he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to aſſign any juſt 'reaſons for ſuch a diſlike, he was ſent to the infirmary, '*nemine contradicente*.

'On Monday the aſſembly was in very good humour, 'having received ſome recruits of French claret that 'morning: when unluckily, towards the middle of the 'dinner, one of the company ſwore at his ſervant in a 'very rough manner, for having put too much water 'in his wine. Upon which the preſident of the day, 'who is always the mouth of the company, after having 'convinced him of the impertinence of his paſſion, and 'the inſult he had made upon the company, ordered 'his man to take him from the table and convey him to 'the infirmary. There was but one more ſent away 'that day; this was a gentleman who is reckoned by 'ſome perſons, one of the greateſt wits, and by others 'one of the greateſt boobies about town. This you will 'ſay is a ſtrange character, but what makes it ſtranger 'yet, is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverſe 'of himſelf, being always merry or dull to exceſs. We 'brought him hither to divert us, which he did very 'well upon the road, having laviſhed away as much wit

'and

'and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have 'ſerved him during his whole ſtay here, had it been 'duly managed. He had been lumpiſh for two or three 'days, but was ſo far connived at, in hopes of recovery, 'that we diſpatched one of the briſkeſt fellows among 'the brotherhood into the infirmary, for having told 'him at table he was not merry. But our preſident obſerving that he indulged himſelf in this long fit of ſtupidity, and conſtruing it as a contempt of the college, 'ordered him to retire into the place prepared for ſuch 'companions. He was no ſooner got into it, but his wit 'and mirth returned upon him in ſo violent a manner, 'that he ſhook the whole infirmary with the noiſe of it, 'and had ſo good an effect upon the reſt of the patients, 'that he brought them all out to dinner with him the 'next day.

'On Tueſday we were no ſooner ſat down, but one 'of the company complained that his head ached; upon 'which another aſked him in an inſolent manner, what 'he did there then: this inſenſibly grew into ſome warm 'words; ſo that the preſident, in order to keep the peace, 'gave directions to take them both from the table, and 'lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another 'of the company telling us, he knew by a pain in his 'ſhoulder that we ſhould have ſome rain, the preſident 'ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-'glaſs in the apartment above mentioned.

'On Wedneſday a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing colour 'twice or thrice as he read it, deſired leave to retire into 'the infirmary. The preſident conſented, but denied 'him the uſe of pen, ink, and paper, till ſuch time as 'he had ſlept upon it. One of the company being ſeated at the lower end of the table, and diſcovering his ſecret diſcontent by finding fault with every diſh that 'was ſerved up, and refuſing to laugh at any thing that 'was ſaid, the preſident told him, that he found he was 'in an uneaſy ſeat, and deſired him to accommodate 'himſelf better in the infirmary. After [illegible] very 'honeſt fellow chanced to let a pun fall [illegible]

'neighbour cried out, "To the infirmary;" at the same 'time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same na-'tural antipathy to a pun, which some have to a cat. 'This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the 'punster was acquitted, and his neighbour sent off.

'On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This 'was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understand-'ing. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute 'with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocu-'tion. The man of heat replied to every answer of his 'antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only 'raised his voice when he should have enforced his argu-'ment. Finding himself at length driven to an absurd-'ity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confus-'ed manner, and to make the greater impression upon 'his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the ta-'ble. The president immediately ordered him to be car-'ried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as 'he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

'On Friday there passed very little remarkable, sav-'ing only, that several petitions were read of the persons 'in custody, desiring to be released from their confine-'ment, and vouching for one another's good behaviour 'for the future.

'On Saturday we received many excuses from persons 'who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, 'and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirma-'ry was indeed never so full as on this day, which I was 'at a some loss to account for, till upon my going abroad 'I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retire-'ment of most of my friends has given me opportunity 'and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not 'conclude without assuring you, that all the members of 'our college, as well those who are under confinement, 'as those who are at liberty, are your very humble ser-'vants, though none more than, &c. C

No. CDLXI. SATURDAY, JULY 26.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world. Anon.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one, who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befal us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness. He reaps

reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loſes his own inſufficiency in the fulneſs of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the divine goodneſs having made ſuch a reliance a duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it been forbidden us.

Among ſeveral motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe that follow.

The firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed he will not fail thoſe who put their truſt in him.

But without conſidering the ſupernatural bleſſing which accompanies this duty, we may obſerve that it has a natural tendency to it's own reward, or in other words, that this firm truſt and confidence in the great Diſpoſer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A perſon who believes he has his ſuccour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a confidence of ſucceſs. I could produce inſtances, from hiſtory, of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of ſome inviſible aſſiſtant, did not only encourage their ſoldiers to do their utmoſt, but have acted themſelves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inſpired by ſuch a belief. I might in the ſame manner ſhew how ſuch a truſt in the aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, chearfulneſs, and all other diſpoſitions of mind that alleviate thoſe calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue adminiſters great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but moſt of all in the hour of death. When the ſoul is hovering in the laſt moments of it's ſeparation, when it is juſt entering on another ſtate of exiſtence to converſe with ſcenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch tremblings of thought, ſuch fear, ſuch anxiety, ſuch apprehenſions,

but

but the caſting of all her cares upon him who firſt gave her being, who has conducted her through one ſtage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progreſs through eternity?

David has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third pſalm, which is a kind of paſtoral hymn, and filled with thoſe alluſions which are uſual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my reader with the following tranſlation of it.

I.

'The Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
'And feed me with a ſhepherd's care:
'His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
'And guard me with a watchful eye;
'My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
'And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

'When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
'Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
'To fertile vales and dewy meads
'My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
'Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
'Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

III.

'Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
'With gloomy horrors overſpread,
'My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
'For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
'Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
'And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

IV.

'Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
'Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
'Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile:
'The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
'With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
'And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.' C.

No. CDXLII.

No. CDXLII. MONDAY, JULY 23.

' Scribimus indocti doctique.——— Hor.

——Thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble to a man. Pope.

I DO not know whether I enough explained myſelf to the world, when I invited all men to be aſſiſtant to me in this my work or ſpeculation: for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that beſides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correſpondents, I have by me ſeveral curious and extraordinary papers ſent with a deſign (as no one will doubt when they are publiſhed) that they may be printed intire, and without any alteration, by way of Spectator. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that I myſelf being the firſt projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dreſſing them in my own ſtyle, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almoſt impoſſible they could exactly correſpond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike, and therefore ſo many men, ſo many Spectators. Beſides, I muſt own my weakneſs for glory is ſuch, that if I conſulted that only, I might be ſo far ſwayed by it, as almoſt to wiſh that no one could write a Spectator beſides myſelf; nor can I deny, but upon the firſt peruſal of thoſe papers, I felt ſome ſecret inclinations of ill-will towards the perſons who wrote them. This was the impreſſion I had upon the firſt reading them; but upon a late review, more for the ſake of entertainment than uſe, regarding them with another eye than I had done at firſt (for by converting them as well as I could to my own uſe, I thought I had utterly diſabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators) I found myſelf moved by a paſſion very different from that of envy; ſenſibly touched with pity, the ſofteſt and moſt generous of all paſſions,

paſſions, when I reflected what a cruel diſappointment the neglect of thoſe papers muſt needs have been to the writers who impatiently longed to ſee them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themſelves in the hopes of having a ſhare with me in the applauſe of the public; a pleaſure ſo great, that none but thoſe who have experienced it can have a ſenſe of it. In this manner of viewing theſe papers, I really found I had not done them juſtice, there being ſomething ſo extremely natural and peculiarly good in ſome of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was poſſible to alter a word in them without doing them a manifeſt hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dreſs and colours. And therefore I think I ſhould not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a conſiderable ſatisfaction, ſhould I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have publiſhed a few of theſe Spectators, I doubt not but I ſhall find the ſucceſs of them to equal, if not ſurpaſs, that of the beſt of my own. An author ſhould take all methods to humble himſelf in the opinion he has of his own performances. When theſe papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I ſhall not repine, though I myſelf ſhall have left me but very few days to appear in public: but preferring the general weal and advantage to any conſiderations of myſelf, I am reſolved for the future to publiſh any Spectator that deſerves it, intire, and without any alteration: aſſuring the world, if there can be need of it, that it is none of mine; and if the authors think fit to ſubſcribe their names, I will add them.

I think the beſt way of promoting this generous and uſeful deſign, will be by giving out ſubjects or themes of all kinds whatſoever, on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of perſons, whether ſcholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaux, rakes, ſmarts, prudes, coquettes,

coquettes, houſewives, and all ſorts of wits, whether male or female, and however diſtinguiſhed, whether they be true wits, whole, or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and perſons of all ſorts of tempers and complexions, whether the ſevere, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the buſy, or careleſs, the ſerene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or eaſy, the cold, temperate, or ſanguine; and of what manners or diſpoſitions ſoever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenious or baſe-minded, good or ill-natured, public-ſpirited or ſelfiſh; and under what fortune or circumſtance ſoever, whether the contented or miſerable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor, whether ſo through want of money, or deſire of more, healthy or ſickly, married or ſingle; nay, whether tall or ſhort, fat or lean; and of what trade, occupation, profeſſion, ſtation, country, faction, party, perſuaſion, quality, age or condition ſoever, who have ever made thinking a part of their buſineſs or diverſion, and have any thing worthy to impart on theſe ſubjects to the world according to their ſeveral and reſpective talents or geniuſes, and as the ſubject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumſtances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter propoſed, to do their utmoſt on them by ſuch a time, to the end they may receive the inexpreſſible and irreſiſtible pleaſure of ſeeing their eſſays allowed of and reliſhed by the reſt of mankind.

I will not prepoſſeſs the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which muſt redound to the public by theſe eſſays, when the different thoughts and obſervations of all ſorts of perſons according to their quality, age, ſex, education, profeſſions, humours, manners and conditions, &c. ſhall be ſet out by themſelves in the cleareſt and moſt genuine light, and as they themſelves would wiſh to have them appear to the world.

'The Theſis propoſed for the preſent exerciſe of the 'adventurers to write Spectators, is MONEY, on which 'ſubject all perſons are deſired to ſend in their thoughts 'within ten days after the date hereof.' T

No. CDXLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 29.

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. Hor.

Snatch'd from our ſight, we eagerly purſue
And fondly would recal her to our view.

'Camilla to the Spectator.

'Mr. Spectator, Venice, July 10, N. S.

'I TAKE it extremely ill, that you do not reckon 'conſpicuous perſons of your nation are within your 'cognizance, though out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought in the green years of my life, 'that I ſhould ever call it an happineſs to be out of 'dear England; but as I grew to woman, I found 'myſelf leſs acceptable in proportion to the increaſe of 'my merit. Their ears in Italy are ſo differently formed from the make of yours in England, that I never 'come upon the ſtage, but a general ſatisfaction appears in every countenance of the whole people. 'When I dwell upon a note, I behold all the men 'accompanying me with heads inclining, and falling of 'their perſons on one ſide, as dying away with me. 'The women too do juſtice to my merit, and no ill-'natured worthleſs creature cries, "the vain thing," 'when I am rapt up in the performance of my part, 'and ſenſibly touched with the effect my voice has upon 'all who hear me. I live here diſtinguiſhed as one 'whom nature has been liberal to in a graceful perſon, 'an exalted mien, and heavenly voice. Theſe particularities in this ſtrange country, are arguments for 'reſpect and generoſity to her who is poſſeſſed of them. 'The Italians ſee a thouſand beauties I am ſenſible I

'have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me 'the injuſtice I received in my own country, of diſal- 'lowing me what I really had. The humour of hiſſ- 'ing, which you have among you, I do not know any 'thing of; and their applauſes are uttered in ſighs, 'and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the 'perſons who are performing. I am often put in mind 'of thoſe complaiſant lines of my own countryman, 'when he is calling all his faculties together to hear 'Arabella:

"Let all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt motion ceaſe,
"Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace;
"And ev'ry ruder gaſp of breath
"Be calm, as in the arms of death:
"And thou, moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy part,
"Thou reſtleſs wanderer, my heart,
"Be ſtill; gently, ah, gently leave,
"Thou buſy, idle thing, to heave.
"Stir not a pulſe; and let my blood,
"That turbulent, unruly flood,
"Be ſoftly ſtaid;
"Let me be all but my attention dead."

'The whole city of Venice is as ſtill when I am ſing- 'ing as this polite hearer was to Mrs. Hunt. But 'when they break that ſilence, did you know the plea- 'ſure I am in, when every man utters his applauſes, 'by calling me aloud the "Dear Creature, the Angel, "the Venus; What attitude ſhe moves with;—Huſh, "ſhe ſings again!" We have no boiſterous wits who 'dare diſturb an audience, and break the public peace 'merely to ſhow they dare. Mr. Spectator, I write 'this to you thus in haſte, to tell you I am ſo very 'much at eaſe here, that I know nothing but joy; 'and I will not return, but leave you in England to his 'all merit of your own growth off the ſtage. I know, 'Sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am 'yours,

'CAMILLA.

'P. S. I am ten times better dreſſed than ever I was 'in England.'

'Mr.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE project in yours of the 11th inſtant, of furthering the correſpondence and knowledge of 'that conſiderable part of mankind, the trading world, 'cannot but be highly commendable. Good lectures to 'young traders may have very good effects on their conduct: but beware you propagate no falſe notions of 'trade; let none of your correſpondents impoſe on the 'world, by putting forth baſe methods in a good light, 'and glazing them over with improper terms. I would 'have no means of profit ſet for copies to others, but 'ſuch as are laudable in themſelves. Let not noiſe be 'called induſtry, nor impudence courage. Let not good 'fortune be impoſed on the world for good management, 'nor poverty be called folly; impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an eſtate to foreſight: 'niggardlineſs is not good huſbandry, nor generoſity 'profuſion.

'Honeſtus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, 'hath ſubſtantial goods, and trades with his own ſtock, 'huſbands his money to the beſt advantage, without taking all advantages of the neceſſities of his workmen, or 'grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is ſtocked 'with ignorance, and conſequently with ſelf-opinion; 'the quality of his goods cannot but be ſuitable to that 'of his judgment. Honeſtus pleaſes diſcerning people, 'and keeps their cuſtom by good uſage; makes modeſt 'profit by modeſt means, to the decent ſupport of his 'family: whilſt Fortunatus bluſtering always, puſhes on, 'promiſing much, and performing little; with obſequiouſneſs offenſive to people of ſenſe, ſtrikes at all, catches 'much the greater part; raiſes a conſiderable fortune by 'impoſition on others, to the diſcouragement and ruin of 'thoſe who trade in the ſame way.

'I give here but looſe hints, and beg you to be very 'circumſpect in the province you have now undertaken: 'if you perform it ſucceſsfully, it will be a very great 'good; for nothing is more wanting, than that mechanic induſtry were ſet forth with the freedom and

'greatneſs of mind which ought always to accompany a 'man of a liberal education.

'Your humble ſervant,

From my ſhop under the Royal Exchange, July 14. 'R. C.'

'Mr. Spectator, July 24, 1712.

'NOtwithſtanding the repeated cenſures that your 'ſpectatorial wiſdom has paſſed upon people more 'remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet 'ſome remaining, who paſs with the giddy part of mankind for ſufficient ſharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. 'Another timely animadverſion is abſolutely neceſſary; 'be pleaſed therefore once for all to let theſe gentlemen 'know, that there is neither mirth nor good-humour in 'hooting a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it 'will ever conſtitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of 'buffoonry with a "what makes you bluſh?" Pray 'pleaſe to inform them again, that to ſpeak what they 'know is ſhocking, proceeds from ill-nature and a ſterility of brain; eſpecially when the ſubject will not admit of rallery, and their diſcourſe has no pretenſion to 'ſatire but what is in their deſign to diſoblige. I ſhould 'be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily 'repetition of the ſame over-bearing inſolence is yet 'more inſupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulneſs. The ſudden publication of this may 'have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, 'whoſe reformation would redound very much to the ſatisfaction and quiet of

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T 'F. B.'

No. CDXLIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

Parturiunt montes—— Hor.

The mountain labours, and is brought to-bed.

IT gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows, what good news is come to town; to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

'In Ruffel-Court, over against the Cannon-Ball, at 'the Surgeons-Arms, in Drury-Lane, is lately come 'from his travels a surgeon, who hath practised surgery 'and physic both by sea and land these twenty-four 'years. He, by the blessing, cures the yellow-jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and women's miscarriages, lying-in, &c. as some people that has been lame these thirty 'years can testify, in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.'

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and

ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accompliſhed traveller. There is ſomething unaccountably taking among the vulgar in thoſe who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of ſuch, dote exceſſively this way; many inſtances of which every man will ſuggeſt to himſelf, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuſe of their money to thoſe recommended by coming from a diſtance, are no leſs complaiſant than the others, for they venture their lives for the ſame admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has 'practiſed both by ſea and land, and therefore cures the 'green-ſickneſs, long ſea-voyages, campaigns, and ly-'ing-in.' Both by ſea and land!—I will not anſwer for the diſtempers called 'ſea-voyages and campaigns;' but I dare ſay, thoſe of 'green-ſickneſs and lying-in' might be as well taken care of if the doctor ſtaid aſhore. But the art of managing mankind, is only to make them ſtare a little to keep up their aſtoniſhment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have ſomething in their ſleeve, in which they muſt think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who beſides his broken fiddle and a dried ſea-monſter, has a twine-cord, ſtrained with two nails, at each end, over his window, and the words 'rainy, dry, wet,' and ſo forth, written to denote the weather, according to the riſing or falling of the cord. We very great ſcholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I obſerved a very honeſt fellow, a chance cuſtomer, who ſat in the chair before me to be ſhaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When thoſe and his head alſo were cleared of all incumbrances and excreſcences, he looked at the fiſh, then at the fiddle, ſtill grubling in his pockets, and caſting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each ſide; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a ſilver ſix-pence. The buſineſs, as I ſaid, is to keep up the amazement; and if

my

my friend had only the ſkeleton and kit, he muſt have been contented with a leſs payment. But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages, the teſtimony of ſome people 'that has been thirty years lame.' When I received my paper, a ſagacious fellow took one at the ſame time, and read until he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's ſufficiency. You have many of theſe prodigious perſons, who have had ſome extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great diſaſter in ſome part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the buſineſs the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profeſs. There is a doctor in Mouſe-Alley, near Wapping, who ſets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill ſets forth, loſt an eye in the emperor's ſervice. His patients come in upon this, and he ſhews his muſter-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majeſty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great ſucceſs. Who would believe that a man ſhould be a doctor for the cure of burſten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born burſten? But Charles Ingoltſon, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that aſſeveration. The generality go upon their firſt conception, and think no further; all the reſt is granted. They take it, that there is ſomething uncommon in you, and give you credit for the reſt. You may be ſure it is upon that I go, when ſometimes, let it be to the purpoſe or not, I keep a Latin ſentence in my front; and I was not a little pleaſed when I obſerved one of my readers ſay, caſting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin ſtill? What a prodigious ſcholar is 'this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I muſt make up all I have ſaid by repeating what he ſeems to be in earneſt in, and honeſtly promiſe to thoſe who will not receive him as a great man; to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and 'from two till ſix, he attends for the good of the public 'to bleed for three-pence.' T

No. CDXLV.

No. CDXLV. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Lupercе. MART.

You say, Lupercus, what I write
I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp, and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapped upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make it's way in the world but very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of these thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, 'The 'fall of the leaf.'

I remember, upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, 'The 'last words of Mr. Baxter.' The title held to great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, 'More last words of 'Mr. Baxter.' In the same manner I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in farewel papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business, in this place, to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act, in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament, which is to operate within these

theſe four and twenty hours, or whether I ſhould ſtill perſiſt in laying my ſpeculations, from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me moſt on the firſt ſide of the queſtion is, that I am informed by my bookſeller he muſt raiſe the price of every ſingle paper to two-pence, or that he ſhall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very deſirous my readers ſhould have their learning as cheap as poſſible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reaſons together in the balance, I find that thoſe who plead for the continuance of this work, have much the greater weight. For, in the firſt place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper ſo much inſtruction as will be a very good equivalent. And in order to this, I would not adviſe any one to take it in, who, after the peruſal of it, does not find himſelf two-pence the wiſer or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny-worth of mirth or inſtruction for his money.

But I muſt confeſs there is another motive, which prevails with me more than the former. I conſider that the tax on paper was given for the ſupport of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or ſay, I fear they would aſcribe the laying down my paper, on ſuch an occaſion, to a ſpirit of malecontentedneſs, which I am reſolved none ſhall ever juſtly upbraid me with. No, I ſhall glory in contributing my utmoſt to the public weal; and if my country receives five or ſix pounds a day by my labours, I ſhall be very well pleaſed to find myſelf ſo uſeful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honeſt man ſhould enrich himſelf by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the ſame rule I think we may pronounce the perſon to deſerve very well of his countrymen, whoſe labours bring more into the public coffers, than into his own pocket.

Since

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I muſt explain myſelf ſo far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the inſignificant party zealots on both ſides: men of ſuch poor narrow ſouls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the courſe of this paper, I have been accuſed by theſe deſpicable wretches of trimming, time ſerving, perſonal reflection, ſecret ſatire, and the like. Now though in theſe my compoſitions, it is viſible to any reader of common ſenſe, that I conſider nothing but my ſubject which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it poſſible for me to write ſo clear of party, as not to lie open to the cenſures of thoſe who will be applying every ſentence, and finding out perſons and things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several paltry ſcribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithſtanding my name has been ſometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadverſions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear conſiderable by taking notice of them, for they are like thoſe imperceptible inſects which are diſcovered by the microſcope, and cannot be made the ſubject of obſervation without being magnified.

Having mentioned thoſe few who have ſhewn themſelves the enemies of this paper, I ſhould be very ungrateful to the public, did I not at the ſame time teſtify my gratitude to thoſe who are it's friends, in which number I may reckon many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of all conditions, parties and profeſſions in the iſle of Great Britain. I am not ſo vain as to think this approbation is ſo much due to the performance as to the deſign. There is, and ever will be, juſtice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the paſſions and prejudices of any particular cauſe or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted againſt perſons who have

appeared

appeared ſerious rather than abſurd; or at beſt, have aimed rather at what is unfaſhionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in ſome meaſure criminal. I have ſet up the immoral man as the object of deriſion: in ſhort, if I have not formed a new weapon againſt vice and irreligion, I have at leaſt ſhewn how that weapon may be put to a right uſe which has ſo often fought the battles of impiety and profaneneſs. C

No. CDXLVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.

HOR.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy who are now living, have taken their farewel of the ſtage, thoſe who ſucceed them finding themſelves incapable of riſing up to their wit, humour and good ſenſe, have only imitated them in ſome of thoſe looſe unguarded ſtrokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taſte of the more vicious part of their audience. When perſons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to ſome of theſe degenerate compoſitions that I have written the following diſcourſe.

Were our Engliſh ſtage but half ſo virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we ſhould quickly ſee the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be faſhionable to ridicule religion, or it's profeſſors; the man of pleaſure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature, would meet with that eſteem which is due to it.

If the Engliſh ſtage were under the ſame regulations

the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainment; but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute it's assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre, when the Floralia were to be represented: and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment,

Nôsses jocosæ dulce cùm sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, & licentiam vulgi,
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
An ideo tantùm veneras ut exires? EPIG.

'Why dost thou come, great censor of thy age,
'To see the loose diversions of the stage?

'With

'With awful countenance and brow ſevere,
'What in the name of goodneſs doſt thou here?
'See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd and vain?
'Didſt thou come in but to go out again?'

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks and Romans; but they were too wiſe and good to let the conſtant nightly entertainment be of ſuch a nature, that people of the moſt ſenſe and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are repreſented upon the ſtage, they ought to be ſo marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the perſon who is tainted with them. But if we look into the Engliſh comedies above-mentioned, we ſhould think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen ſtage, was not to be regarded in chriſtian theatres. There is another rule likewiſe, which was obſerved by authors of antiquity, and which theſe modern geniuſes have no regard to, and that was never to chooſe an improper ſubject for ridicule. Now a ſubject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to ſtir up horror and commiſeration rather than laughter. For this reaſon, we do not find any comedy, in ſo polite an author as Terence, raiſed upon the violations of the marriage bed. The falſhood of the wife or huſband has given occaſion to noble tragedies, but a Scipio and Lelius would have looked upon inceſt or murder to have been as proper ſubjects for comedy. On the contrary, cuckoldom is the baſis of moſt of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the ſtage, you may be ſure it is in order to be cuckolded. An huſband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the ſame fate. Knights and baronets, country ſquires, and juſtices of the quorum, come up to town for no other purpoſe. I have ſeen poor Dogget cuckolded in all theſe capacities. In ſhort, our Engliſh writers are as frequently ſevere upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating paraſite, or a vain-glorious ſoldier.

At the ſame time the poet ſo contrives matters that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We ſit ſtill, and wiſh well to them through the whole play, are pleaſed when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are diſappointed. The truth of it is, the accompliſhed gentleman upon the Engliſh ſtage, is the perſon that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a compoſition of ſprightlineſs and falſhood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenneſs of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets cannot frame to themſelves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaſter, or a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have ſometimes thought of compiling a ſyſtem of ethics out of the writings of thoſe corrupt poets, under the title of Stage Morality. But I have been diverted from this thought by a project which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has compoſed, it ſeems, the hiſtory of a young fellow, who has taken all his notions of the world from the ſtage, and who has directed himſelf in every circumſtance of his life and converſation, by the maxims and examples of the fine gentlemen in Engliſh comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new faſhioned novel, I will beſtow on it a place in my works, and queſtion not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama, as Don Quixote had upon romance. C

No CDXLVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.

Φημὶ πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμεναι, φίλε κ᾽ δὴ
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελευτῶσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind;
And what we once disliked we pleasing find.

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an ideot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so intirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any

particular ſtudy, art, or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to the application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diverſions. The mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is accuſtomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe paths in which ſhe has uſed to walk.

Not only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and practice, become pleaſant. Sir Francis Bacon obſerves in his natural philoſophy, that our taſte is never pleaſed better than with thoſe things which at firſt created a diſguſt in it. He gives particular inſtances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a reliſh of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having habituated herſelf to any particular exerciſe or employment, not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but conceives a certain fondneſs and affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to him, he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered cuſtom as it makes things eaſy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn thoſe uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt: but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

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In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon, *Optimam vitæ genus elegito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundum*, 'Pitch upon that course of life which is the 'most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.' Men whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable, if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. 'The gods,' said Hesiod, 'have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at 'first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and 'easy the further you advance in it.' The man who proceeds in it, with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that 'her ways are ways of pleasantness, 'and that all her paths are peace.'

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure, which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it

takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with thoſe actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of the next. The ſtate of bliſs we call heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity, muſt be planted in her during this her preſent ſtate of probation. In ſhort, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who, by long cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of luſt and ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to every thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this life; but when they are removed from all thoſe objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits of mind which are called in Scripture phraſe, 'The 'worm which never dies.' This notion of Heaven and Hell is ſo very comformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by archbiſhop Tillotſon and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the firſt book of his Chriſtian Life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational

al ſchemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it: as on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts. C

No. CDXLVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis. Juv.

In time to greater baſeneſs you'll proceed.

THE firſt ſteps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided, for men inſenſibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the leaſt unworthineſs. There is a certain frivolous falſhood that people indulge themſelves in, which ought to be had in greater deteſtation than it commonly meets with; what I mean is a neglect of promiſes made on ſmall and indifferent occaſions, ſuch as parties of pleaſure, entertainments, and ſometimes meetings out of curioſity, in men of like faculties, to be in each other's company. There are many cauſes to which one may aſſign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an inſignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little diſturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are juſt ſeated. He takes his place after having diſcompoſed every body, and deſires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himſelf the ſaddeſt fellow, in diſappointing ſo many places as he was invited to elſewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houſes of better chear, and to acquaint you that he choſe your's out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The laſt time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat

fat he ſhould have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of ſuch a wretch as obliges all whom he diſappoints, though his circumſtances conſtrain them to be civil to him. But there are thoſe that every one would be glad to ſee, who fall into the ſame deteſtable habit. It is a moſt careleſs thing that any one can be at eaſe, and ſuppoſe a ſcore of people who have a kindneſs for him, at that moment waiting out of reſpect to him, and refuſing to taſte their food or converſation, with the utmoſt impatience. One of the promiſers ſometimes ſhall make his excuſes for not coming at all, ſo late that half the company have only to lament, that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him; and ſuch treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promiſes any more; ſo that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is ſecretly ſlighted by the perſons with whom he eats, and curſed by the ſervants, whoſe dinner is deferred by his prolonging their maſter's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way, could never have obſerved, that the whiling time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the moſt awkwardly paſſed away of any part of the four and twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening ſuch a ſuſpenſion of agreeable life. The conſtant offending this way, has, in a degree, an effect upon the honeſty of his mind who is guilty of it, as common ſwearing is a kind of habitual perjury: it makes the ſoul unattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a worthy orator, while he was making a magnificent ſpeech to the public, full of vain promiſes; 'Methinks,' ſaid he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypreſs-tree; 'it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its 'branches, leaves and height, but alas it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raiſed by impertinent promiſes is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is ſo great, that they ſubſiſt by ſtill promiſing on. I have heretofore diſcourſed of the inſignificant liar, the boaſter,

boaſter, and the caſtle-builder, and treated them as no ill deſigning men, (though they are to be placed among the frivolouſly falſe ones) but perſons who fall into that way purely to recommend themſelves by their vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedleſs promiſers, though in the moſt minute circumſtances, paſs with ſo ſlight a cenſure. If a man ſhould take a reſolution to pay only ſums above an hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we ſuppoſe he will keep his credit? This man will as long ſupport his good name in buſineſs, as he will in converſation, who without difficulty makes aſſignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more ſevere upon this vice, becauſe I have been ſo unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myſelf. Sir Andrew Freeport, and all my other friends who are ſcrupulous to promiſes of the meaneſt conſideration imaginable, from an habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take ſhame upon myſelf for this crime, and more particularly for the greateſt I ever committed of the ſort, that when as agreeable a company of gentleman and ladies, as ever were got together, and I forſooth, Mr. Spectator, to be of the party with women of merit, like a booby as I was, miſtook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wiſh every fool who is negligent in this kind, may have as great a loſs as I had in this; for the ſame company will never meet more, but are diſperſed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deſerve, in ſo many different places to be called a trifler.

This fault is ſometimes to be accounted for, when deſirable people are fearful of appearing preciſe and reſerved by denials; but they will find the apprehenſion of that imputation will betray them into a childiſh impotence of mind, and make them promiſe all who are ſo kind to aſk it of them. This leads ſuch ſoft creatures into the misfortune of ſeeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The firſt ſteps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who ſcruples breaking his word

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in little things would not ſuffer in his own conſcience ſo great pain for failures of conſequence, as he who thinks every little offence againſt truth and juſtice a diſparagement. We ſhould not make any thing we ourſelves diſapprove habitual to us, if we would be ſure of our integrity.

I remember a falſhood of the trivial ſort, though not in relation to aſſignations, that expoſed a man to a very uneaſy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple about twenty-five years ago. They one night ſat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both obſerved and liked the ſame young woman in the boxes. Their kindneſs for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his addreſſes privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary courſe by money and her waiting-maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap in the utmoſt favour, and anſwering at the ſame time Stint's letters and giving him appointments at third places. Trap began to ſuſpect the epiſtolary correſpondence of his friend, and diſcovered alſo that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own aſſignations. After much anxiety and reſtleſſneſs Trap came to a reſolution which he thought would break off their commerce with one another without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to cuſtom, ſeized and opened it, and was not a little ſurpriſed to find the inſide directed to himſelf, when, with great perturbation of ſpirit, he read as follows:

'Mr. Stint,

'YOU have gained a ſlight ſatisfaction at the expence 'of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a 'faithful friend you have obtained an inconſtant miſtreſs. 'I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break 'my mind to you, and tell you, you are a baſe fellow, 'by a means which does not expoſe you to the affront

'except

'except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you 'are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself 'against the hardiness of any one that should publicly 'tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many 'secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety 'to myself. I call you base, and you must bear it, or ac-'knowledge it; I triumph over you that you cannot 'come at me: nor do I think it dishonourable to come in 'armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he 'wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of being 'guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than that it is 'such as has made you liable to be treated after this 'manner, while you yourself cannot in your own con-'science but allow the justice of the upbraidings of

'Your injured friend,

T 'W. TRAP.'

No. CDXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 5.

—— Tibi scriptus, Matrona libellus. MART.

A book the chastest matron may peruse.

WHEN I reflect upon my labours for the public, I cannot but observe, that part of the species, of which I profess myself a friend and guardian, is sometimes treated with severity; that is, there are in my writings many descriptions given of ill persons, and not any direct encomium made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind several of the fair-sex of my acquaintance, whose characters deserve to be transmitted to posterity in writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a reason why I should not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will last. For the service therefore of my female readers, I shall single out some characters of maids, wives, and widows, which de-

serve

ſerve the imitation of the ſex. She who ſhall lead this ſmall illuſtrious number of heroines ſhall be the amiable Fidelia.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is neceſſary to preface that ſhe is the only child of a decrepid father, whoſe life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has uſed Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderneſs imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that ſoon thought her accompliſhed above the children of all other men, but never thought ſhe was come to the utmoſt improvement of which ſhe herſelf was capable. This fondneſs has had very happy effects upon his own happineſs; for ſhe reads, ſhe dances, ſhe ſings, uſes her ſpinnet and lute to the utmoſt perfection: and the lady's uſe of all theſe excellencies, is to divert the old man in his eaſy chair when he is out of the pangs of a chronical diſtemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick ſenſe of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the ſide of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection ſo pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with, and without regard to her ſex. In love to our wives there is deſire, to our ſons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is ſomething which there are no words to expreſs. Her life is deſigned wholly domeſtic, and ſhe is ſo ready a friend and companion, that every thing that paſſes about a man, is accompanied with the idea of her preſence. Her ſex alſo is naturally ſo much expoſed to hazard, both as to virtue and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cauſe of fondneſs ariſing from that conſideration alſo. None but fathers can have a true ſenſe of theſe ſort of pleaſures and ſenſations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia, makes me let drop the words which I have heard him ſpeak, and obſerve upon his tenderneſs towards her.

Fidelia on her part, as I was going to ſay, as accompliſhed as ſhe is, with all her beauty, wit, air and mien,

employs

employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced on her knees helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, That she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelia answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue; 'It is true, Madam, there is to be sure very 'great satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a 'man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find 'so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mi-'tigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon 'my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the 'loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of 'duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be 'allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whe-'ther I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I 'am at present about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet contemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse, with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neg-

lect her perſon, becauſe of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom ſhe may make an appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great ſacrifice to add to it the ſpoiling of her dreſs. Her care and exactneſs in her habit, convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and ſhe has of all women the beſt foundation for affecting the praiſe of a ſeeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epiſtolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conqueſts, plays on her ſpinet the gayeſt airs, (and while ſhe is doing ſo, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleaſures ſhe deſpiſes for his ſake.

Thoſe who think themſelves the patterns of good breeding and gallantry, would be aſtoniſhed to hear that in thoſe intervals when the old gentleman is at eaſe, and can bear company, there are at his houſe in the moſt regular order, aſſembl[illegible] of people of the higheſt merit; where there is converſation without mention of the faults of the abſent, benevolence between men and women without paſſion, and the higheſt ſubjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental diſcourſe; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world eaſy, and herſelf capable of being an honour to his name in this.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I WAS the other day at the Bear-Garden in hopes to 'have ſeen your ſhort face; but not being ſo fortunate, 'I muſt tell you by way of letter, that there is a myſtery 'among the gladiators which has eſcaped your ſpectatorial penetration. For being in a box at an ale-houſe 'near that renowned ſeat of honour above-mentioned, I 'overheard two maſters of the ſcience agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in 'the company of a ſet of the fraternity of baſket-hilts, 'who were to meet that evening. When this was ſet-

'tled, one asked the other, Will you give cuts or receive? 'the other answered, Receive. It was replied, are you 'a passionate man? No, provided you cut no more nor 'no deeper than we agree. I thought it my duty to ac- 'quaint you with this, that the people may not pay their 'money for fighting, and be cheated.

'Your humble servant,

T 'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

No. CDL. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6.

——— Quærenda pecunia primùm,
Virtus post nummos. HOR.

——— Get money, money still;
And then let virtue follow, if she will. POPE.

'Mr. Spectator,

'ALL men through different paths, make at the same 'common thing, Money; and it is to her we owe 'the politician, the merchant, and the lawyer; nay, to 'be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden 'for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we 'look into our own hearts, we should see money en- 'graved in them in more lively and moving characters 'than self-preservation; for who can reflect upon the 'merchant hoisting sail in a doubtful pursuit of her, and 'all mankind sacrificing their quiet to her, but must per- 'ceive that the characters of self-preservation (which 'were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if 'not wholly defaced; and that those of money (which 'at first was only valuable as a mean to security) are of 'late so brightened, that the characters of self-preserva- 'tion, like a less light set by a greater, are become almost 'imperceptible? Thus has money got the upper-hand 'of what all mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. 'security; and I wish I could say she had here put a stop

'to her victories; but, alas! common honesty fell a sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastic men talk of the greatest good in the world: but I, a tradesman, shall give you another account of this matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I think it proper in the first place, to acquaint my readers, that since my setting out in the world, which was in the year 1660, I never wanted money; having begun with an indifferent good stock in the tobacco-trade to which I was bred; and by the continual successes, it has pleased Providence to bless my endeavours with, am at last arrived to what they call a Plumb. To uphold my discourse in the manner of your wits or philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the subject, I account it vain; having never found any thing in the writings of such men, that did not savour more of the invention of the brain, or what is stiled speculation, than of sound judgment or profitable observation. I will readily grant indeed that there is what the wits call natural in their talk; which is the utmost those curious authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable teachers. And what, I pray, is natural? That which is pleasing and easy: and what are pleasing and easy? Forsooth a new thought or conceit dressed up in smooth quaint language, to make you smile and wag your head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not; mere frothy amusements! fit only for boys or silly women to be caught with.

'It is not my present intention to instruct my readers in the method of acquiring riches; that may be the work of another essay: but to exhibit the real and solid advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold experience; nor yet all the advantages of so worthy and valuable a blessing, (for who does not know or imagine the comforts of being warm or living at ease? and that power and pre-eminence are their inseparable attendants? but only to instance the great supports they afford us under the severest calamities and misfor-

'tunes;

'tunes; to shew that the love of them is a special anti-
'dote against immorality and vice, and that the same
'does likewise naturally dispose men to actions of piety
'and devotion: all which I can make out by my own
'experience, who think myself no ways particular from
'the rest of mankind, nor better nor worse by nature
'than generally other men are.

'In the year 1665, when the sickness was, I lost by it
'my wife and two children, which were all my stock.
'Probably I might have had more, considering I was
'married between four and five years; but finding her
'to be a teeming woman, I was careful, as having then
'little above a brace of thousand pounds to carry on my
'trade and maintain a family with. I loved them as
'usually men do their wives and children, and therefore
'could not resist the first impulses of nature on so
'wounding a loss; but I quickly roused myself, and
'found means to alleviate, and at last conquer my afflic-
'tion, by reflecting how that she and her children having
'been no great expence to me, the best part of her for-
'tune was still left; that my charge being reduced to
'myself, a journeyman, and a maid, I might live far
'cheaper than before; and that being now a childless
'widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving
'woman, and with a much better fortune than she
'brought, which was but eight hundred pounds. And
'to convince my readers that such considerations as these
'were proper and apt to produce such an effect, I re-
'member it was the constant observation at that deplo-
'rable time when so many hundreds were swept away
'daily, that the rich ever bore the loss of their families
'and relations far better than the poor; the latter having
'little or nothing before-hand, and living from hand to
'mouth, placed the whole comfort and satisfaction of
'their lives in their wives and children, and were there-
'fore inconsolable.

'The following year happened the fire; at which
'time, by good providence, it was my fortune to have
'converted the greatest part of my effects into ready
'money, on the prospect of an extraordinary advantage

'which I was preparing to lay hold on. This calamity 'was very terrible and aſtoniſhing, the fury of the flames 'being ſuch, that whole ſtreets, at ſeveral diſtant places, 'were deſtroyed at one and the ſame time, ſo that, as it 'is well known, almoſt all our citizens were burnt out of 'what they had. But what did I then do? I did not 'ſtand gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis; I 'did not ſhake my head, wring my hands, ſigh and ſhed 'tears; I conſidered with myſelf what could this avail; 'I fell a plodding what advantages might be made of the 'ready caſh I had, and immediately bethought myſelf 'that wonderful pennyworths might be bought of the 'goods that were ſaved out of the fire. In ſhort, with 'about two thouſand pounds and a little credit, I bought 'as much tobacco as raiſed my eſtate to the value of ten 'thouſand pounds. I then "looked on the aſhes of "our city, and the miſery of its late inhabitants, as an "effect of the juſt wrath and indignation of heaven to-"wards a ſinful and perverſe people."

'After this I married again, and that wife dying, I 'took another, but both proved to be idle baggages: 'the firſt gave me a great deal of plague and vexation 'by her extravagancies, and I became one of the bye-'words of the city. I knew it would be to no manner 'of purpoſe to go about to curb the fancies and inclina-'tions of women, which fly out the more for being re-'ſtrained; but what I could I did; I watched her nar-'rowly, and by good luck found her in the embraces, 'for which I had two witneſſes with me, of a wealthy 'ſpark of the court-end of the town; of whom I re-'covered fifteen thouſand pounds, which made me 'amends for what ſhe had idly ſquandered, and put a ſi-'lence to all my neighbours, taking off my reproach by 'the gain they ſaw I had by it. The laſt died about 'two years after I married her, in labour of three chil-'dren. I conjecture they were begot by a country 'kinſman of hers, whom, at her recommendation, I 'took into my family, and gave wages to as a journey-'man. What this creature expended in delicacies and 'high diet with her kinſman, as well as I could compute

'by

'by the poulterer's, fiſhmonger's, and grocer's bills, 'amounted in the ſaid two years to one hundred eighty-'ſix pounds, four ſhillings, and five pence halfpenny. 'The fine apparel, bracelets, lockets, and treats, &c. of 'the other, according to the beſt calculation, came in 'three years and about three quarters, to ſeven hundred 'forty-four pounds, ſeven ſhillings and nine pence. Af-'ter this I reſolved never to marry more, and found I 'had been a gainer by my marriages, and the damages 'granted me for the abuſes of my bed, all charges de-'ducted, eight thouſand three hundred pounds within a 'trifle.

'I come now to ſhew the good effects of the love of 'money on the lives of men towards rendering them 'honeſt, ſober and religious. When I was a young 'man, I had a mind to make the beſt of my wits, and 'over-reached a country-chap in a parcel of unſound 'goods; to whom, upon his upbraiding, and threatening 'to expoſe me for it, I returned the equivalent of his 'loſs; and upon his good advice, wherein he clearly de-'monſtrated the folly of ſuch artifices, which can never 'end but in ſhame, and the ruin of all correſpondence, 'I never after tranſgreſſed. Can your courtiers, who 'take bribes, or your lawyers or phyſicians in their 'practice, or even the divines who intermeddle in 'worldly affairs, boaſt of making but one ſlip in their 'lives, and of ſuch a thorough and laſting reformation? 'Since my coming into the world I do not remember I 'was ever overtaken in drink, ſave nine times, once at 'the chriſtening of my firſt child, thrice at our city 'feaſts, and five times at driving of bargains. My re-'formation I can attribute to nothing ſo much as the 'love and eſteem of money, for I found myſelf to be 'extravagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, 'and make raſh bargains. As for women, I never 'knew any except my wives: for my reader muſt 'know, and it is what he may confide in as an excel-'lent recipe, that the love of buſineſs and money is the 'greateſt mortifier of inordinate deſires imaginable, as 'employing the mind continually in the careful overſight

of

'of what one has, in the eager queſt after more, in look-
'ing after the negligences and deceits of ſervants, in the
'due entering and ſtating of accounts, in hunting after
'chaps, and in the exact knowledge of the ſtate of mar-
'kets; which things whoever thoroughly attends, will
'find enough and enough to employ his thoughts on
'every moment of the day; ſo that I cannot call to
'mind, that in all the time I was a huſband, which off
'and on, was about twelve years, I ever once thought of
'my wives but in bed. And laſtly, for religion, I have
'ever been a conſtant churchman, both forenoons and
'afternoons on Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful
'for any gain or advantage I had had that day; and on
'Saturday nights, upon caſting up my accounts, I al-
'ways was grateful for the ſum of my week's profits,
'and at Chriſtmas for that of the whole year. It is
'true, perhaps, that my devotion has not been the moſt
'fervent; which, I think, ought to be imputed to the
'evenneſs and ſedateneſs of my temper, which never
'would admit of any impetuoſities of any ſort: and I
'can remember, that in my youth and prime of man-
'hood, when my blood ran briſker, I took greater plea-
'ſure in religious exerciſes than at preſent, or many years
'paſt, and that my devotion ſenſibly declined as age,
'which is dull and unwieldly, came upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of money
'prevents all immorality and vice; which, if you will
'not allow, you muſt, that the purſuit of it obliges men
'to the ſame kind of life as they would follow if they
'were really virtuous: which is all I have to ſay at
'preſent, only recommending to you, that you would
'think of it, and turn ready wit into ready money as
'faſt as you can. I conclude,

'Your ſervant,

'EPHRAIM WEED.'

No. CDLI.

No. CDLI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

—— Jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire minax impunè domos—— Hor.

—— Times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produc'd the point that left the ſting behind:
'Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life. Pope.

THERE is nothing ſo ſcandalous to a government, and deteſtable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the ſame time there is nothing ſo difficult to tame, as a ſatirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his ſpleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, ſays the fable, ſeeing all her wrinkles repreſented in a large looking-glaſs, threw it upon the ground in a paſſion, and broke it into a thouſand pieces, but as ſhe was afterwards ſurveying the fragments with a ſpiteful kind of pleaſure, ſhe could not forbear uttering herſelf in the following ſoliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and ſee an hundred ugly faces, where before I had but one.

It has been propoſed, 'to oblige every perſon that 'writes a book, or a paper, to ſwear himſelf the author 'of it, and enter down in a public regiſter his name and 'place of abode.'

This, indeed, would have effectually ſuppreſſed all printed ſcandal, which generally appears under borrowed names or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that ſuch an expedient would not only deſtroy ſcandal, but learning. It would operate promiſcuouſly, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention ſome of the moſt celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us ſo great a charity in ſecret; there are few works of genius that come out at firſt with the author's

author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few who are capable of writing, would ſet pen to paper, if they knew before-hand that they muſt not publiſh their productions but on ſuch conditions. For my own part I muſt declare, the papers I preſent the public are like fairy favours, which ſhall laſt no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to reſtrain theſe ſons of calumny and defamation is, that all ſides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty ſcribbler is countenanced by great names, whoſe intereſt he propagates by ſuch vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a miniſtry, who have inflicted an exemplary puniſhment on an author that has ſupported their cauſe with falſhood and ſcandal, and treated, in a moſt cruel manner, the names of thoſe who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagoniſts. Would a government ſet an everlaſting mark of their diſpleaſure upon one of thoſe infamous writers who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we ſhould quickly ſee an end put to this race of vermin, that are a ſcandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a miniſter of ſtate ſhine in hiſtory, and would fill all mankind with a juſt abhorrence of perſons who ſhould treat him unworthily, and employ againſt him thoſe arms which he ſcorned to make uſe of againſt his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be ſo unjuſt as to imagine, what I have here ſaid is ſpoken with reſpect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the ſentiments either of a chriſtian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice which is ſo much in uſe among us at preſent, that it is become a kind of national crime, and diſtinguiſhes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the fineſt ſtrokes of ſatire which are aimed at particular perſons, and which are ſupported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themſelves. Infamy, like other

other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry, and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues, and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our present heats and animosities are forgot; should, I say, such an one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing; and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in the former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name, as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By

a law

a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens, it was made death for any perſon not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear and burn it. But becauſe I would not be thought ſingular in my opinion of this matter, I ſhall conclude my paper with the words of monſieur Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquiſite learning and judgment.

'I cannot imagine, that a man who diſperſes a libel, 'is leſs deſirous of doing miſchief than the author him-'ſelf. But what ſhall we ſay of the pleaſure which a 'man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it 'not an heinous ſin in the ſight of God? We muſt diſ-'tinguiſh in this point. This pleaſure is either an agree-'able ſenſation we are affected with, when we meet 'with a witty thought which is well expreſſed, or it is 'a joy which we conceive from the diſhonour of the 'perſon who is defamed. I will ſay nothing to the firſt 'of theſe caſes; for perhaps ſome would think that my 'morality is not ſevere enough, if I ſhould affirm that a 'man is not maſter of thoſe agreeable ſenſations, any 'more than of thoſe occaſioned by ſugar or honey, when 'they touch his tongue; but as to the ſecond, every one 'will own that pleaſure to be a heinous ſin. The plea-'ſure in the firſt caſe is of no continuance; it prevents 'our reaſon and reflection, and may be immediately fol-'lowed by a ſecret grief, to ſee our neighbour's honour 'blaſted. If it does not ceaſe immediately, it is a ſign 'that we are not diſpleaſed with the ill nature of the la-'tiriſt, but are glad to ſee him defame his enemy by all 'kinds of ſtories; and then we deſerve the puniſhment 'to which the writer of the libel is ſubject. I ſhall 'here add the words of a modern author. "St. Gre-"gory, upon excommunicating thoſe writers who had "diſhonoured Caſtorius, does not except thoſe who read "their works; becauſe, ſays he, if calumnies have al-"ways been the delight of their hearers, and a gratifi-"cation of thoſe perſons who have no other advantage "over honeſt men, is not he who takes pleaſure in "reading them as guilty as he who compoſed them?"

'It

'It is an uncontested maxim, that they who approve an 'action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if 'some reason of self-love did not hinder them. There 'is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime, 'and approving it when committed. The Roman law 'confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers 'and authors of this evil to the same penalty. We 'may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased 'with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the 'authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they 'had composed them; for if they do not write such li-'bels themselves, it is because they have not the talent 'of writing, or because they will run no hazard.'

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular. C

No. CDLII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida. PLIN.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen, which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men, who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind be-fore he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politi-cians, who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent

us from abroad. The text is given us by one ſet of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithſtanding we have the ſame tale told us in ſo many different papers, and if occaſion requires in ſo many articles of the ſame paper; notwithſtanding in a ſcarcity of foreign poſts we hear the ſame ſtory repeated by different advices from Paris, Bruſſels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithſtanding the multitude of annonations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it paſſes through, our time lies heavy on our hands until the arrival of a freſh mail: we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next ſtep, or what will be the conſequences of that which has been already taken. A weſterly wind keeps the whole town in ſuſpenſe, and puts a ſtop to converſation.

This general curioſity has been raiſed and inflamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed might be of good uſe to a perſon who has ſuch a thirſt awakened in him. Why ſhould not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himſelf to hiſtory, travels, and other writings of the ſame kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curioſity, and meet with much more pleaſure and improvement than in theſe papers of the week? An honeſt tradeſman who languiſhes a whole ſummer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is balked at laſt, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign, in leſs time than he now beſtows upon the products of a ſingle poſt. Fights, conqueſts, and revolutions, lie thick together. The reader's curioſity is raiſed and ſatisfied every moment, and his paſſions diſappointed or gratified, without being detained in a ſtate of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of ſea and wind; in ſhort, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, or puniſhed with that eternal thirſt, which is the portion of all our modern news-mongers and coffee-houſe politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not know before, are news to him; and I do not ſee how any haber-

daſher

dasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel in the cantons, than he was in that of the league. At least, I believe, every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Borysthenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter, from a projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU must have observed, that men who frequent 'coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased 'with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what 'they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, 'are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardi-'nal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of 'it another. They are glad to hear the French court is 'removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted 'with its return to Versailles. They read the advertise-'ments with the same curiosity as the articles of public 'news; and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse 'that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a 'whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign 'adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing 'that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, 'to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious 'appetite, but no taste. Now, Sir, since the great foun-'tain of news, I mean the war, is very near being 'dried up; and since these gentlemen have contracted 'such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken 'their case and my own into consideration, and have 'thought of a project which may turn to the advantage 'of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily pa-'per, which shall comprehend in it all the most remark-'able occurrences in every little town, village, and ham-'let, that lie within ten miles of London, or in other 'words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have

'pitched upon this ſcene of intelligence for two reaſons; 'firſt, becauſe the carriage of letters will be very cheap; 'and ſecondly, becauſe I may receive them every day. 'By this means my readers will have their news freſh 'and freſh, and many worthy citizens who cannot ſleep 'with any ſatisfaction at preſent, for want of being in-'formed how the world goes, may go to bed contented-'ly, it being my deſign to put out my paper every night 'at nine o'clock preciſely. I have already eſtabliſhed 'correſpondents in theſe ſeveral places, and received 'very good intelligence.

'By my laſt advices from Knightſbridge I hear, that 'a horſe was clapped into the pound on the third in-'ſtant, and that he was not releaſed when the letters 'came away.

'We are informed from Pankridge, that a dozen 'weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church 'of that place, but are referred to their next letters for 'the names of the parties concerned.

'Letters from Brumpton adviſe, that the widow 'Blight had received ſeveral viſits from John Mill-'dew which affords great matter of ſpeculation in thoſe 'parts.

'By a fiſherman which lately touched at Hammer-'ſmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain 'perſon, well known in that place, is like to loſe his 'election for church-warden; but this being boat news, 'we cannot give entire credit to it.

'Letters from Paddington bring little more, than that 'William Squeak, the ſow-gelder, paſſed through that 'place the fifth inſtant.

'They adviſe from Fulham, that things remained 'there in the ſame ſtate they were. They had intelli-'gence, juſt as the letters came away, of a tub of ex-'cellent ale juſt ſet abroach at Parſons-green; but this 'wanted confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a ſpecimen of the news 'with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, 'when drawn up regularly in the form of a news-paper, 'will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of thoſe

'public-

'public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than 'their own. I hope a paper of this kind, which lets us 'know what is done near home, may be more useful 'to us, than those which are filled with advices from 'Zug and Bender, and make some amends for that 'dearth of intelligence, which we may justly apprehend 'from times of peace. If I find that you receive this 'project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one 'or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy 'Sir, with all due respect,

'Your most obedient,

C 'and most humble servant.

No. CDLIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ——— Hor.

No weak, no common wing shall bear
My rising body through the air. Creech.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us,

is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man: it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of of the divine nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without consi-

dering

dering them as inſpired writers, they have tranſmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the ſubject to which it was conſecrated. This I think might be eaſily ſhewn if there were occaſion for it.

I have already communicated to the public ſome pieces of divine poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I ſhall from time to time publiſh any work of the ſame nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

'WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
'My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
'Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
'In wonder, love, and praiſe:

II.

'O how ſhall words with equal warmth
'The gratitude declare,
'That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
'But thou canſt read it there.

III.

'Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
'And all my wants redreſt,
'When in the ſilent womb I lay,
'And hung upon the breaſt.

IV.

'To all my weak complaints and cries,
'Thy mercy lent an ear.
'Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
'To form themſelves in pray'r.

V.

'Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
'Thy tender care beſtow'd,
'Before my infant heart conceiv'd
'From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

'When

VI.

'When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
'With heedless steps I ran,
'Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
'And led me up to man.

VII.

'Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
'It gently clear'd my way,
'And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
'More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

'When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
'With health renew'd my face;
'And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
'Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

'Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
'Has made my cup run o'er,
'And in a kind and faithful friend
'Has doubled all my store.

X.

'Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
'My daily thanks employ;
'Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
'That tastes those gifts with joy.

XII.

'Thro' every period of my life
'Thy goodness I'll pursue;
'And after death, in distant worlds,
'The glorious theme renew.

XII.

'When nature fails, and day and night
'Divide thy works no more,
'My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
'Thy mercy shall adore.

'Thro'

XIII.

'Thro' all eternity to Thee
'A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
'For oh! eternity's too ſhort
'To utter all thy praiſe.' C

No. CDLIV. MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

Sine me, vacivom tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris. TER.

Give me leave to allow myſelf no reſpite from labour.

IT is an expreſſible pleaſure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or ſignificancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endleſs curioſity, is a delight known only to thoſe who are turned for ſpeculation: nay, they who enjoy it, muſt value things only as they are the objects of ſpeculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themſelves from them, but juſt as they are what contribute to their amuſement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night laſt week at Richmond; and being reſtleſs, not out of diſſatisfaction, but a certain buſy inclination one ſometimes has, I roſe at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a reſolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours, until the many different objects I muſt needs meet with ſhould tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repoſe more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is ſaluring any perſon whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they conſidered, that the greateſt pleaſure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable perſon for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a viſit of converſation at their own houſes.

The

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Weſtminſter, by people as different from each other as thoſe who are born in different centuries. Men of ſix of the clock give way to thoſe of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve diſappear, and make room for the faſhionable world who have made two of the clock the noon of the day.

When we firſt put off from ſhore, we ſoon fell in with a fleet of gardeners bound for the ſeveral market-ports of London; and it was the moſt pleaſing ſcene imaginable to ſee the chearfulneſs with which thoſe induſtrious people plyed their way to a certain ſale of their goods. The banks on each ſide are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any ſpot on the earth; but the Thames itſelf, loaded with the product of each ſhore, added very much to the landſkip. It was very eaſy to obſerve by their ſailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were ſupercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent garden who frequently converſe with morning rakes, very unlike the ſeeming ſobriety of thoſe bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten ſail of apricot boats at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine-elms, and taken in melons, conſigned by Mr. Cuffe of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their ſtall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at ſix of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-houſe, to go to bed before the day was too far ſpent. Chimney-ſweepers paſſed by us as we made up to the market, and ſome raillery happened between one of the fruit-wenches, and thoſe black men, about the Devil and Eve, with alluſion to their ſeveral profeſſions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden; where I ſtrolled from one fruit-ſhop to another, with crouds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchaſing

ing fruit for their reſpective families. It was almoſt eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach and followed a young lady, who tripped into another juſt before me, attended by her maid. I ſaw immediately ſhe was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a ſet of theſe who of all things affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men into love for they know not whom, whoare fled they know not where. This ſort of woman is uſually a janty flattern; ſhe hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her poſture, and changes place inceſſantly; and all with an appearance of ſtriving at the ſame time to hide herſelf, and yet give you to underſtand ſhe is in humour to laugh at you. You muſt have often ſeen the coachmen make ſigns with their fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an inſtant my coachman took the wink to purſue, and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-acre, towards St. James's: while he whipped up James-ſtreet, we drove for King-ſtreet, to ſave the paſs at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, joſtle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-ſtreet and Long-acre. The fright, you muſt believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her maſk off, to enquire into the buſtle, when ſhe ſees the man ſhe would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is ſo bad ſhe cannot draw it up again, and ſhe drives on ſometimes wholly diſcovered, and ſometimes half eſcaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of theſe ladies keeps her ſeat in a hackney-coach, as well as the beſt rider does on a managed horſe. The laced ſhoe on her left foot, with a careleſs geſture, juſt appearing on the oppoſite cuſhion, held both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As ſhe was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and an half, in all parts of the town, by the ſkill of our drivers; until at laſt my lady was conveniently loſt with notice from

from her coachman to ours to make off, and he ſhould hear where ſhe went. This chace was now at an end, and the fellow who drove her came to us, and diſcovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that ſhe was a ſilk-worm. I was ſurpriſed with this phraſe, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their beſt cuſtomers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from ſhop to ſhop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying any thing. The ſilk-worms are, it ſeems, indulged by the tradeſmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new ſilks, laces, and ribbons, and ſerve the owners, in getting them cuſtomers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of faſhion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of ſhow and vanity: when I reſolved to walk it out of cheapneſs; but my unhappy curioſity is ſuch, that I find it always my intereſt to take coach, for ſome odd adventure among beggars, ballad-ſingers, or the like, detains and throws me into expence. It happened ſo immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-ſtreet, as I was liſtening to a new ballad, a ragged raſcal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and ſhould die in the ſtreet for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him ſix-pence to go into the next ale-houſe and ſave his life. He urged, with a melancholy face, that all his family had died of thirſt. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jeſt; by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me ſneak off to a coach. As I drove along it was a pleaſing reflection to ſee the world ſo prettily checkered ſince I left Richmond, and the ſcene ſtill filling with children of a new hour. This ſatisfaction increaſed as I moved towards the city, and gay ſigns, well diſpoſed ſtreets, magnificent public ſtructures, and wealthy ſhops adorned with contented faces, made the joy ſtill riſing till we came into the center of the city, and center of the world of trade, the Exchange of London.

don. As other men in the crouds about me were pleaſed with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in obſerving them, in attention to their ſeveral intereſts. I, indeed, looked upon myſelf as the richeſt man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me ſhare the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the leaſt of my ſatisfactions in my ſurvey, to go up ſtairs, and paſs the ſhops of agreeable females; to obſerve ſo many pretty hands buſy in the folding of ribbons, and the utmoſt eagerneſs of agreeable faces in the ſale of patches, pins, and wires, on each ſide the counters, was an amuſement, in which I could longer have indulged myſelf, had not the dear creatures called to me to aſk what I wanted, when I could not anſwer, only 'to look at you.' I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the ſeveral voices loſt their diſtinction, and roſe up in a confuſed humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too ſtudious; for I ſaid to myſelf, with a kind of pun in thought, 'what non-'ſenſe is all the hurry of this world to thoſe who are 'above it?' In theſe, or not much wiſer thoughts, I had like to have loſt my place at the chop-houſe, where every man, according to the natural baſhfulneſs or ſullenneſs of our nation, eats in a public room a meſs of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb ſilence, as if they had no pretence to ſpeak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and ſaw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary juſt before, give bills for the value of large eſtates; and could not but behold with great pleaſure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from ſuch as would never be maſters of half as much as is ſeemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common ſcene of Covent-garden, and paſſed the evening at Will's, in attending the diſcourſes of ſeveral ſets of people, who relieved each other within my hearing on the ſubjects of cards, dice, love, learning, and politics. The laſt ſub-

ject kept me until I heard the ſtreets in the poſſeſſion of the bell-man, who had now the world to himſelf, and cryed, 'Paſt two of the clock.' This rouſed me from my ſeat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the diſcourſe of his private œconomy, and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit and loſs, of a family that depended upon a link, with a deſign to end my trivial day with the generoſity of ſixpence, inſtead of a third part of that ſum. When I came to my chambers I writ down theſe minutes; but was at a loſs what inſtruction I ſhould propoſe to my reader from the enumeration of ſo many inſignificant matters and occurrences, and I thought it of great uſe, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumſtance will make every face you ſee give you the ſatisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend; will make every object a pleaſing one; will make all the good which arrives to any man, increaſe of happineſs to yourſelf. T

No. CDLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12.

——Ego apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum—— Hor.

——My timorous muſe
Unambitious tracts purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the moſſy brooks and ſprings,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble ſweets contents her induſtry.
Cowley.

THE following letters have in them reflections which will ſeem of importance both to the learned world and to domeſtic life. There is in the firſt an allegory

ſo

ſo well carried on, that it cannot but be verry pleaſing to thoſe who have a taſte of good writing; and the other billets may have their uſe in life.

'Mr. Spectator,

'AS I walked the other day in a fine garden, and obſerved the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwiſe would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or modern culture; how many good qualities in the mind are loſt, for want of the like due care in nurſing and ſkilfully managing them, how many virtues are choked, by the multitude of weeds which are ſuffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often ſtarved and uſeleſs, by being planted in a wrong ſoil; and how very ſeldom do theſe moral ſeeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, neceſſary pruning. and an artful management of our tender inclinations and firſt ſpring of life. Theſe obvious ſpeculations made me at length conclude, that there is a ſort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the ſeeds lie buried and undiſcovered, until after a while they ſprout forth in a kind of rational leaves, which are words; and in due ſeaſon the flowers begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at laſt the fruit knits and is formed, which is green, perhaps, firſt, and ſour, unpleaſant to the taſte, and not fit to be gathered; until ripened by due care and application it diſcovers itſelf in all the noble productions of philoſophy, mathematics, cloſe reaſoning, and handſome argumentation: and theſe fruits, when they arrive at juſt maturity, and are of a good kind, afford the moſt vigorous nouriſhment to the minds of men. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almoſt as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could eaſily obſerve the ſmooth ſhining Italian leaves; the nimble French aſpen always

'in motion; the Greek and Latin ever-greens, the 'Spaniſh myrtle, the Engliſh oak, the Scotch thiſtle, the 'Iriſh ſhambrogue, the prickly German, and Dutch 'holly, the Poliſh and Ruſſian nettle, beſides a vaſt num-'ber of exotics imported from Aſia, Africa, and Ame-'rica. I ſaw ſeveral barren plants, which bore only 'leaves, without any hopes of flower or fruit: the leaves 'of ſome were fragrant and well-ſhaped, and others ill-'ſcented and irregular. I wondered at a ſet of old 'whimſical botaniſts, who ſpent their whole lives in the 'contemplation of ſome withered Ægyptian, Coptic, 'Armenian, or Chineſe leaves, while others made it 'their buſineſs to collect in voluminous herbals all the 'ſeveral leaves of ſome one tree. The flowers afford a 'moſt diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety 'of figures, colours, and ſcents; however, moſt of them 'withered ſoon, or at beſt are but annuals. Some pro-'feſſed floriſts make them their conſtant ſtudy and em-'ployment, and deſpiſe all fruit; and now and then a 'few fanciful people ſpend all their time in the culti-'vation of a ſingle tulip, or a carnation: but the moſt 'agreeable amuſement ſeems to be the well chooſing, 'mixing, and binding together theſe flowers in pleaſ-'ing noſegays to preſent to ladies. The ſcent of Ita-'lian flowers is obſerved, like their other perfumes, 'to be too ſtrong, and to hurt the brain; that of the 'French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and 'languid; German and Northern flowers have little 'or no ſmell, or ſometimes an unpleaſant one. The 'ancients had a ſecret to give a laſting beauty, colour, 'and ſweetneſs, to ſome of their choice flowers, which 'flouriſh to this day, and which few of the moderns can 'effect. Theſe are becoming enough and agreeable 'in their ſeaſon, and do often handſomely adorn an 'entertainment, but an over-fondneſs of them ſeems 'to be a diſeaſe. It rarely happens to find a plant vi-'gorous enough, to have, like an orange-tree, at once 'beautiful ſhining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious 'nouriſhing fruit.

'Sir, your's, &c.'

'Dear

'Dear Spec. Auguſt 6, 1712.

'YOU have given us, in your Spectator of Saturday 'laſt, a very excellent diſcourſe upon the force of 'cuſtom, and it's wonderful efficacy in making every 'thing pleaſant to us. I cannot deny but that I re- 'ceived above two pennyworth of inſtruction from your 'paper, and in the general was very well pleaſed with 'it; but I am without a compliment, ſincerely trouble 'led that I cannot exactly be of your opinion, "that "it makes every thing pleaſing to us:" In ſhort, I 'have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, 'in plain Engliſh, for her ſtanding, a very eminent 'ſcold. She began to break her mind very freely both 'to me and to her ſervants about two months after our 'nuptials; and though I have been accuſtomed to this 'humour of hers theſe three years, yet I do not know 'what is the matter with me, but I am no more de- 'lighted with it than I was at the very firſt. I have ad- 'viſed with her relations about her, and they all tell me 'that her mother and her grandmother before her were 'both taken much after the ſame manner; ſo that ſince 'it runs in the blood, I have but ſmall hopes of her 'recovery. I ſhould be glad to have a little of your ad- 'vice in this matter: I would not willingly trouble you 'to contrive how it may be a pleaſure to me; if you will 'but put me in a way that I may bear it with indiffer- 'ence, I ſhall reſt ſatisfied.

'Dear Spec,

'Your very humble ſervant.

'P. S. I muſt do the poor girl the juſtice to let you 'know that this match was none of her own chooſing, 'or indeed of mine either; in conſideration of which 'I avoid giving her the leaſt provocation; and indeed 'we live better together than uſually folks do who hated 'one another when they were firſt joined: to evade the 'ſin againſt parents, or at leaſt to extenuate it, my dear

'rails at my father and mother, and I curſe hers for 'making the match.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I LIKE the theme you lately gave out extremely, and 'ſhould be as glad to handle it as any man living: 'but I find myſelf no better qualified to write about 'money than about my wife; for, to tell you a ſecret 'which I deſire may go no farther, I am maſter of nei-'ther of thoſe ſubjects.

'Your's,

Auguſt 8, 1712. 'PILL GARLICK.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I DESIRE you would print this in Italic, ſo as it 'may be generally taken notice of. It is deſigned 'only to admoniſh all perſons, who ſpeak either at the 'bar, pulpit, or any public aſſembly whatſoever, how 'they diſcover their ignorance in the uſe of ſimiles. 'There are in the pulpit itſelf, as well as in other places, 'ſuch groſs abuſes in this kind, that I give this warning 'to all I know. I ſhall bring them for the future be-'fore your ſpectatorial authority. On Sunday laſt, one, 'who ſhall be nameleſs, reproving ſeveral of his con-'gregation for ſtanding at prayers, was pleaſed to ſay, "One would think, like the elephant, you had no "knees." Now I myſelf ſaw an elephant, in Bartho-'lomew-fair, kneel down to take on his back the in-'genious Mr. William Penkethman.

'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

No. CDLVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacitè conceditur. TULL.

The man, whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be ruined quietly.

OTWAY in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

'I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
'And found them guarded by a troop of villains:
'The sons of public rapine were destroying.
'They told me, by the sentence of the law,
'They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
'Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
'Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
'Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
'Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
'There was another making villainous jests
'At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
'Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:
'Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold:
'The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
'Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
'The scene of all thy joys, was violated
'By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
'And thrown amongst the common lumber.'

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour

haviour or error, is the ſtate of the moſt exquiſite ſorrow. When a man conſiders not only an ample fortune, but even the very neceſſaries of life, his pretence to food itſelf, at the mercy of his creditors, he cannot but look upon himſelf in the ſtate of the dead, with his caſe thus much worſe, that the laſt office is performed by his adverſaries inſtead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take poſſeſſion of his whole fortune, but even of every thing elſe, which had no relation to it All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and thoſe whom he has favoured in his former life, diſcharge themſelves of their obligations to him, by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almoſt incredible that it ſhould be ſo; but it is too often ſeen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the downfal of a proſperous man, than be diſcharged to the common ſatisfaction of themſelves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lately maſter of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wiſdom, œconomy, good ſenſe, and ſkill in human life before, by reaſon of his preſent misfortune, are of no uſe to him in the diſpoſition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is deſigned for his proviſion and accommodation; but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in reſpect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough after the diſcharge of his creditors to bear all the expence of rewarding thoſe by whoſe means the effect of all his labour was transferred from him. This man is to look on and ſee others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchaſed, and all this uſually done not with an air of truſtees to diſpoſe of his effects, but deſtroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is ſomething ſacred in miſery to great and good minds; for this reaſon all wiſe lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let looſe even the man who has right on his ſide, to act with any mixture of reſentment

ment againſt the defendant. Virtuous and modeſt men, though they be uſed with ſome artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themſelves, are ſlow in the application of that power, and are ever conſtrained to go into rigorous meaſures. They are careful to demonſtrate themſelves not only perſons injured, but alſo that to bear it no longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and conſider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to ſay to their own ſouls, if poſſible, that they were merciful when they could have deſtroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have ſpared a man, they deſtroyed. This is a due to the common calamity of human life, due in ſome meaſure to our very enemies. They who ſcruple doing the leaſt injury, are cautious of exacting the utmoſt juſtice.

Let any one who is converſant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taſte of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural diſreliſh of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himſelf in all his actions, and has no ſenſe of iniquity but from the puniſhment which ſhall attend it. The law of the land is his goſpel, and all his caſes of conſcience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miſerable man, that riches are the inſtruments of ſerving the purpoſes of heaven or hell, according to the diſpoſition of the poſſeſſor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and chooſe to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for ſuch who are inſenſible of the concerns of others, but merely as they affect themſelves, theſe men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better fortune,

fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his loſt condition.

'Sir,

'IT is in vain to multiply words and make apologies 'for what is never to be defended by the beſt ad- 'vocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. 'All that a man in my condition can do or ſay, will be 'received with prejudice by the generality of mankind, 'but I hope not with you: you have been a great in- 'ſtrument in helping me to get what I have loſt, and I 'know, for that reaſon, as well as kindneſs to me, you 'cannot but be in pain to ſee me undone. To ſhew 'you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, 'I will, though a poor man, lay aſide the diſtinction 'between us, and talk with the frankneſs we did when 'we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be re- 'ceived with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon 'with partiality. What I deſire of you is, that you, 'who are courted by all, would ſmile upon me, who am 'ſhunned by all. Let that grace and favour which 'your fortune throws upon you, be turned to make up 'the coldneſs and indifference that is uſed towards me. 'All good and generous men will have an eye of kind- 'neſs for me for my own ſake, and the reſt of the world 'will regard me for yours. There is a happy contra- 'gion in riches, as well as a deſtructive one in poverty: 'the rich can make rich without parting with any of 'their ſtore, and the converſation of the poor makes 'men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How 'this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's eſti- 'mation follows us according to the company we keep. 'If you are what you were to me, you can go a great 'way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good 'fortune, if ever it returns, will return by ſlower ap- 'proaches.

'I am, Sir,

'Your affectionate friend,

'And humble ſervant.'

This

This was answered with a condescension that did not, by long impertinent protestions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows.

" Dear Tom,

" I AM very glad to hear that you have heart enough " to begin the world a second time. I assure you, I " do not think your numerous family at all diminished, " in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much " admired them, by what has so lately happened to you. " I shall not only countenance your affairs with my ap- " pearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a " considerable sum at common interest for three years. " You know I could make more of it; but I have so " great a love for you, that I can wave opportunities " of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they " say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or " fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I " was living.

" Your obliged humble servant."

No. CDLVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

——Multa & præclara minantis. HOR.

Seeming to promise something wond'rous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my reader a letter, written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed news-paper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post,

' Sir,

' THE kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, ' in which I broached my project of a news-paper, ' encourages me to lay before you two or three more; ' for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you ' to be the Lowndes of the learned world, and can-

' not

'not think any ſcheme practicable or rational before 'you have approved of it, though all the money we 'raiſe by it is on our own funds, and for our private 'uſe."

'I have often thought that a News-letter of Whiſpers, 'written every poſt, and ſent about the kingdom, after 'the ſame manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or 'any other epiſtolary hiſtorian, might be highly gratify-'ing to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. 'By whiſpers I mean thoſe pieces of news which are 'communicated as ſecrets, and which bring a double plea-'ſure to the hearer; firſt, as they are private hiſtory, and 'in the next place, as they have always in them a daſh 'of ſcandal. Theſe are two chief qualifications in an 'article of news, which recommend it, in a more than 'ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sick-'neſs of perſons in high poſts, twilight viſits paid and 'received by miniſters of ſtate, clandeſtine courtſhips and 'marriages, ſecret amours, loſſes at play, applications 'for places, with their reſpective ſucceſſes or repulſes, 'are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I 'have two perſons, that are each of them the repreſenta-'tive of a ſpecies, who are to furniſh me with thoſe 'whiſpers which I intend to convey to my correſpon-'dents. The firſt of theſe is Peter Huſh, deſcended from 'the ancient family of the Huſhes: the other is the old 'Lady Blaſt, who has a very numerous tribe of daugh-'ters in the two great cities of London and Weſtminſter. 'Peter Huſh has a whiſpering hole in moſt of the great 'coffee-houſes about town. If you are alone with him 'in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, 'and ſpeaks it in your ear. I have ſeen Peter ſeat him-'ſelf in a company of ſeven or eight perſons, whom he 'never ſaw before in his life; and after having looked 'about to ſee there was no one that over-heard him, 'has communicated to them in a low voice, and under 'the ſeal of ſecrecy, the death of a great man in the 'country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very 'moment this account was given of him. If upon your 'entering into a coffee-houſe you ſee a circle of heads

'bending over the table, and lying close by one an-
'other, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among
'them. I have known Peter publishing the whisper
'of the day by eight of the clock in the morning at
'Garraway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at
'Smyrna. When Peter had thus effectually launched
'a secret, I have been very well pleased to hear peo-
'ple whispering it to one another at second-hand, and
'spreading it about as their own; for you must know,
'Sir, the great incentive to whispering is the ambition
'which every one has of being thought in the secret,
'and being looked upon as a man who has access to
'greater people than one would imagine. After hav-
'ing given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed
'to that virtuous lady, the old lady Blast, who is to
'communicate to me the private transactions of the
'crimp-table, with all the *arcana* of the fair sex. The
'lady Blast, you must understand, has such a particular
'malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an east-
'erly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes
'upon. She has a particular knack at making pri-
'vate weddings, and last winter married above five
'women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper
'can make an innocent young woman big with child,
'or fill an healthy young fellow with distempers that
'are not to be named. She can turn a visit into an
'intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She
'can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In
'short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or
'ill-natured, or, if occasion requires, can tell you the
'slips of their great-grandmothers, and traduce the me-
'mory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves
'above these hundred years. By these and the like helps,
'I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome
'news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to
'whisper by the very next post, and question not but eve-
'ry one of my customers will be very well pleased with
'me, when he considers that every piece of news I send
'him is a word in his ear, and sets him into a secret.

'Having given you a ſketch of this project, I ſhall, 'in the next place, ſuggeſt to you another for a monthly 'pamphlet, which I ſhall likewiſe ſubmit to your ſpecta-'torial wiſdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are 'ſeveral authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as 'well as in our own country, who publiſh every month, 'what they call, "An Account of the Works of the "Learned," in which they give us an abſtract of all 'ſuch books as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, 'Sir, it is my deſign to publiſh every month, "An Ac-"count of the Works of the Unlearned." Several late 'productions of my own countrymen, who many of 'them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, 'encourage me in this undertaking. I may, in this 'work, poſſibly make a review of ſeveral pieces which 'have appeared in the foreign accounts above mentioned, 'though they ought not to have been taken notice of in 'works which bear ſuch a title. I may, likewiſe, take 'into conſideration ſuch pieces as appear, from time to 'time, under the names of thoſe gentlemen who com-'pliment one another in public aſſemblies, by the title of "The Learned Gentlemen." Our party-authors will 'alſo afford me a great variety of ſubjects, not to 'mention editors, commentators, and others, who are 'often men of no learning, or what is as bad, of no 'knowledge. I ſhall not enlarge upon this hint; but 'if you think any thing can be made of it, I ſhall ſet 'about it with all the pains and application that ſo uſe-'ful a work deſerves. I am ever.

C 'Moſt worthy Sir, &c.'

No. CDLVIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 15.

Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθή—— Hes.

——Pudor malus—— Hor.

False modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that 'the person has had but an ill 'education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.' This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal. false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indis-

creet, or which reſtrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend ſums of money which they are not able to ſpare, are bound for perſons whom they have but little friendſhip for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, beſtow places on thoſe whom they do not eſteem, live in ſuch a manner as they themſelves do not approve, and all this merely becauſe they have not the confidence to reſiſt ſolicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this falſe modeſty expoſe us only to ſuch actions as are indiſcreet, but very often to ſuch as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, becauſe he would not venture his money in a game at dice: 'I confeſs,' ſaid he, 'that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.' On the contrary, a man of vicious modeſty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look ſingular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himſelf go to every action or diſcourſe however unjuſtifiable in itſelf, ſo it be in vogue among the preſent party. This, though one of the moſt common, is one of the moſt ridiculous diſpoſitions in human nature, that men ſhould not be aſhamed of ſpeaking or acting in a diſſolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company ſhould be aſhamed of governing himſelf by the principles of reaſon and virtue.

In the ſecond place we are to conſider falſe modeſty, as it reſtrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him many inſtances and examples under this head. I ſhall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a ſecret concern. We have in England a particular baſhfulneſs in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any ſerious ſentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himſelf in countenance among the men of mode. Our exceſs of modeſty makes us ſhame-faced in all the exerciſes of piety and devotion. This humour

prevails

prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen who travel into Roman-catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enter so much in their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the restoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloke to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme, every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They

are both equally deſtructive to the perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but in regard to others, hypocriſy is not ſo pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the world ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted modeſty, to be aſhamed before men in a particular of ſuch unſpeakable importance. C

No. CDLIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

——Quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt. Hor.

——What befits the wiſe and good. Creech.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practice, I mean all thoſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of faith, the ſecond by that of morality.

If we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build ſo much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

Notwithſtanding this general diviſion of chriſtian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the firſt has the pre-eminence in ſeveral reſpects.

First,

Firſt, becauſe the greateſt part of morality, as I have ſtated the notion of it, is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in conviction.

Secondly, becauſe a perſon may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, becauſe morality gives a greater prefection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the paſſions, and advancing the happineſs of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, becauſe the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of faith.

Fifthly, becauſe infidelity is not of ſo malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the ſame reaſon in another light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be ſalvation for a virtuous infidel, particularly in the caſe of invincible ignorance, but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, becauſe faith ſeems to draw it's principal, if not all it's excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, in explaining, and carrying to greater heights ſeveral points of morality.

Secondly, in furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdy, in giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of ourſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our natures.

Fourthly, by ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of vice, which in the chriſtian ſyſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all perfection and the ſovereign judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our divines as hating ſin to the ſame degree that he loves the ſacred perſon who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly,

Fifthly, in being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, that we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, that no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, that the greatest friend of moralityor natural religion, cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them.

For example, in that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I see such dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would

would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produce charity as well as zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, 'We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.' C

No. CDLX. MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

Decipimur specie recti—— Hor.

Deluded by a seeming excellence. Roscommon.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its inchantments, and called it 'The Paradise of fools.'

Perhaps the latter part of this reflexion may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it reſided squint-eyed Error, and popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in ſorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themſelves. To theſe repaired a multitude from every ſide, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the moſt aſſuming air, went directly of themſelves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a ſofter nature went firſt to popular Opinion, from whence as ſhe influenced and engaged them with their own praiſes, ſhe delivered them over to his government.

When we had aſcended to an open part of the ſummit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining ſeveral who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleaſing; ſhe breathed odours as ſhe ſpoke: ſhe ſeemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of ſomething that was valuable in himſelf, and expected a paradiſe which ſhe promiſed as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till ſhe could bring us where it was to be beſtowed: and it was obſervable that all the way we went, the company was either praiſing themſelves for their qualifications, or one another for thoſe qualifications which they took to be conſpicuous in their own characters, or diſpraiſing others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At laſt we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was ſeated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he ſat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was diſguiſed in a whitiſh robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer reſemblance to Truth: and as ſhe has a light whereby ſhe manifeſts the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, ſo he had provided himſelf with a magical wand, that he might do ſomething in imitation of it, and pleaſe with deluſions. This he lifted ſolemnly, and muttering to himſelf, bid the glories which he kept under inchantment to appear before us. Immediately we caſt our eyes on that part of the ſky to which he pointed, and obſerv-

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ed a thin blue proſpect, which cleared as mountains in a ſummer morning when the miſts go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to ſight.

The foundation hardly ſeemed a foundation, but a ſet of curling clouds, which it ſtood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we aſcended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the ſenſes. The walls were gilded all for ſhow; the loweſt ſet of pillars were of the ſlight fine Corinthian order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore ſo far the reſemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one ſhould appear; every one thought his merit a ſufficient paſſport, and preſſed forward. In the hall we met with ſeveral phantoms, that roved amongſt us, and ranged the company according to their ſentiments. There was decreaſing Honour, that had nothing to ſhew in but an old coat of his anceſtors atchievements: there was Oſtentation, that made himſelf his own conſtant ſubject, and Gallantry ſtrutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall ſtood a throne, whoſe canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to laviſh on it; and between the gilded arms ſat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who ſtood beſide her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her, was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a caſt inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made uſe of for conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a deſign. The arrow which he ſhot at the ſoldier, was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed againſt the man of wit, was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their riches, was headed with gold out of their treaſuries: he made nets for ſtateſmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to enflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne

throne ſat three falſe Graces; Flattery with a ſhell of paint, Affectation with a mirrour to practiſe at, and Faſhion ever changing the poſture of her clothes. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the conqueſts which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular polities. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things, Affectation new airs and appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar; and Faſhion both concealed ſome home defects, and added ſome foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a voice in the crowd, bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courſes of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. Theſe expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general diſorder, till at laſt there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and reſolute, was led forward to be puniſhed for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have ſpoken in his own defence, but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity caſt a ſcornful ſmile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-dealing, put on a vizard, and turned away; Affectation toſſed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Faſhion would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be Ill-Manners. Thus ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already ſeen the meaning of moſt part of that warning which he had given, and was conſidering how the latter words ſhould be fulfilled, when a mighty noiſe was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding in upon us. Folly and Broken-Credit were ſeen in the houſe before they entered. Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn, and Poverty brought up the rear. Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, diſappeared; her ſubjects ran into holes and corners; but many

ny of them were found and carried off, as I was told by one who ſtood near me, either to priſons or cellars, ſolitude, or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But theſe, added he, with a diſdainful air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the luſtre of the place, nor their riches it's expences. We have ſeen ſuch ſcenes as theſe before now; the glory you ſaw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook ſome few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-dealing, were now terrified to good purpoſe by the example of others: but when they had touched the threſhold, it was a ſtrange ſhock to them to find that the deluſion of Error was gone, and they plainly diſcerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate leap remained for us, and I a thouſand times blamed my unmeaning curioſity that had brought me into ſo much danger. But as they began to ſink lower in their own minds, methought the palace ſunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of Eſteem which they ought to have for themſelves; then the part of the building in which they ſtood touched the earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who ſtayed in the palace were ſenſible of this deſcent, I cannot tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occaſion all my life to reflect upon the fatal conſequences of following the ſuggeſtions of Vanity.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I WRITE to you to deſire, that you would again 'touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly in 'uſe among the politer and better-bred part of mankind; 'I mean the ceremonies, bows, curtſies, whiſperings, 'ſmiles, winks, nods, with other familiar arts of ſalu-'tation, which take up in our churches ſo much time, 'that might be better employed, and which ſeem ſo ut-

'terly inconſiſtent with the duty and true intent of our 'entering into theſe religious aſſemblies. The reſem- 'blance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour 'in theatres, may be ſome inſtance of it's incongruity 'in the above mentioned places. In Roman-catholic 'churches and chapels abroad, I myſelf have obſerved, 'more than once, perſons of the firſt quality, of the 'neareſt relation, and intimateſt acquaintance, paſſing 'by one another unknowing as it were, and unknown, 'and with ſo little notices of each other, that it looked 'like having their minds more ſuitably and more ſo- 'lemnly engaged; at leaſt it was an acknowledgment 'that they ought to have been ſo. I have been told 'the ſame even of the Mahometans, with relation to the 'propriety of their demeanour in the conventions of 'their erroneous worſhip: and I cannot but think either 'of them ſufficient and laudable patterns for our imita- 'tion in this particular.

'I cannot help upon this occaſion remarking on the 'excellent memories of thoſe devotioniſts, who upon re- 'turning from church ſhall give a particular account 'how two or three hundred people were dreſſed; a 'thing, by reaſon of it's variety, ſo difficult to be di- 'geſted and fixed in the head, that it is a miracle to 'me how two poor hours of divine ſervice can be time 'ſufficient for ſo elaborate an undertaking, the duty of 'the place too being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathe- 'tically performed along with it. Where it is ſaid in 'Sacred Writ, that "the woman ought to have a co- "vering on her head becauſe of the angels," that laſt 'word is by ſome thought to be metaphorically uſed, 'and to ſignify young men. Allowing this interpreta- 'tion to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly 'foreign to our preſent purpoſe.

'When you are in a diſpoſition proper for writing 'on ſuch a ſubject, I earneſtly recommend this to you, 'and am,

'Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant.'

T

No. CDLXI.

No. CDLXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19.

——Sed non ego credulus illis. VIRG.

But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise.

DRYDEN.

FOR want of time to substitute something else in the room of them, I am at present obliged to publish compliments above my desert in the following letters. It is no small satisfaction, to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturday's papers. I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand; yet I shall not accompany those writings with eulogiums, but leave them to speak for themselves.

'For the Spectator.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU very much promote the interests of virtue 'while you reform the taste of a profane age, and 'persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, while 'we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, 'and split into so many different sects and parties; yet 'persons of every party, sect, and humour are fond of 'conforming their taste to yours. You can transfuse 'your own relish of a poem into all your readers, ac-'cording to their capacity to receive; and when you 'recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, 'we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud and 'pleased inwardly, that we have souls capable of relish-'ing what the Spectator approves.

'Upon reading the hymns that you have published 'in some late papers, I had a mind to try yesterday 'whether I could write one. The hundred and four-'teenth psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I 'began to turn it into our language. As I was describ-

'ing the journey of Iſrael from Egypt, and added the 'Divine Preſence amongſt them, I perceived a beauty 'in this pſalm, which was entirely new to me, and 'which I was going to loſe; and that is, that the poet 'utterly conceals the preſence of God in the beginning 'of it, and rather lets a poſſeſſive pronoun go without 'a ſubſtantive, than he will ſo much as mention any 'thing of divinity there. "Judah was his ſanctuary, "and Iſrael his dominion or kingdom." The reaſon 'now ſeems evident, and this conduct neceſſary: for if 'God had appeared before, there could be no wonder 'why the mountains ſhould leap and the ſea retire; 'therefore that this convulſion of nature may be brought 'in with due ſurpriſe, his name is not mentioned until 'afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of 'thought God is introduced at once in all his Majeſty. 'This is what I have attempted to imitate in a tranſla-'tion without paraphraſe, and to preſerve what I could 'of the ſpirit of the ſacred author.

'If the following eſſay be not too incorrigible, be-'ſtow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, 'that I may learn how to write better, or to write no 'more.

'Your daily admirer and humble ſervant, &c.'

PSALM CXIV.

I.

'WHEN Iſrael, freed from Pharoah's hand,
'Left the proud tyrant and his land,
'The tribes with chearful homage own
'Their king, and Judah was his throne.

II.

'Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
'The deep divides to make them way;
'The ſtreams of Jordan ſaw, and fled
'With backward current to their head.

'The

III.

'The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
'Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
'Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
'Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.

IV.

'What pow'r could make the deep divide?
'Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
'Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
'And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

V.

'Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
'Retire, and know th' approaching God,
'The King of Iſrael: ſee him here;
'Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

VI.

'He thunders, and all nature mourns;
'The rock to ſtanding pools he turns;
'Flints ſpring with fountains at his word,
'And fires and ſeas confeſs their Lord.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'THERE are thoſe who take the advantage of your putting an half-penny value upon yourſelf above the reſt of our daily writers, to defame you in public converſation, and ſtrive to make you unpopular upon the account of this ſaid half-penny. But if I were you, I would inſiſt upon that ſmall acknowledgment for the ſuperior merit of yours, as being a work of invention. Give me leave therefore to do you juſtice, and ſay in your behalf, what you cannot yourſelf, which is, that your writings have made learning a more neceſſary part of good breeding than it was before you appeared: that modeſty is become fathionable, and impudence ſtands in need of ſome wit; ſince you have put them both in their proper lights. Profaneneſs, lewdneſs, and debauchery are

'not now qualifications, and a man may be a very 'fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an 'infidel.

'I would have you tell the town the ſtory of the 'Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them 'know, that thoſe ſacred papers were valued at the 'ſame rate after two-thirds of them were deſtroyed, as 'when there was the whole ſet. There are ſo many of 'us who will give you your own price, that you may 'acquaint your non-conformiſt readers, that they ſhall 'not have it, except they come in within ſuch a day, 'under three-pence. I do not know but you might 'bring in the *date obolum Belliſario* with a good grace. 'The witlings come in cluſters to two or three coffee-'houſes which have left you off, and I hope you will 'make us, who fine to your wit, merry with their cha-'racters who ſtand out againſt it. I am,

'Your moſt humble ſervant.

'P. S. I have lately got the ingenious authors of 'blacking for ſhoes, powder for colouring the hair, 'pomatum for the hands, coſmetic for the face, to be 'your conſtant cuſtomers; ſo that your advertiſements 'will as much adorn the outward man, as your paper 'does the inward.' T

No. CDLXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20.

Nil ego prætulerim jucundo ſanus amico. Hor.

Nothing ſo grateful as a pleaſant friend.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great force which pleaſantry in company has upon all thoſe with whom a man of that talent converſes. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain careleſſneſs that conſtantly attends all his actions, carries him on with greater ſucceſs, than dili-

gence

gence and affiduity does others who have no ſhare of this endowment. Dacinthus breaks his word upon all occaſions both trivial and important; and when he is ſufficiently railed at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with, 'After all he is a very pleaſant 'fellow.' Dacinthus is an ill-natured huſband, and yet the very women end their freedom of diſcourſe upon this ſubject, 'But after all he is very pleaſant company.' Dacinthus is neither in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, or good-nature, unexceptionable, and yet all is anſwered, 'For he is a very pleaſant fellow.' When this quality is conſpicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous ſentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give ſo pleaſing gratification as the gaiety of ſuch a perſon; but when it is alone, and ſerves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man ſo much to be avoided as your pleaſant fellow. A very pleaſant fellow ſhall turn your good name to a jeſt, make your character contemptible, debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the reſt of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with thoſe of this character to be attentive only to their own ſatisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or ſorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchaſing their own pleaſures at the expence of giving pain to others. But they who do not conſider this ſort of men thus carefully, are irreſiſtibly expoſed to their inſinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter ſo high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince merely as he was of this pleaſant character.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THERE is no one paſſion which all mankind ſo 'naturally give into as pride, nor any other paſſion which appears in ſuch different diſguiſes: it is to 'be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a 'queſtion, whether it does more harm or good in the 'world?

'world? And if there be not such a thing as what we 'may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us 'so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably conde-'scend to sooth our humour or temper, finds always an 'open avenue to our soul; especially if the flatterer hap-'pen to be our superior.

'One might give many instances of this in a late Eng-'lish monarch, under the title of, "The Gaieties of "King Charles II." This prince was by nature ex-'tremely familiar, of very easy access, and much de-'lighted to see and be seen; and this happy temper, 'which in the highest degree gratified his people's va-'nity, did him more service with his loving subjects 'than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed 'he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, 'to give and take a jest, as they say; and a prince of 'this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make 'an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his 'people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But 'this good king made generally a very innocent use, 'as to the public, of this insnaring temper; for, it is 'well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: 'he seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-'matches, horse-races, balls, and plays; he appeared 'highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed 'to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. 'He more than once dined with his good citizens of 'London on their lord-mayor's day, and did so the 'year that Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert 'was a very loyal man, and if you will allow the ex-'pression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with 'the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his 'prince, and through the warmth he was in with con-'tinual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship 'grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a 'familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a 'place. The king understood very well how to extricate 'himself in all kinds of difficulties, and with an hint to

'the

'the company to avoid ceremony, ſtole off and made to-
'wards his coach, which ſtood ready for him in Guild-
'hall yard: but the mayor liked his company ſo well,
'and was grown ſo intimate, that he purſued him haſtily,
'and catching him faſt by the hand, cried out with a
'vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you ſhall ſtay and
"take the other bottle." The airy monarch looked
'kindly at him over his ſhoulder, and with a ſmile and
'graceful air (for I ſaw him at the time, and do now)
'repeated this line of the old ſong;

"He that is drunk is as great as a king;"

'and immediately turned back and complied with his
'landlord.

'I give you this ſtory, Mr. Spectator, becauſe, as I
'ſaid, I ſaw the paſſage; and I aſſure you it is very true,
'and yet no common one; and when I tell you the
'ſequel, you will ſay I have yet a better reaſon for it.
'This very mayor afterwards erected a ſtatue of his
'merry monarch in Stocks-market, and did the crown
'many and great ſervices; and it was owing to this
'humour of the king, that his family had ſo great a
'fortune ſhut up in the exchequer of their pleaſant
'ſovereign. The many good-natured condeſcenſions of
'this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently
'ſaid of him by a great hand which writ his character,
"That he was not a king a quarter of an hour to-
"gether in his whole reign." He would receive viſits
'even from fools and half mad-men, and at times I
'have met with people who have boxed, fought at
'back-ſword, and taken poiſon before king Charles II.
'In a word, he was ſo pleaſant a man, that no one could
'be ſorrowful under his government. This made him
'capable of baffling, with the greateſt eaſe imaginable,
'all ſuggeſtions of jealouſy, and the people could not
'entertain notions of any thing terrible in him, whom
'they ſaw every way agreeable. This ſcrap of the
'familiar part of that prince's hiſtory I thought fit to

'ſend

'send you, in compliance to the requeſt you lately made, 'to your correſpondents.

'I am, Sir,

T 'Your moſt humble ſervant.'

No. CDLXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

Omnia quæ ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore ſopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defeſſa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſylvas & ſua luſtra redit:
Judicibus lites, aurigæ ſomnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Muſarum ſtudium ſub nocte ſilenti
Artibus aſſuetis ſollicitare ſolet. CLAUD.

In ſleep, when fancy is let looſe to play,
Our dreams repeat the wiſhes of the day.
Tho' farther toil his tired limbs refuſe,
The dreaming hunter ſtill the chace purſues.
The judge a-bed diſpenſes ſtill the laws,
And ſleeps again o'er the unfiniſh'd cauſe.
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and ſhuns the fancy'd goal.
Me too the Muſes, in the ſilent night,
With wonted chimes of gingling verſe delight.

I WAS lately entertaining myſelf with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is repreſented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a paſſage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then conſidered how the ſame way of thinking prevailed in the eaſtern parts of the world, as in thoſe noble paſſages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been weighed in the balance, and been found wanting. In other places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is deſcribed as weighing the mountains in ſcales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds, and in others,

others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper, had an eye to several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description, wherein he represents the arch-angel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

'Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
'Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
'Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
'Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
'The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
'In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
'Battles and realms; in these he put two weights,
'The sequel each of parting and of fight,
'The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam:
'Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:

'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
'Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
'To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
'Than Heav'n permits; nor mine, though doubled now
'To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
'And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
'Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,
'If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
'His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
'Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.'.

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales

ſcales hanging by a chain of the ſame metal over the table that ſtood before me; when, on a ſudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each ſide of them. I found upon examining theſe weights, they ſhewed the value of every thing that is in eſteem among men. I made an eſſay of them, by putting the weight of wiſdom in one ſcale, and that of riches in another, upon which the latter, to ſhew it's comparative lightneſs, immediately 'flew up and kicked the 'beam.'

But before I proceed, I muſt inform my reader, that theſe weights did not exert their natural gravity until they were laid in the golden balance, inſomuch that I could not gueſs which was light or heavy, whilſt I held them in my hand. This I found by ſeveral inſtances; for upon my laying a weight in one of the ſcales which was inſcribed by the word Eternity; though I threw in that of time, proſperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, intereſt, ſucceſs, with many other weights, which in my hand ſeemed very ponderous, they were not able to ſtir the oppoſite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though aſſiſted with the weight of the ſun, the ſtars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the ſcales, I laid ſeveral titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and ſeeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other ſcale, when to my great ſurpriſe it proved ſo exact a counterpoiſe, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inſcribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were ſeveral other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoiſes to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with ſome others.

There were likewiſe ſeveral weights that were of the ſame figure, and ſeemed to correſpond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the ſcales; as religion and hypocriſy, pedantry and learning, wit and

and vivacity, ſuperſtition and devotion, gravity and wiſdom, with many others.

I obſerved one particular weight lettered on both ſides, and upon applying myſelf to the reading of it, I found on one ſide written, 'In the dialect of men,' and underneath it, 'CALAMITIES.' On the other ſide was written, 'In the language of the gods,' and underneath, 'BLESSINGS.' I found the intrinſic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good-fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a ſaying among the Scotch, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy; I was ſenſible of the truth of this ſaying, when I ſaw the difference between the weight of natural parts, and that of learning. The obſervation which I made upon theſe two weights opened to me a new field of diſcoveries; for notwithſtanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I obſerved that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the ſame ſcale with it. I made the ſame obſervation upon faith and morality; for notwithſtanding the latter out-weighed the former ſeparately, it received a thouſand times more additional weight from it's conjunction with the former, than what it had by itſelf. This odd phenomenon ſhewed itſelf in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philoſophy and religion, juſtice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of ſenſe, and perſpicuity of ſtile, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream ſeldom fails of daſhing ſeriouſneſs with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made ſeveral other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an Engliſh octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the ſcales,

and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not enquire into the event, if he remembers the firſt trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the ſexes into the balance, but as it is not for my intereſt to diſoblige either of them, I ſhall deſire to be excuſed from telling the reſult of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one ſcale the principles of a Tory, and into the other thoſe of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I ſhall likewiſe, deſire to be ſilent under this head alſo, though upon examining one of the weights, I ſaw the word TEKEL engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this day's ſpeculation, I may perhaps reſerve them for another. I ſhall only add, that upon my awaking I was ſorry to find my golden ſcales vaniſhed, but reſolved for the future to learn this leſſon from them, not to deſpiſe or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my eſteem and paſſions towards them according to their real and intrinſic value. C

No. CDLXIV. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. Hor.

The golden mean, as ſhe's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modeſty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely ſeat. Norris.

I AM wonderfully pleaſed when I meet with any paſſage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of

Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis: 'Vice 'is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty,' or to give it in the verbal translation, 'Among men there are some 'who have their vices concealed by wealth, and others 'who have their virtues concealed by poverty.' Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man. 'There was a little 'city, and few men within: and there came a great king 'against it: and besieged it, and built great bulwarks 'against it: now there was found in in it a poor wise 'man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet 'no man remembered that same poor man. Then, said 'I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the 'poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not 'heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, 'It is hard for a man to keep 'a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a 'triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which arises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I

have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. 'Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty, nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though in some parts of it, it is like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably,

notably, and repreſents to her old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and ſciences would be driven out with her: and that if every one was rich, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments and conveniences of life which made riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries in regard to their ſhape, their health, and their activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unweildineſs, and intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for herſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately conſidered how he might reſtore Plutus to his ſight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æſculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes and began to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, till in the laſt act Mercury deſcends with great complaints from the gods, that ſince the good men were grown rich they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a prieſt of Jupiter, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince this late innovation he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a propoſal which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry Plutus in a ſolemn proceſſion to the Temple, and inſtal him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory inſtructed the Athenians in two points, firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in it's ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them. C

No. CDLXV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes. Hor.

How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine age in peace:
Leſt av'rice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe:
Or fears ſhou'd ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe. Creech.

HAVING endeavoured in my laſt Saturday's paper to ſhew the great excellency of faith, I ſhall here conſider what are the proper means of ſtrengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Thoſe who delight in reading books of controverſy, which are written on both ſides of the queſtion in points of faith, do very ſeldom arrive at a fixed and ſettled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of it's important truths, and the next meet with ſomething that ſhakes and diſturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and ſhews itſelf in new difficulties, and that generally for this reaſon, becauſe the mind which is perpetually toſt in controverſies and diſputes, is apt to forget the reaſons which had once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new ſhape, or is ſtarted by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth, ſo nothing is more irrational than to paſs away our whole lives, without determining ourſelves one way or other in thoſe points which are of the laſt importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our aſſent; but in caſes by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greateſt abſurdity to be wavering and unſettled, without cloſing with that ſide which appears the moſt ſafe and the moſt probable. The firſt rule therefore which I ſhall lay down is this, that when by reading or diſcourſe we find ourſelves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reaſonableneſs of our belief in it, we ſhould never after ſuffer ourſelves to call it into queſtion. We may perhaps

perhaps forget the arguments which occaſioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the ſtrength they had with us, and therefore ſtill to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or ſcience, nor is it poſſible to act otherwiſe, conſidering the weakneſs and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus, that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himſelf in that great conference which was managed between the moſt learned among the proteſtants and papiſts in the reign of queen Mary. This venerable old man knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impoſſible for him to recollect all thoſe reaſons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full poſſeſſion of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagoniſts by the force of reaſon. As for himſelf he only repeated to his adverſaries the articles in which he firmly believed; and in the profeſſion of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propoſitions which he has once demonſtrated; and though the demonſtration may have ſlipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, becauſe he knows it was demonſtrated. This rule is abſolutely neceſſary for weaker minds, and in ſome meaſure for men of the greateſt abilities; but to theſe laſt I would propoſe in the ſecond place, that they ſhould lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in a readineſs thoſe arguments which appear to them of the greateſt ſtrength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which ſtrengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not againſt his intereſt that it ſhould be true. The pleaſure he receives at preſent, and the happineſs which he promiſes himſelf from it hereafter, will both diſpoſe him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary obſervation that 'we are eaſy to believe what we wiſh.'

It

It is very certain, that a man of ſound reaſon cannot forbear cloſing with religion upon an impartial examination of it! but at the ſame time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers ſtrength from practice more than from ſpeculation.

There is ſtill another method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant acts of mental worſhip, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe but feels there is a deity. He has actual ſenſations of him; his experience concurs with his reaſon; he ſees him more and more in all his intercourſes with him, and even in this life almoſt loſes his faith in conviction.

The laſt method which I ſhall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkneſs of the night, whatever deep impreſſions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the day breaks about him. The light and noiſe of the day, which are perpetually ſoliciting his ſenſes, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo much ſtrength, during the ſilence and darkneſs of the night. A man finds the ſame difference as to himſelf in a crowd and in a ſolitude: the mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that variety of objects which preſs upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herſelf to the conſideration of thoſe things which are of the utmoſt concern to her. The cares or pleaſures of the world ſtrike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of juſtification to our folly. In our retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with thoſe of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reaſonable man, who ſees the impreſſions of Divine Power and Wiſdom in every object, on which he caſts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the beſt arguments for his

his own exiſtence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and theſe are arguments which a man of ſenſe cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noiſe and hurry of human affairs. Ariſtotle ſays, that ſhould a man live under ground, and there converſe with works of art and mechaniſm, and ſhould afterwards be brought up into the open day, and ſee the ſeveral glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of ſuch a Being as we define God to be. The Pſalmiſt has very beautiful ſtrokes of poetry to this purpoſe, in that exalted ſtrain: 'The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament 'ſheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another: 'and one night certifieth another. There is neither 'ſpeech nor language: but their voices are heard among 'them. Their ſound is gone out into all lands: and 'their words unto the ends of the world.' As ſuch a bold and ſublime manner of thinking furniſhes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may ſee it wrought into the following one.

I.

'The ſpacious firmament on high,
'With all the blue ethereal ſky,
'And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
'Their great original proclaim:
'Th' unwearied ſun from day to day,
'Does his Creator's power diſplay,
'And publiſhes to every land
'The work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

'Soon as th' ev'ning ſhades prevail,
'The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
'And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
'Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
'Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
'And all the planets in their turn,
'Confirm the tidings as they roll,
'And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

'What

III.

'What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
'Move round the dark terreſtial ball?
'What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
'Amid their radiant orbs be found?
'In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
'And utter forth a glorious voice,
'For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

No. CDLXVI. MONDAY, AUGUST 25.

——Vera inceſſu patuit dea. VIRG.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is loſt in the wood, and a perfect ſtranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accoſted by a lady in an habit for the chace. She enquires of him, whether he has ſeen paſs by that way any young woman dreſſed as ſhe was? Whether ſhe were following the ſport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the cuſtom of huntreſſes? The hero anſwers with the reſpect due to the beautiful appearance ſhe made; tells her, he ſaw no ſuch perſon as ſhe enquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be one of the deities, and deſires ſhe would conduct a ſtranger. Her form from her firſt appearance manifeſted ſhe was more than mortal; but though ſhe was certainly a goddeſs, the poet does not make her known to be the goddeſs of Beauty till ſhe moved: all the charms of an agreeable perſon are then in their higheſt exertion, every limb and feature appears with its reſpective grace. It is from this obſervation, that I cannot help being ſo paſſionate an admirer as I am of good dancing. As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its higheſt

higheſt excellence, and at a time when ſhe is moſt agreeable. The buſineſs of dancing is to diſplay beauty, and for that reaſon all diſtortions and mimicries, as ſuch, are what raiſe averſion inſtead of pleaſure: but things that are in themſelves excellent, are ever attended with impoſture and falſe imitation. Thus as in poetry there are laborious fools who write anagrams and acroſtics, there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures ſhould be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a buſhel to keep his hand in uſe. The dancers on our ſtage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themſelves into ſuch poſtures, as it would be a pain for any of the ſpectators to ſtand in, and yet hope to pleaſe thoſe ſpectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you ſee he keeps cloſe to the characters he repreſents. He does not hope to pleaſe by making his performers move in a manner in which no one elſe ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he repreſents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumſy graces, that is, he makes them practiſe what they would think graces: And I have ſeen dances of his, which might give hints that would be uſeful to a comic writer. Theſe performances have pleaſed the taſte of ſuch as have not reflexion enough to know their excellence, becauſe they are in nature; and the diſtorted motions of others have offended thoſe, who could not form reaſons to themſelves for their diſpleaſure, from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one conſiders the inexpreſſible advantage there is in arriving at ſome excellence in this art, it is monſtrous to behold it ſo much neglected. The following letter has in it ſomething very natural on this ſubject.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a widower with but one daughter; ſhe was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no

way

'way of educating her, but commanding a young wo-
'man, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be
'very watchful in her care and attendance about her.
'I am a man of buſineſs, and obliged to be much
'abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my
'abſence our maid has let in the ſpruce ſervants in the
'neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and
'romped even in the ſtreet. To tell you the plain
'truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-
'farthing among the boys. This put me upon new
'thoughts about my child, and I determined to place
'her at a boarding-ſchool, and at the ſame time gave a
'very diſcreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at
'the ſame place and rate, to be her companion. I took
'little notice of my girl from time to time. but ſaw her
'now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and
'was ſatisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately
'prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot
'expreſs to you the anxiety my ſilly heart was in, when
'I ſaw my romp, now fifteen, taken out. I never felt
'the pangs of a father upon me ſo ſtrongly in my whole
'life before; and I could not have ſuffered more, had
'my whole fortune been at ſtake. My girl came on
'with the moſt becoming modeſty I have ever ſeen, and
'caſting a reſpectful eye, as if ſhe feared me more than
'all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her
'all the ſpirit ſhe aſſumed upon it, but ſhe roſe properly
'to that dignity of aſpect. My romp, now the moſt
'graceful perſon of her ſex, aſſumed a majeſty which
'commanded the higheſt reſpect; and when ſhe turned
'to me, and ſaw my face in rapture, ſhe fell into the
'prettieſt ſmile, and I ſaw in all her motions that ſhe ex-
'ulted in her father's ſatisfaction. You, Mr. Spectator,
'will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourſelf all
'the different beauties and changes of aſpect in an ac-
'complished young woman, ſetting forth all her beauties
'with a deſign to pleaſe no one ſo much as her father.
'My girl's lover can never know half the ſatisfaction
'that I did in her that day. I could not poſſibly have
'imagined,

'imagined, that ſo great improvement could have been 'wrought by an art that I always held in itſelf ridicu-'lous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no 'method like this, to give young women a ſenſe of their 'own value and dignity; and I am ſure there can be 'none ſo expeditious to communicate that value to 'others. As for the flippant inſipidly gay and wanton-'ly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that car-'riage is more to be attributed to the perverſe genius of 'the performers, than imputed to the art itſelf. For 'my part, my child has danced herſelf into my eſteem, 'and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for 'her mother, from whom ſhe derived thoſe latent good 'qualities which appeared in her countenance when ſhe 'was dancing; for my girl, though I ſay it myſelf, 'ſhewed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles 'of a modeſt virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a 'kind mother, and an indulgent miſtreſs. I will ſtrain 'hard but I will purchaſe for her an huſband ſuitable to 'her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of 'what I thought you jeſted when you recommended; and 'if you pleaſe to be at my houſe on Thurſday next, I 'make a ball for my daughter, and you ſhall ſee her 'dance, or, if you will do her that honour, dance with 'her.

'I am, Sir,

'Your muſt humble ſervant,

'PHILIPATER.'

I have ſome time ago ſpoken of a treatiſe written by Mr. Weaver on this ſubject, which is now, I underſtand, ready to be publiſhed. This work ſets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting inſenſibly in minds, not capable of receiving it ſo well by any other rules, a ſenſe of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne dance, let him be never so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was shewed last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had an hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of Mariamne when she dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one ever was a good dancer, that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover, at least, of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification, say that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and

and beautiful, from the higheſt ſentiments of the ſoul, to the moſt indifferent geſture of the body. T

No. CDLXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 26.

—— Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camœnæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; ſeu, quod ſpes abnuit, ultrà;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus: omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta. TIBULL.

Whate'er my muſe adventurous dares indite,
Whether the niceneſs of thy piercing ſight
Applaud my lays, or cenſure what I write;
To thee I ſing, and hope to borrow fame,
By adding to my page Meſſala's name.

THE love of praiſe is a paſſion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary perſon, and thoſe who are moſt affected with it, ſeem moſt to partake of that particle of the divinity which diſtinguiſhes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being himſelf is moſt pleaſed with praiſe and thankſgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilſt this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent obſervation, that we then only deſpiſe commendation when we ceaſe to deſerve it: and we have ſtill extant two orations of Tully and Pliny, ſpoken to the greateſt and beſt princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greateſt ſatisfaction, what even the moſt diſintereſted perſons, and at ſo large a diſtance of time, cannot read without admiration. Cæſar thought his life conſiſted in the breath of praiſe, when he profeſſed he had lived long enough for himſelf when he had for his glory. Others have ſacrificed themſelves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themſelves to purchaſe a ſound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and ſuperior excellencies not only to gain, but,

whilſt living, to enjoy a great and univerſal reputation, is the laſt degree of happineſs which we can hope for here. Bad characters are diſperſed abroad with profuſion, I hope for example ſake, and (as puniſhments are deſigned by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chaſtiſing the guilty. The good are leſs frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that, through the malignity of our nature we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However it is but juſt, as well as pleaſing, even for variety, ſometimes to give the world a repreſentation of the bright ſide of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: the deſire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the averſion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you ſhould do, whilſt the other only ſhews you what you ſhould avoid: and I cannot at preſent do this with more ſatisfaction, than by endeavouring to do ſome juſtice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed my preſent deſign, to give a particular deſcription of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life: I ſhall now only draw him in his retirement, and paſs over in ſilence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undeſigning honeſty by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the eaſe he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleaſure on the waves and billows through which he has ſteered to ſo fair an haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and uſe of mankind has diſcovered to be the moſt uſeful to them. Thus in his private domeſtic employments he is no leſs glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult taſk to be conſpicuous in a ſedentary inactive life, than in one that is ſpent in hurry and buſineſs; perſons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the ſwiftneſs of their motion have a brightneſs added to them, which often vaniſhes when they are at reſt; but if it then ſtill remain, it muſt be

be the ſeeds of intrinſic worth that thus ſhine out without any foreign aid or aſſiſtance.

His liberality in another might alſo bear the name of profuſion; he ſeems to think it laudable even in the exceſs, like that river which moſt enriches when it overflows: but Manilius has too perfect a taſte of the pleaſure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reaſon he will have a juſt œconomy, and a ſplendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence thoſe ſtreams ſhould flow which he diſperſes abroad. He looks with diſdain on thoſe who propoſe their death, as the time when they are to begin their munificence; he will both ſee and enjoy (which he then does in the higheſt degree) what he beſtows himſelf; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilſt they who have the happineſs to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life, and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raiſe himſelf to a level with thoſe of the higheſt rank; and his good-nature is a ſufficient warrant againſt the want of thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to be in the very loweſt. One may ſay of him, as Pindar bids his muſe ſay of Theron.

Swear, that Theron ſure has ſworn,
No one near him ſhould be poor.
Swear, that none e'er had ſuch a graceful art,
For me's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

Never did Atticus ſucceed better in gaining the univerſal love and eſteem of all men; nor ſteer with more ſucceſs betwixt the extremes of two contending parties. It is his peculiar happineſs, that while he eſpouſes neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but what is a more rare and unuſual felicity, he is beloved and careſſed by both; and I never yet ſaw any perſon of whatſoever age or ſex, but was immediately ſtruck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are ac-

ceptable to ſome particular perſons, whilſt the reſt of mankind look upon them with coldneſs and indifference; but he is the firſt whoſe entire good fortune it is ever to pleaſe and to be pleaſed, wherever he comes to be admired, and wherever he is abſent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphael, which are either ſeen with admiration by all, or at leaſt no one dare own he has no taſte for a compoſition which has received ſo univerſal an applauſe. Envy and malice find it againſt their intereſt to indulge ſlander and obloquy. It is as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to his praiſe. An attempt upon his reputation is a ſure leſſening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuſe his juſt commendations, and be obſtinately ſilent.

It is below him to catch the ſight with any care of dreſs; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a luſtre to the plaineſt dreſs, whilſt it is impoſſible the richeſt ſhould communicate any to him. He is ſtill the principal figure in the room; he firſt engages your eye, as if there were ſome point of light which ſhone ſtronger upon him than on any other perſon.

He puts me in mind of a ſtory of the famous Buſſy d'Amboiſe, who at an aſſembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmoſt magnificence, relying upon his own ſuperior behaviour, inſtead of adorning himſelf like the reſt, put on that day a plain ſuit of clothes, and dreſſed all his ſervants in the moſt coſtly gay habits he could procure: the event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him, all the reſt looked like his attendants, whilſt he alone had the air of a perſon of quality and diſtinction.

Like Ariſtippus, whatever ſhape or condition he appears in, it ſtill ſits free and eaſy upon him; but in ſome part of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeneſs of his preſent circumſtances, the rectitude of his judgment has ſo fat cor-

corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it were the dæmon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent recommendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof of what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger or intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expence of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture of his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, while he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward demeanour of the persons they belong to: but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend. Z

No. CDLXVIII.

No. CDLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer & qui plurimum & salis haberet & fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good-humour.

MY paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion——He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company; then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into

into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet holding up the ſkull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jeſter, falls into very pleaſing reflections, and cries out to his companion.

'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow 'of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy; he hath borne 'me on his back a thouſand times: and now how ab-'horred in my imagination is it! my gorge riſes at it. 'Here hung thoſe lips that I have kiſſed I know not 'how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, 'your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment that were wont 'to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your 'own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my 'lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, 'to this favour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that.'

It is an inſolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumſtances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praiſe faintly the good qualities of thoſe below them, and ſay, it is very extraordinary in ſuch a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whoſe lowneſs upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be aſcribed, that a quick wit in converſation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could ariſe, and a moſt blameleſs inoffenſive behaviour could not raiſe this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diverſion. But he was as eaſy under that conſtraint, as a man of ſo excellent talents was capable, and ſince they would have it, that to divert was his buſineſs, he did it with all the ſeeming alacrity imaginable, though it ſtung him to the heart that it was his buſineſs. Men of ſenſe, who could taſte his excellencies, were well ſatisfied to let him lead the way in converſation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expence, who called for it, and he would ſhew the form of conceited heavy fellows as jeſts to the company at their own requeſt, in

revenge

revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages, wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Eastcourt I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature, to have it frequently said, that he was not a good player; but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch, in the Northern Lass, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce, in The Tender Husband, it is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! let the vain and proud be at rest, they will no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves,

and

and thou art no longer to drudge in raiſing the mirth of ſtupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when diſturbers of the world are laid at reſt, but to take no notice when they who can pleaſe and divert are pulled from us: but for my part, I cannot but think the loſs of ſuch talents as the man of whom I am ſpeaking was maſter of, a more melancholy inſtance of mortality than the diſſolution of perſons of never ſo high characters in the world, whoſe pretenſions were that they were noiſy and miſchievous.

But I muſt grow more ſuccinct, and as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man, who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I ſpeak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for converſation. His fortune expoſed him to an obſequiouſneſs towards the worſt ſort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the beſt figure in the moſt refined. I have been preſent with him among men of the moſt delicate taſte a whole night, and have known him (for he ſaw it was deſired) keep the diſcourſe to himſelf the moſt part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance, in a language ſo delightful, without offence to any perſon or thing upon earth, ſtill preſerving the diſtance his circumſtances obliged him to; I ſay, I have ſeen him do all this in ſuch a charming manner, that I am ſure none of thoſe I hint at will read this, without giving him ſome ſorrow for their abundant mirth, and one guſh of tears for ſo many burſts of laughter. I wiſh it were any honour to the pleaſant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much ſuffuſed to let me go on——— T

No. CDLXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, & hominem hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum, magis eſt contra naturam, quàm mors, quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ poſſunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis. TULL.

To detract from other men, and turn their diſadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature, than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies, or external circumſtances.

I AM perſuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would ſeek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or thoſe whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themſelves. To an honeſt mind the beſt perquiſites of place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Thoſe who are under the great officers of ſtate, and are the inſtruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exerciſe of compaſſion and benevolence, than their ſuperiors themſelves. Theſe men know every little caſe that is to come before the great man, and if they are poſſeſſed with honeſt minds, will conſider poverty as a recommendation in the perſon who applies himſelf to them, and make the juſtice of his cauſe the moſt powerful ſolicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a poſt of buſineſs, becomes a bleſſing to the public: he patroniſes the orphan and the widow, aſſiſts the friendleſs, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the perſon's pretenſions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuſe doing a good office for a man becauſe he cannot pay the fee of it. In ſhort, though he regulates himſelf in all his proceedings by juſtice and equity, he finds a thouſand occaſions for all the good-natured offices of generoſity and compaſſion.

A man is unfit for ſuch a place of truſt, who is of a ſour untractable nature, or has any other paſſion that makes him uneaſy to thoſe who approach him. Roughneſs

neſs of temper is apt to diſcountenance the timorous or modeſt. The proud man diſcourages thoſe from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who moſt want his aſſiſtance. The impatient man will not give himſelf time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer with one or more of theſe unbecoming qualities, is ſometimes looked upon as a proper perſon to keep off impertinence and ſolicitation from his ſuperior; but this is a kind of merit, that can never atone for the injuſtice which may very often ariſe from it

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for ſuch a place of truſt. The firſt of theſe is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without deſign. The maxim which ſeveral have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, ſhould be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done is guilty of injuſtice ſo long as he defers it. The diſpatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the ſolicitor as the good office itſelf. In ſhort, if a man compared the inconveniencies which another ſuffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himſelf may reap by ſuch a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the perſon who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himſelf.

But in the laſt place there is no man ſo improper to be employed in buſineſs, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and ſuch an one is the man, who upon any pretence whatſoever, receives more than what is the ſtated and unqueſtioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulneſs, diſpatch money, and the like ſpecious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently ſhelters itſelf. An honeſt man will look on all theſe methods as unjuſtifiable, and will enjoy himſelf better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown eſtate that is cankered with the acquiſitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices diſcharged with ſuch an inflexi-

ble integrity, we ſhould not ſee men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that ſuch a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the firſt that offer themſelves, or thoſe who have the character of ſhrewd worldly men, inſtead of ſearching out ſuch as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been obſerved, that men of learning who take to buſineſs, diſcharge it generally with greater honeſty than men of the world. The chief reaſon for it I take to be as follows. A man that has ſpent his youth in reading, has been uſed to find virtue extolled, and vice ſtigmatized. A man that has paſt his time in the world, has often ſeen vice triumphant, and virtue diſcountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injuſtice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while ſeveral qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generoſity, ingenuity and good-nature, impoveriſh and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men, whoſe tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at leaſt this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in buſineſs, that their proſperity would ſit more gracefully on them, and that we ſhould not ſee many worthleſs perſons ſhot up into the greateſt figures of life. C

No. CDLXX. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum. Mart.

'Tis folly only, and defect of ſenſe,
Turns trifles into things of conſequence.

I HAVE been very often diſappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a claſſic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various

various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful paſſage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that ſuch or ſuch ancient manuſcripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of ſome other notable diſcovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different ſenſe, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the ſeveral ways of ſpelling the ſame word, and gathers together the various blunders and miſtakes of twenty or thirty different tranſcribers, they only take up the time of the learned reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myſelf how enraged an old Latin author would be, ſhould he ſee the ſeveral abſurdities in ſenſe and grammar, which are imputed to him by ſome or other of theſe various readings. In one he ſpeaks nonſenſe; in another makes uſe of a word that was never heard of: and indeed there is ſcarce a ſoleciſm in writing which the beſt author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of ſome manuſcript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the proſecution of his work.

I queſtion not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to underſtand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I ſhall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of ſeveral perſons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will ſuppoſe that the following ſong is an old ode, which I preſent to the public in a new edition, with the ſeveral various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuſcripts. Thoſe who cannot reliſh the various readings, will perhaps find their account in the ſong, which never before appeared in print.

'My love was fickle once and changing,
'Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
'From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
'In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming face enslav'd me,
'An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
'And all my former fetters broke.

'But now a long and lasting anguish
'For Belvidera I endure:
'Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,
'Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

'For here the false unconstant lover,
'After a thousand beauties shown,
'Does new surprising charms discover,
'And finds variety in one.'

Various readings.

Stanza the first, verse the first, 'And changing.'] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second, 'Nor e'er would.'] Aldus reads it, 'ever would;' but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that Synæresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid. 'In my heart.'] Scaliger and others, 'on my 'heart.'

Verse the fourth, 'I found a dart.'] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *it*; but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second, 'The fatal stroke.'] Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for *the* read *a*; but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third, 'Till by her wit.'] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*. But as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, verse the first, 'A long and lasting 'anguish.'] The German manuscript reads, 'a lasting 'passion; but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second, 'For Belvidera I endure.'] Did not all

all the manuſcripts reclaim, I ſhould change Belvidera into Pelvidera; Pelvis being uſed by ſeveral of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glaſs, by which means the etymology of the word is very viſible, and Pelvidera will ſignify a lady, who often looks in her glaſs; as indeed ſhe had very good reaſon, if ſhe had all thoſe beauties which our poet here aſcribes to her.

Verſe the third, 'Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh.'] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the laſt has great authorities of its ſide.

Verſe the fourth, 'The wonted cure.'] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure*.

Stanza the fourth, verſe the ſecond, 'After a thouſand 'beauties.'] In ſeveral copies we meet with 'a hundred 'beauties,' by the uſual error of the tranſcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taſte enough to know that the word thouſand was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's miſtreſs than an hundred.

Verſe the fourth, 'And finds variety in one.'] Moſt of the ancient manuſcripts have it 'in two.' Indeed ſo many of them concur in the laſt reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reaſons which incline me to the reading as I have publiſhed it, firſt, becauſe the rhyme; and, ſecondly, becauſe the ſenſe is preſerved by it. It might likewiſe proceed from the oſcitancy of tranſcribers, who, to diſpatch their work the ſooner, uſed to write all numbers in cyphers, and ſeeing the figure 1 followed by a little daſh of the pen, as is cuſtomary in old manuſcripts, they perhaps miſtook the daſh for a ſecond figure, and by caſting up both together, compoſed out of them the figure 2. But this I ſhall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of ſo great uncertainty. C

No. CDLXXI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὰς σοφὰς ἔχειν βίον. EURIPID.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of hope.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed

lowed with this paſſion, which gives him a taſte of thoſe good things that may poſſibly come into his poſſeſſion. 'We ſhould hope for every thing that is good,' ſays the old poet Linus, 'becauſe there is nothing which may 'not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are 'able to give us.' Hope quickens all the ſtill parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her moſt remiſs and indolent hours. It gives habitual ſerenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the ſoul, that chçers and gladdens her, when ſhe does not attend to it. It makes pain eaſy, and labour pleaſant.

Beſides theſe ſeveral advantages which riſe from Hope, there is another which is none of the leaſt, and that is, its great efficacy in preſerving us from ſetting too high a value on preſent enjoyments. The ſaying of Cæſar is very well known. When he had given away all his eſtate in gratuities amongſt his friends, one of them aſked what he had left for himſelf; to which that great man replied, Hope. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly poſſeſſed of, and turned all his thoughts upon ſomething more valuable that he had in view. I queſtion not but every reader will draw a moral from this ſtory, and apply it to himſelf without my direction.

The old ſtory of Pandora's box, which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man, ſhews us how deplorable a ſtate they thought the preſent life, without hope. To ſet forth the utmoſt condition or miſery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great veſſel preſented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, ſays the fable, there flew out all the calamities and diſtempers incident to men, from which, until that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been incloſed in the cup with ſo much bad company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I ſhall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto ſaid. Firſt, that no kind of life is ſo happy as that

that which is full of hope, eſpecially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in it's nature proper to make the perſon happy who enjoys it. This propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent enjoyments of the moſt happy man, and how inſufficient to give him an intire ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in them.

My next obſervation is this, that a religious life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more ſure and certain than the hope of any temporal bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by reaſon, but by faith. It has at the ſame time it's eye pepetually fixed on that ſtate, which implies in the very notion of it the moſt full and the moſt complete happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the influence of hope in general ſweetens life, and makes our preſent condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a religious hope has ſtill greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her ſufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewiſe this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with ſecret comfort and refreſhment, but ſometimes with rapture and tranſport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilſt the ſoul ſprings forward with delight to the great object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with thoſe emblematical expreſſions of a lively hope, which the pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe dangers and adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following paſſage had it's preſent and perſonal, as well as it's future and prophetic ſenſe. 'I have ſet the Lord always before me: 'becauſe he is at my right hand I ſhall not be moved.

'Therefore

'Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: 'my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not 'leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine 'holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the 'path of life; in thy presence there is fulness of joy, 'at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.'

C

No. CDLXXII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

——Voluptas
Solamenque mali—— VIRG.

This only solace his hard fortune sends. DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich, who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read, and being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think, an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive, and the parcelling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for mens holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure; and sure it may also be some reason for amity, that they are under one common distress,

diſtreſs. If all the rich who are lame in the gout, from a life of eaſe, pleaſure and luxury, would help thoſe few who have it without a previous life of pleaſure, and add a few of ſuch laborious men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or ſickneſs; I ſay, would ſuch gouty perſons adminiſter to the neceſſities of men diſabled like themſelves, the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a behaviour would be the beſt julep, cordial, and anodyne in the feveriſh, faint and tormenting viciſſitudes of that miſerable diſtemper. The ſame may be ſaid of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. Theſe claſſes of charity would certainly bring down bleſſings upon an age and people; and if men were not petrified with the love of this world, againſt all ſenſe of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreaſonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a ſick alderman after this form:

'Mr. BASIL PLENTY,

'Sir,

'YOU have the gout and ſtone, with ſixty thou-
'ſand pounds ſterling; I have the gout and
'ſtone, not worth one farthing; I ſhall pray for you,
'and deſire you would pay the bearer twenty ſhil-
'lings for value received from,

'Sir,

Cripple-Gate, 'Your humble ſervant,
Aug. 29, 1712. 'LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

The reader's own imagination will ſuggeſt to him the reaſonableneſs of ſuch correſpondences, and diverſify them into a thouſand forms; but I ſhall cloſe this as I began upon the ſubject of blindneſs. The following letter ſeems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his ſtudy after a ſuſpence of an ability to do ſo. The benefit he reports himſelf to have received, may

may well claim the handſomeſt encomium he can give the operator.

'Mr. Spectator,

'RUMINATING lately on your admirable diſcourſes on the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I began 'to conſider to which of our ſenſes we are obliged 'for the greateſt and moſt important ſhare of thoſe 'pleaſures; and I ſoon concluded that it was to the 'ſight: that is the ſovereign of the ſenſes, and mo-'ther of all the arts and ſciences, that have refined 'the rudeneſs of the uncultivated mind to a politeneſs 'that diſtinguiſhes the fine ſpirits from the barbarous 'goût of the great vulgar and the ſmall. The ſight is 'the obliging benefactreſs that beſtows on us the moſt 'tranſporting ſenſations that we have from the various 'and wonderful products of Nature. To the ſight we 'owe the amazing diſcoveries of the height, magni-'tude and motion of the planets; their ſeveral revo-'lutions about their common centre of light, heat and 'motion, the ſun. The ſight travels yet farther to the 'fixed ſtars, and furniſhes the underſtanding with ſolid 'reaſons to prove, that each of them is a ſun moving 'on it's own axis in the center of it's own vortex or 'turbillion, and performing the ſame offices to it's de-'pendent planets, that our glorious ſun does to this. 'But the inquiries of the ſight will not be ſtopped 'here, but make their progreſs through the immenſe 'expanſe of the Milky Way, and there divide the 'blended fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different 'worlds, made up of diſtinct ſuns, and their peculiar 'equipages of planets, until unable to purſue this track 'any farther, it deputes the imagination to go on to 'new diſcoveries, until it fill the unbounded ſpace with 'endleſs worlds.

'The ſight informs the ſtatuary's chiſſel with power 'to give breath to lifeleſs braſs and marble, and the 'painter's pencil to ſwell the flat canvas with moving 'figures actuated by imaginary ſouls. Muſic indeed 'may plead another original ſince Jubal, by the dif-

'ferent falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered 'by the ear the first rude music that pleased the ante-'diluvian fathers; but then the sight has not only re-'duced those wilder sounds into artful order and har-'mony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant 'parts of the world without the help of sound. To 'the sight we owe not only all the discoveries of phi-'losophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that 'transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton 'and Virgil.

'As the sight has polished the world, so does it sup-'ply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let 'love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety, and 'conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on 'a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to 'enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; 'every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, 'finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'Thus as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are 'derived from the sight, so has Providence been more 'curious in the formation of it's seat, the eye, than 'of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous 'machine is composed in a wonderful manner of mus-'cles, membranes, and humours. It's motions are ad-'mirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of 'the humours transmit the rays of light; the rays are 'regularly refracted by their figure, the black lining 'of the sclerotes effectually prevents their being con-'founded by reflexion. It is wonderful indeed to con-'sider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at 'once, and successively in an instant, and at the same 'time to make a judgment of their position, figure, or 'colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our 'steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty 'and variety instruct and delight.

'The pleasures and advantages of sight being so 'great, the loss must be very grievous; of which Mil-'ton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, 'both in the third book of his Paradise Lost, and in his 'Samson Agonistes.'

To

To light in the former.

'——————Thee I reviſit ſafe
'And feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
'Reviſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
'To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.'

And a little after.

'Seaſons return, but not to me returns
'Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n and morn,
'Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
'Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
'But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
'Surround me: from the chearful ways of men
'Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
'Preſented with an univerſal blank
'Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
'And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.'

Again, in Samſon Agoniſtes.

'——————But chief of all
'O loſs of ſight! of thee I moſt complain;
'Blind among enemies! O worſe than chains,
'Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepid age!
'Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
'And all her various objects of delight
'Annull'd——————

'——————Still as a fool,
'In pow'r of others, never in my own,
'Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than half;
'O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon:
'Irrevocably dark, total eclipſe,
'Without all hopes of day!'

'The enjoyment of ſight then being ſo great a bleſ-
'ſing, and the loſs of it ſo terrible an evil, how ex-
'cellent and valuable is the ſkill of that artiſt which
'can reſtore the former, and redreſs the latter? My
'frequent peruſal of the advertiſements in the public
'news-papers, generally the moſt agreeable entertain-
'ment they afford, has preſented me with many and

'various benefits of this kind done to my country-'men by that skilful artist Dr. Grant, her majesty's 'oculist extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought 'and restored to sight several hundreds in less than 'four years. Many have received sight by his means 'who came blind from their mother's womb, as in the 'famous instance of Jones of Newington. I myself 'have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes 'next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing 'that is reported of his ability this way; and know 'that many, who could not purchase his assistance 'with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But 'a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond 'it's bounds, what I have said being sufficient to com-'fort those who are in the like distress, since they may 'conceive hopes of being no longer miserable in this 'kind, while there is yet alive so able an oculist as 'Dr. Grant.

'I am the Spectator's humble servant,

T. 'PHILANTHROPUS.'

No. CDLXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus & pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet, moresque Catonis? Hor.

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;
Must he his virtues and his mind express? Creech.

To the Spectator.

'Sir,

'I AM now in the country, and employ most of my 'time in reading, or thinking upon what I have 'read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and

'it

'it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run 'into your way; and I recommend to you a subject 'upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, 'the satisfaction some men seem to take in their im-'perfections: I think one may call it glorying in their 'insufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it 'is the contrary to envy, though perhaps it may proceed 'from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of 'this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own 'merit, as they think, by impairing it, in praising 'themselves for their defects, freely allowing they com-'mit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed 'persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. 'They are generally professing an injudicious neglect 'of dancing, fencing, and riding, as also an unjust 'contempt for travelling, and the modern languages; 'as for their part, say they, they never valued or trou-'bled their head about them. This panegyrical satire 'on themselves certainly is worthy of your animadver-'sion. I have known one of these gentlemen think 'himself obliged to forget the day of an appointment, 'and sometimes even that you spoke to him, and when 'you see them, they hope you will pardon them, for 'they have the worst memory in the world. One of 'them started up the other day in some confusion, and 'said, "Now I think on it, I am to meet Mr. Mort-"main the attorney about some business, but whether it "is to-day, or to-morrow, faith, I cannot tell." Now 'to my certain knowledge he knew his time to a mo-'ment, and was there accordingly. These forgetful 'persons have, to heighten their crime, generally the 'best memories of any people, as I have found out by 'their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. 'Two or three of them that I know can say most of our 'modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the 'other day that is famous for a good carver, at which 'acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may 'detract from some of his more essential qualifications, 'to help me to something that was near him; but he

'excuſed himſelf, and bluſhing told me, "Of all things "he could never carve in his life;" though it can be 'proved upon him that he cuts up, disjoints, and un-'caſes with incomparable dexterity. I would not be 'underſtood as if I thought it laudable for a man of 'quality and fortune to rival the acquiſitions of artifi-'cers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; 'no, I argue only againſt being aſhamed at what is 'really praiſe-worthy. As theſe pretences to ingenuity 'ſhew themſelves ſeveral ways, you will often ſee a man 'of this temper aſhamed to be clean, and ſetting up for 'wit only from negligence in his habit. Now I am 'upon this head, I cannot help obſerving alſo upon a 'very different folly proceeding from the ſame cauſe. 'As theſe above mentioned ariſe from affecting an 'equality with men of greater talents from having the 'ſame faults, there are others that would come at a 'parallel with thoſe above them, by poſſeſſing little 'advantages which they want. I heard a young man 'not long ago, who has ſenſe, comfort himſelf in his 'ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: at 'the ſame time that he publiſhed his averſion to thoſe 'languages, he ſaid that the knowledge of them was 'rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's 'character; though at the ſame time I know he lan-'guiſhes and repines he is not maſter of them himſelf. 'Whenever I take any of theſe fine perſons thus detract-'ing from what they do not underſtand, I tell them I 'will complain to you, and ſay I am ſure you will not 'allow it an exception againſt a thing, that he who con-'temns it is an ignorant in it.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

S. T.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a man of a very good eſtate, and am honour-'ably in love. I hope you will allow, when the 'ultimate purpoſe is honeſt, there may be, without treſ-

'paſs

'paſs againſt innocence, ſome toying by the way. Peo-
'ple of condition are perhaps too diſtant and formal on
'thoſe occaſions; but however that is, I am to confeſs
'to you that I have writ ſome verſes to atone for my
'offence. You profeſſed authors are a little ſevere upon
'us, who write like gentlemen: but if you are a friend
'to love, you will inſert my poem. You cannot ima-
'gine how much ſervice it would do me with my fair
'one as well as reputation with all my friends, to have
'ſomething of mine in the Spectator. My crime was,
'that I ſnatched a kiſs, and my poetical excuſe as
'follows:

I.

'Belinda, ſee from yonder flowers
'The bee flies loaded to its cell;
'Can you perceive what it devours?
'Are they impair'd in ſhow or ſmell?

II.

'So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiſs,
'Sweeter than their ambroſial dew;
'Why are you angry at my bliſs?
'Has it at all impoveriſh'd you!

III.

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
'In ſpite of your unkind reſerve,
'To keep my famiſh'd love alive,
'Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'TIMOTHY STANZA.'

'Sir, Aug. 25, 1712.

'HAVING a little time upon my hands, I could
'not think of beſtowing it better, than in writ-

'ing an epiſtle to the Spectator, which I now do, 'and am,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'BOB SHORT.

'P. S. If you approve of my ſtyle, I am likely enough 'to become your correſpondent. I deſire your opinion 'of it. I deſign it for that way of writing called by the 'judicious the Familiar.' T

THE

INDEX.

A.

ACETUS, his character, Number 422.

Admiration, a pleasing motion of the mind, N. 413.

Affectation, the misfortune of it, N. 404; described, 460.

Almighty, his power over the imagination, N. 421; Aristotle's saying of his being, 465.

Allegories, like light to a discourse, N. 421; eminent writers faulty in them, *ibid.*

Allusions the great art of a writer, N. 421.

Amazons, their commonwealth, N. 433; how they educated their children, 434; their wars, *ibid.* they marry their male allies, *ibid.*

Americans used painting instead of writing, N 416.

Amity between agreeable persons of different sexes dangerous, N. 400.

Amoret the jilt reclaimed by Philander, N. 401.

Ann Boleyn's last letter to King Henry VIII. N. 397.

Ancients in the East, their way of living, N. 415.

Appearances, things not to be trusted for them, N. 464.

Applause (public) its pleasure, N. 442.

April (month of) described, N. 425.

Arabella, verses on her singing, N. 443.

Architecture, the ancients perfection in it, N. 415. The greatness of the manner how it strikes the fancy, *ibid.* Of the

manner

manner of both ancients and moderns, *ibid.* the concave and convex figures have the greateſt air, *ibid.* every thing that pleaſes the imagination in it, is either great, beautiful, or new, *ibid.*

Art, (works of) defective to entertain the imagination, N. 414; receive great advantage from their likeneſs to thoſe of nature, *ibid.*

Auguſt and July (months of) deſcribed, N. 425.

B.

BABEL, (Tower of) N. 415.

Bacon (Sir Francis) preſcribes his reader a poem or proſpect, as conducive to health, N. 411; what he ſays of the pleaſure of taſte, 447.

Bankruptcy, the miſery of it, N. 428. 456

Bar oratory in England, reflection on it, N. 407.

Baſilius Valentinus, and his ſon, their ſtory, N. 426.

Baxter, (Mr.) his laſt words, N. 445; more laſt words, *ibid.*

Boyle, (Mr.) what he ſays of libels, N. 451.

Bear-Garden, a combat there, N. 436; the cheats of it, 449.

Beauty heightened by motion, N. 406.

Beauty of objects, what underſtood by it. N. 412; nothing makes its way more directly to the ſoul, *ibid.* every ſpecies of ſenſible creatures has different notions of it, *ibid.* a ſecond kind of it, *ibid.*

Beggars, the grievance of them, N. 430.

Belvidera, a critique on a ſong upon her, N. 470.

Belus, Jupiter, (Temple of) N. 415.

Birds, how affected by colours, N. 412.

Blaſt (Lady) her character, N. 457.

Bluemantle (Lady) an account of her. N. 427.

Buck (Timothy) his anſwer to James Miller's challenge, N. 436.

Buffoonry, cenſured, N. 442.

Buſineſs (men of) their error in ſimilitudes, N. 421; of learning fitteſt for it, 469.

Buſſy d'Amboiſe, a ſtory of him, 467.

C.

CÆSAR loſt his life by neglecting a Roman augur's caution, N. 395.

Cælia, her character, N. 464.

Calisthenes, his character, N. 422.
Calumny, the ill effects of it, N. 451.
Camilla's letter to the Spectator from Venice, N. 443. how applauded there, *ibid.*
Cartesian, how he would account for the ideas formed by the fancy, from a single circumstance of the memory, N. 417.
Cato, the respect paid him at the Roman theatre, N. 446.
Chamont's saying of Monimia's misfortune, N. 395.
Charity schools to be encouraged, N. 430.
Charles II. his gaieties, N. 462.
Charms, none can supply the place of virtue, N. 395.
Children, their duty to their parents, N. 426; ill education of them fatal, N. 431.
Chinese laugh at our gardens, and why, N. 414.
Chremylus, his character out of Aristophanes, N. 464.
Cicero, his genius, N. 404; the oracle's advice to him, *ibid.* what he says of scandal, 427; of the Roman gladiators, 436.
Clarendon (Earl of) his character of a person of a troublesome curiosity, N. 439.
Cleanthes, his character, N. 404.
Cleopatra, a description of her sailing down the Cydnos. N. 400.
Cloe, the idiot, N. 466.
Colours, the eye takes most delight in them, N. 412; why the poet's borrow most epithets from them, *ibid.* only ideas in the mind, 413; speak all languages, 416.
Comedies, English, vicious, N. 446.
Commonwealth of Amazons, N. 433.
Compassion civilizes human nature, N. 397; how to touch it, *ibid.*
Company, temper chiefly to be considered in the choise of it, N. 424.
Concave and convex figures in architecture have the greatest air, and why, N. 415.
Confidence, the danger of it to the ladies, N. 395.
Coverley (Sir Roger de) his adventure with Sukey, N. 410; his good humour, 424.
Conversation an improvement of taste in letters, N. 409.
Country life, why the poets in love with it, N. 414; what Horace and Virgil say of it, *ibid.* rules for it, 424.
Courage wants other good qualities to set it off, N. 422.
Court and city, their peculiar ways of life and conversation, N. 403.
Critics (French) friends to one another, N. 409.

Cuckoldom abuſed on the ſtage, N. 446.
Curioſity (abſurd) an inſtance of it, N. 439.
Cuſtom, a ſecond nature, N. 437: the effect of it, *ibid.* How to make a good uſe of it, *ibid.* cannot make every thing pleaſing, 455.
Cynthio and Flavia break off their amour very whimſically, N. 399.

D.

DACINTHUS, his character, N. 462.
Dainty (Mrs. Mary) her memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Damon and Strephon, their amour with Gloriana, N. 423.
Dancing diſplays beauty, N. 466; on the ſtage faulty, *ibid.* the advantages of it, *ibid.*
Dangers paſt, why the reflection of them pleaſes, N. 418.
Day, the ſeveral times of it in ſeveral parts of the town, N. 454.
Deluge, Mr. W———n's notion of it reproved, N. 396.
Defamation, the ſign of an ill heart, N. 427; papers of that kind a ſcandal to the government, 451; to be puniſhed by good miniſters, *ibid.*
Denying, ſometimes a virtue, N. 458.
Deportment (religious) why ſo little appearance of it in England, N. 448.
Deſcriptions come ſhort of ſtatuary and painting, N. 416; pleaſe ſometimes more than the ſight of things, *ibid.* the ſame not alike reliſhed by all, *ibid.* what pleaſes in them, 418; what is great, ſurpriſing and beautiful, more acceptable to the imagination than what is little, common, or deformed, *ibid.*
Deſire, when corrected, N. 400.
Devotion, the nobleſt buildings owing to it, N. 415.
Diana's cruel ſacrifices condemned by an ancient poet, N. 453.
Dionyſius's ear, what it was, N. 439.
Diſcourſe in converſation not to be engroſſed by one man, N. 428.
Diſtracted perſons, the ſight of them the moſt mortifying thing in nature. N 421.
Dogget, how cuckolded on the ſtage, N. 446.
Domeſtic life, reflections concerning it N. 455.
Doris, Mr. Congreve's character of her, N. 422.
Drama, its firſt original a religious worſhip, N. 405.

Dream of the ſeaſons, N. 425; of golden ſcales, 463.
Dreſs, the ladies extravagance in it; N. 435; an ill intention in their ſingularity, *ibid.* the Engliſh character to be modeſt in it, *ibid.*
Drink, the effects it has on modeſty, N. 458.

E.

EASTCOURT (Dick) his character, N. 468.
Editors of the claſſics, their faults, N. 470.
Education of children, errors in it, N. 431; a letter on that ſubject, 455; gardening applied to it, *ibid.*
Emblematical perſons, N. 419.
Employments, whoever excels in any, worthy of praiſe, N. 432.
Emulation, the uſe of it, N. 432.
Enemies, the benefits that may be received from them, N. 399.
Engliſh naturally modeſt, N. 407, 435; thought proud by foreigners, N. 432.
Enmity, the good fruits of it, N. 399.
Epictetus's ſaying of ſorrow, N. 397.
Equeſtrian ladies, N. 435.
Error, his habitation deſcribed, N. 460; how like to truth, *ibid.*
Eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination, from N. 411 to 421.
Ether (fields of) the pleaſures of ſurveying them, N. 420.
Evergreens of the fair-ſex, N. 395.
Euphrates river contained in one baſon, N. 415.
Exchange (Royal) deſcribed, N. 454.

F.

FAIRY writing, N. 419; the pleaſures of imagination that ariſe from it, *ibid.* more difficult than any other, and why, *ibid.* the Engliſh the beſt poets of this ſort, *ibid.*
Faith, the benefit of it, N. 459; the means of confirming it, 465.
Fame a follower of merit, N. 426; the palace of, deſcribed, 439; courts compared to it, *ibid.*
Familiarities indecent in ſociety, N. 429.
Fancy, all its images enter by the ſight, N. 411.
Faſhion, a deſcription of it, N. 460.
Father, the affection of one for a daughter, N. 449.
Flavilla, ſpoiled by a marriage, N. 437.
Faults (ſecret) how to find them out, N. 399.

Fear (paſſion of) treated, N. 471.
Feeling not ſo perfect a ſenſe as ſight, N. 411.
Fiction, the advantage the writers have in it to pleaſe the imagination, N. 419; what other writers pleaſe in it, 420.
Fidelia, her duty to her father, N. 449.
Final cauſes of delight, in objects, N. 413; lie bare, and open, *ibid.*
Flattery deſcribed, N. 460.
Flavia's character and amour with Cynthio, N. 398.
Flora, an attendant on the ſpring, N. 425.
Follies and defects miſtaken by us in ourſelves for worth, N. 460.
Fortius, his character, N. 422.
Fortunatus the trader, his character, N. 443.
Freart (Monſieur) what he ſays of the manner of both ancients and moderns in architecture, N. 415.
French, their levity, N. 435.
Friends kind to our faults, N. 399.

G.

GARDENING, errors in it, N. 414; why the Engliſh gardens not ſo entertaining to the fancy, as thoſe in France and Italy, *ibid.* obſervations concerning its improvement both for benefit and beauty, *ibid.* applied to education, 455.
Georgics (Virgil's) the beauty of their ſubjects, N. 417.
Geſture, good in oratory, N. 407.
Ghoſts, what they ſay ſhould be a little diſcoloured, N. 419; the deſcription of them pleaſing to the fancy, *ibid.* why we incline to believe them, *ibid.* not a village in England formerly without one, *ibid.* Shakeſpear's the beſt, *ibid.*
Gladiators of Rome, what Cicero ſays of them, N. 436.
Gloriana, the deſign upon her, N. 423.
Goats-milk, the effect it had on a man bred with it, N. 408.
Good ſenſe and good nature always go together, N. 437.
Grace at meals practiſed by the Pagans, N. 458.
Grandeur and minuteneſs, the extremes pleaſing to the fancy, N. 420.
Gratitude, the moſt pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, N. 453; a divine poem upon it, *ibid.*
Greatneſs of objects, what underſtood by it, in the pleaſures of the imagination, N. 412, 413.
Green-ſickneſs, Sabina Rentfree's letter about it, N. 431.
Guardian of the fair-ſex, the Spectator ſo, N. 449.

H.

HAMLET's reflections on looking upon Yorick's ſkull, N. 404.
Harlot, a deſcription of one out of the Proverbs, N. 410.
Health, the pleaſures of the fancy more conducive to it, than thoſe of the underſtanding, N. 411.
Heaven and hell, the notion of, conformable to the light of nature, N. 447.
Heavens, verſes on the glory of them, N. 465.
Hebrew idioms run into Engliſh, N. 405.
Heſiod's ſaying of a virtuous life, N. 447.
Hiſtorian, his moſt agreeable talent, N. 420; how hiſtory pleaſes the imagination, *ibid.* deſcriptions of battles in it ſcarce ever underſtood, N. 428.
Hockley in the hole gladiators, N. 436.
Homer's deſcriptions charm more than Ariſtotle's reaſoning, N. 411; compared with Virgil, 417; when he is in his province, *ibid.*
Honeſtus the trader, his character, N. 443.
Honeycomb (Will) his adventure with Sukey, N. 410.
Hope (paſſion of) treated, N. 471.
Horace takes fire at every hint of the Iliad and Odyſſey, N. 417.
Hotſpur, (Jeffrey, Eſq.) his petition from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Human nature the beſt ſtudy, N. 408.
Humour (good) the beſt companion in the country, N. 424.
Huſh (Peter) his character, N. 457.
Hymn, David's paſtoral one on providence, N. 441; on gratitude, 453; on the glories of the heaven and earth, 465.
Hypocriſy, the various kinds of it, N. 399; to be preferred to open impiety, 458.

I.

IDEAS, how a whole ſet of them hang together, N. 416.
Idiot, the ſtory of one by Dr. Plot, N. 447.
Idle and innocent, few know how to be ſo, N. 411.
Jilt, a penitent one, N. 419.
Iliad, the reading of it like travelling through a country uninhabited, N. 417.
Imaginary beings in poetry, N. 419.
Inſtances in Ovid, Virgil, and Milton, *ibid.*
Imagination, its pleaſures in ſome reſpects equal to thoſe of the

the underſtanding, in ſome preferable, N. 411; their extent, *ibid.* the advantages of them, *ibid.* what is meant by them, *ibid.* two kinds of them, *ibid.* awaken the faculties of the mind, without fatiguing or perplexing it, *ibid.* more conducive to health than thoſe of the underſtanding, *ibid.* raiſed by other ſenſes as well as the ſight, 412; the cauſe of them not to be aſſigned, 413; works of art not ſo perfect as thoſe of nature to entertain the imagination, 414; the ſecondary pleaſures of the fancy, 416; the power of it, *ibid.* whence its ſecondary pleaſures proceed, *ibid.* of a wider and more univerſal nature than thoſe it has when joined with ſight, 418; how poetry contributes to its pleaſures, 419; how hiſtorians, philoſophers, and other writers, 420, 421; the delight it takes in enlarging itſelf by degrees, as in the ſurvey of the earth, and the univerſe, *ibid.* and when it works from great things to little, *ibid.* where it falls ſhort of the underſtanding, *ibid.* how affected by ſimilitudes, 421; as liable to pain as pleaſure; how much of either it is capable of, *ibid.* the power of the Almighty over it, *ibid.*

Imagining, the art of it in general, N. 421.

Impertinent and trifling perſons, their triumph, N. 432.

Impudence miſtaken for wit, N. 443.

Infirmary, one for good humour, N. 429, 437, 440; a further account out of the country, *ibid.*

Ingoltſon (Charles of Barbican) his cures, N. 444.

Invitation, the Spectator's, to all artificers as well as philoſophers to aſſiſt him, N. 428, 442; a general one, *ibid.*

Jolly (Frank, Eſq.) his memorial from the country infirmary N. 429.

Iras, her character, N. 404.

Irony, who deal in it, N 438.

July and Auguſt (months of) deſcribed, N. 425.

June (month of) deſcribed, N. 425.

K.

KNOWLEDGE of one's ſelf, rules for it, N. 399.

L.

LANDSKIP, a pretty one, N. 414.

Language (licentious) the brutality of it, N. 400.

Language (European) cold to the oriental, N. 405.

Lapland ode tranſlated, N. 406.

Latimer, the martyr, his behaviour at a conference with the papiſts, N. 465.
Law-ſuits, the miſery of them, N. 456.
Leaf, (Green) ſwarms with millions of animals, 420.
Learning (Men of) who take to buſineſs, beſt fit for it, N. 469.
Letters from Cynthio to Flavia, and their anſwers to the breaking off their amour, N. 398.
Letters from Queen Ann Boleyne to Henry VIII. N. 397; from a bankrupt to his friend, 456; the anſwer, *ibid.* from Lazarus Hopeful to Baſil Plenty, 472.
Letters to the Spectator; from Peter de Quir of St. John's colledge in Cambridge, N. 396; from a penitent Jilt, 401; from a lady importuned by her mother to be unfaithful to her huſband, 402; from a married man who out of jealouſy obſtructed the marriage of a lady to whom he was guardian, *ibid.* from a lady whoſe lover would have abuſed her paſſion for him, *ibid.* from a young uncle on the diſobedience of his elder nephews and nieces, *ibid.* about a city and country life, 406; with a tranſlation of a Lapland ode, *ibid.* on the paſſions, 408; concerning Gloriane, 423; of good-humour, 424; of the country infirmary, 429; of common beggars, 430; of charity-ſchools, *ibid.* the freedoms of married men and women, *ibid.* from Richard and Sabina Rentfree, 431; about prejudice and emulation, 432; naked ſhoulders, 437; a country ſociety and infirmary, *ibid.* from Camilla, 443; from an exchange man, *ibid.* about buffoonry, *ibid.* from Ephraim Weed, 450; from a projector for news, 452, 457; about education, 455; from one who had married a ſcold, *ibid.* from Pill Garlick, *ibid.* about the uſe and abuſe of ſimilies, *ibid.* ſalutations at churches, 460; with a tranſlations of the 114th Pſalm, 461; about the advance on the paper for the ſtamps, *ibid.* about King Charles the ſecond's gaieties, 462; about dancing, 466; about fight, 472; about panegyrical ſatires on ourſelves, 473; from Timothy Stanza, *ibid.* from Bob Short, *ibid.*
Libels, a ſevere law againſt them, N. 451; thoſe that write or read them excommunicated, *ibid.*
Light and colours only ideas in the mind, N. 413.
Livy, in what he excels all other hiſtorians, N. 409, 420.
Loller (Lady Lydia) her memorial from the country infirmary, N. 422.
London, the difference of the manners and politics of one part from the other, N. 403.

M.

MAN, the middle link between angels and brutes, No. 408; what he is, considered in himself, 441; the homage he owes his Creator, *ibid.*
Manilius, his character, N. 467.
March (month of) described, N. 425.
Mariamne the first dancer, N. 466.
Mars, an attendant on the spring, N. 425.
Martial, an epigram of his on a grave man's being at a lewd play, N. 446.
Machiavel, his observation on the wise jealousy of states, N. 408.
Matter, the least particle of it contains an unexhausted fund, N. 320.
May (month of) dangerous to the ladies, N. 395; described, 425.
Meanwell (Thomas) his letter about the freedoms of married men and women, N. 430.
Memory, how improved by the ideas of the imagination, N. 417.
Merchant, the worth and importance of his character, N. 428.
Mercy, whoever wants it has a taste of no enjoyment, N. 456.
Metamorphoses (Ovid's) like enchanted ground, N. 417.
Metaphor, when noble, casts a glory round it, N. 421.
Miller (James) his challenge to Timothy Buck, N. 436.
Milton, his vast genius, N. 417; his poem of Il Penseroso, 425. His description of the arch-angel and the evil spirit's addressing themselves for the combat, 463.
Mimickry (art of) why we delight in it, N. 416.
Minister, a watchful one described, N. 439.
Minutius, his character, N. 422.
Modesty (false) the danger of it, N. 458; distinguished from the true, *ibid.*
Monsters, novelty bestows charms on them, N. 412; incapable of propagation, 413; what gives satisfaction in the sight of them, 418.
Money; the Spectator proposes it as a Thesis, N 442; the power of it, 450; the love of it very commendable, *ibid.*
Morality, the benefits of it, N. 459; strengthens faith, 465.
Mouse-alley doctor, N. 444.
Music (church) of the improvement of it, N. 405; it may raise confused notions of things in the fancy, 416.

N.

NAKED ſhouldered, N. 437.
Names of authors to be put to their works, the hardſhips and inconveniences of it, N. 451.
Nature, a man's beſt guide, N. 404; the moſt uſeful object of human reaſon, 408; her works more perfect than thoſe of art to delight the fancy, 414; yet the more pleaſant the more they reſemble them, *ibid.* more grand and auguſt than thoſe of art, *ibid.*
Neceſſary cauſe of our being pleaſed with what is great, new, and beautiful, N. 413.
New or uncommon, why every thing that is ſo raiſes a pleaſure in the imagination, N. 411; what underſtood by the term with reſpect to objects, 412; improves what is great and beautiful, *ibid.* why a ſecret pleaſure annexed to its idea, 413; every thing ſo that pleaſes in architecture, 415.
News, how the Engliſh thirſt after it, N. 452; project for a ſupply of it, *ibid.* of whiſpers, 457.
Nicodemuncio's letter to Olivia, N. 433.
Nicolini, his perfection of muſic, N. 405.
Night-walk in the country, N. 425.
November (month of) deſcribed, N. 425.

O.

ODE (Laplander's) to his miſtreſs, N. 406.
Opinion (popular) deſcribed, N. 460.
Oſtentation, one of the inhabitants of the paradiſe of fools, N 460.
Otway, his admirable deſcription of the miſeries of law-ſuits, N. 456.
Ovid, in what he excels, 417; his deſcription of the palace of fame, 439.

P.

PAMPHLETS, defamatory, deteſtable, N. 451.
Pantheon at Rome, how it ſtrikes the imagination at the firſt entrance, N. 415.
Paradiſe of fools, N. 460.
Paradiſe loſt (Milton's) its fine image, N. 417.

Parents, their care due to their children, N. 426.
Party not be followed with innocence, N. 399.
Party prejudices in England, N. 432.
Paſſions treated of, N. 408; what moves them in deſcriptions moſt pleaſing, 418; in all men, but appear not in all, *ibid.* of hope and fear, 471.
Paſſionate people, their faults, N. 438; Nat. Lee's deſcription of it, *ibid.*
Peeviſh fellow deſcribed, N. 438.
Penſeroſo (Poem of) by Milton, N. 425.
Perſecution in religious matters immoral, N. 459.
Perſian ſoldier, reproved for railing againſt an enemy, N. 427.
Phidias, his propoſal of a prodigious ſtatue of Alexander, N. 415.
Phocion's ſaying of a vain promiſer, N. 448.
Philopater's letter about his daughter's dancing, N. 469.
Philips (Mr.) paſtoral verſes of his, N. 400.
Philoſophy (new) the authors of it gratify and enlarge the imagination, N. 420.
Picture not ſo natural a repreſentation as a ſtatue, N. 416; what pleaſes moſt in one, 418.
Pindar's ſaying of Theron, N. 467.
Pity, is love ſoftened by ſorrow, N. 397; that and terror leading paſſions in poetry, 418.
Places of truſt, who moſt fit for them, N. 469; why courted by men of generous principles, *ibid.*
Planets, to ſurvey them fills us with aſtoniſhment, N. 420.
Pleaſant fellows to be avoided, N. 462.
Pleaſantry in converſation, the faults it covers, N. 462.
Poems, ſeveral preſerved for their ſimiles, N. 421.
Poetry has the whole circle of nature for its proving, N. 419.
Poets, the pains they ſhould take to form the imagination, N. 417; ſhould mend nature, and add to her beauties, 418; how much they are at liberty in it, *ibid.*
Polite imagination let into a great many pleaſures the vulgar are not capable of, N. 411.
Politics of St. James's coffee-houſe, on the report of the French King's death, N. 403; of Giles's, *ibid.* of Jenny Man's, *ibid.* of Will's, *ibid.* the Temple, *ibid.* Fith-ſtreet, *ibid.* Cheapſide, *ibid.* Garraway's, *ibid.*
Poor, the ſcandalous appearance of them, N. 430.
Poverty the loſs of merit, N. 464.
Praiſe, the love of it deeply fixed in men's minds, N. 467.

Precipice, diſtant, why it's proſpect pleaſes, N. 418.
Prejudice, a letter about it as it reſpects parties in England, N. 432.
Promiſes (neglect of) through frivolous falſhood, N. 448.
Promiſers condemned, N. 448.
Proſpect, a beautiful one delights the ſoul as much as a demonſtration, N. 411; wide ones pleaſing to the fancy, *ibid.* enlivened by nothing ſo much as rivers and falls of water, 412; that of hills and vallies ſoon tires, *ibid.*
Proverbs (the 7th chapter of) turned into verſe, N. 410.
Pſalm the 114th tranſlated, N. 461.
Pſalmiſt, againſt hypocriſy, N. 399; of providence, 441.
Punning, whoſe privilege, N. 396; a pun of thought, 454.
Pyramids of Egypt, N. 415.
Pythagoras, his precepts about the choice of a courſe of life, N. 447.

Q.

QUACK bill, N. 444; Doctors, the cheats of them, *ibid.* Quakers, project of an act to marry them to the olive beauties, N. 396.
Quin (Peter de) his letter to the Spectator about puns, N. 396.

R.

RAILLERY in converſation, the abſurdity of it, N. 422.
Rainbow, the figure of one contributes to it's magnificence, as much as the colours to it's beauty, N. 415.
Ramble, from Richmond by water to London, and about it, by the Spectator, N. 454.
Raphael, the excellence of his pictures, N 467.
Reap (Sir William) his operations on the eyes, N. 472.
Reaſon the pilot of the paſſions, N. 408; a pretty nice proportion between that and paſſion, *ibid.*
Religion conſidered, N. 459.
Renarus Valentinus, his father and grandfather, their ſtory, N. 426.
Rentfree (Sabina) her letter about the green ſickneſs, N. 431.
Retirement, a dream of it, N. 425.
Rhubarb (John Eſq;) his memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.

Riches corrupt men's morals, N. 464.
Rich men, their defects overlooked, N. 464.
Ridicule put to a good use, N. 445.
Riding-dress of ladies, the extravagance of it, N. 435.
Robin, the porter at Will's coffee-house, his qualifications, N. 398.
Rusticity shocking, N. 400.
Rusty (Scabbard) his letter to the Spectator, N. 449.

S.

SALLUST, his excellence, N. 409.
Salutations in churches censured N. 460.
Satires, the English, ribaldry and Billingsgate, N. 451. Panegyrical on ourselves, 473.
Scales (golden) a dream of them, N. 463.
Scandal, to whom most pleasing, N. 426; how monstrous it renders us, 451.
Scot (Dr.) his Christian Life, it's merit, N. 447.
Scotch, a saying of theirs, N. 463.
Scribblers against the Spectator, why neglected by him, N. 445.
Seasons, a dream of them, N. 425.
Sidney, verses on his modesty, N. 400.
Self-conceit, one of the inhabitants of the paradise of fools, N. 460.
Semanthe, her character, N. 404.
Semiramis, her prodigious works and power, N. 415.
Sempronia the match-maker, N 437.
September (month of) described, N. 425.
Sexes, amity between agreeable persons of different, dangerous, N. 400; the advantages of it to each, 433.
Shakespear excels all writers in his ghosts, N. 419.
Sherlock (Dr.) improved the notion of heaven and hell, N. 447.
Sight the most perfect sense, N. 411; the pleasures of the imagination arise originally from it, *ibid.* furnishes it with ideas, *ibid.*
Silk-worm, a character of one, N. 454.
Similitudes, eminent writers faulty in them, N. 421; the preservation of several poems, *ibid.* an ill one in a pulpit, 455.
Sippet (Jack) his character, N. 448.
Snarlers, N. 438.

Socrates, why the oracle pronounced him the wiſeſt of men, 408.
Song with notes, N. 470.
Soul, it's happineſs the contemplation of God, N. 413; ſtate of it after ſeparation, *ibid.*
Sounds, how improper for deſcription, N. 416.
Spectator, his invitation to all ſorts of people to aſſiſt him, N. 442; about the ſtamps, 445; guardian of the fair ſex, 449; his advertiſements, 461; about the price of his paper, *ibid.* put into the golden ſcales, 463; a ſort of news-letter, 468.
Spenſer, his whole creation of ſhadowy perſons, N. 419.
Spirits, ſeveral ſpecies in the world beſides ourſelves, *ibid.*
Spring, a deſcription of it, N. 423; his attendants, *ibid.*
Spies, not to be truſted, N. 439; deſpiſed by great men, *ibid.*
Stamps, how fatal to weekly hiſtorians, N. 445.
Stars (fixt) how their immenſity and magnificence confound us, N. 420.
Statuary, the moſt natural repreſentation, N. 416.
Stint (Jack) and Will Trap, their adventure, N. 448.
Stoics diſcarded all paſſions, N. 397.
Sudden (Thomas, Eſq;) his memorial from the country infirmary, N. 429.
Sukey's adventure with Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverly, N. 410.
Sun-riſing and ſetting the moſt glorious ſhow in nature, N. 412.
Symmetry of objects, how it ſtrikes, N. 411.
Syncopius the paſſionate, his character, N. 438.

T.

TALE-bearers cenſured, N. 439.
Taſte of writing, what it is, and how it may be acquired, N. 409; the perfection of a man's as a ſenſe, *ibid.* defined, *ibid.* that of the Engliſh, *ibid.*
Terror and pity, why thoſe paſſions pleaſe, N. 418.
Thames, it's banks, and the boats on it deſcribed, N. 454.
Theognis, a beautiful ſaying of his, N 464.
Thimbleton (Ralph) his letter to the Spectator, N. 432.
Thoughts, of the higheſt importance to ſift them, N. 399.
Tillotſon (Archbiſhop) improved the notion of heaven and hell, N. 447.
Torture, why the deſcription of it pleaſes, and not the proſpect, N. 418.

Transmigration of souls, how believed by the ancients, N. 408.
Trap (Mr.) his letter to Mr. Stint, N. 448.
Trees, more beautiful in all their luxuriancy than when cut and trimmed, N. 414.
Trimming, the Spectator unjustly accused of it, N. 445.

V.

VAINLOVES, the family of, N. 454.
Valentinus, Basilius, and Alexandrinus, their story, N. 426.
Valerio, his character, N. 404.
Valetudinarians in chastity, N. 395.
Vanity, the paradise of fools, N. 460; a vision of her and her attendants, *ibid.*
Variety of men's actions proceeds from the passions, N. 403.
Venus, the charming figure she makes in the first Æneid, N. 417; an attendant on the spring, N. 425.
Vertumnus an attendant on the spring, *ibid.*
Viner, (Sir Robert) his familiarity with King Charles II. N. 462.
Virgil, his genius, N. 404; compared with Homer, 417; when he is best pleased, *ibid.*
Virtues, supposed ones not to be relied on, N. 399.
Understanding, wherein more perfect than the imagination, N. 420; reasons for it, *ibid.* should master the passions, 438.
Universe, how pleasing the contemplation of it, 420.

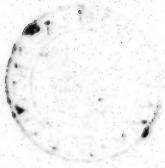
W.

WALL, the prodigious one of China, N. 415.
Wars, the late, made us so greedy of news, N. 452.
Wealthy men fix the character of persons to their circumstances, N. 469.
Weed (Ephraim) his letter to the Spectator about his marriages and estate, N. 450.
Whispering-place, Dionysius the tyrant's, N. 439.
Whisperers political, N. 457.
Wig, long one, the eloquence of the bar, N. 407.
Wit (false) why it sometimes pleases, N. 416; nothing without judgment, 422.
Witchcraft generally believed by our forefathers, N. 419.

Women have always deſigns upon men, N. 433.
Words, the pleaſures proceeding to the imagination from the ideas raiſed by them, N. 416.
Writer, how to perfect his imagination, N. 417; who among the ancient poets had this faculty, *ibid.*

Y.

YOUTH, inſtructions to them to avoid harlots, N. 410.

Z.

ZEAL, intemperate, criminal, N. 399.